

The floor is silent. It makes no echo
as I pivot my pace.
A sigh, a cry, a mind
not quite whole when it's made up of mirrors.

How peaceful this place is
in comparison to the psychotic chaos
of the outside.
But who am I kidding? The inside is nightmarish
-torturous-
-vain-
a silly manifestation of all my years afraid of my own reflection.
Perhaps not me
-whole-
But the pieces of me
the panels that make up the labyrinth.
Every emotion,
outcry,
sigh,
peace of mind
piece of mind.

Afraid of humiliation,
afraid of the mocking, of the belittling,
of the hurt, the fear, the abject anxiety
that eats at me like locusts
as all I try to do is survive through the stings.
Loneliness, perhaps,
perhaps loneliness,
the strongest of all, the talons that dig in deep and won't let go,
that whisper that no one cares,
no one likes you,
no one appreciates you.
Loneliness breeds bitterness, breeds apathy, breeds anger,
breeds a hate for others,
but moreso
just
a hate for myself. For myself, of myself.
I hate for myself. I hate to protect myself.
I hate myself. I hate... No, it doesn't align. I can't finish the line.

Who would want to be around someone who's too sensitive,
too loud,
too whiny?
The needy want, the neediness, the need.
-I need-

What is it I'm looking for? I don't understand.
I loathe, I know.
I loathe the fractures of me. The flaws no one can see
but me.
They see everything, the mind whispers,
they see awkwardness, and weakness, and confused childishness.
You look small, sound small, behave small.
Say it. Say it. You don't want to say it, say it. Say it.
A bitch in youth's clothing.
Is that what you think you are?

Twisted mind, that's what you insist.
Evil thoughts, negative emotions.
Murder. Anger. Hate. Kill
the feeling inside of me that writhes like tendrils
when I'm faced with what I can't control. Can't command.
Control freak
in your control box
controlling every face, every pose, every fragment
of your crawling, flawed, blemished, imperfect flesh.

You spit at what you can't twist into perfection
with your scarred fists still bleeding
from all the mirrors you've broken.
What did you think would happen
when you tried to hide away the parts you hate the most?

You sing when you're alone.
You cry when you're alone.
Your song is warbled, out of tune, cracked.
It's so intolerable to hear, the mind whispers,
and you shut up as soon as motion betrays an intruder.
Sadness likes the song. It likes to hum along,
but Anxiety tried to ruin it, it doesn't want to listen
to its own song back at it. How embarrassing.
How flawed.

Perfection, you say, is unobtainable,
and yet you hyperfixate on the unobtainable.
The subtle behaviors, the steady feelings
that pound like a heart, like a drum, like a shrieking cacophony of words you can't voice
because you're too afraid to give them control.
Everyone is staring, your mind whispers,
they think you're a freak. How flawed you are. How broken you must be.
What a child. What a creature of clumsy kindness.
Is that what you think?

You're proud of your eccentricities
until that little worm of doubt whispers
that they stare
-they judge-
-they sneer-
-they question:
How old must she be?
How childish can you get?
That doesn't match.
But I like that, you say,
I like that, but maybe it does look silly
-and vapid-
-and stupid-
and how childish, yes,
how childish.

I hate
myself
the parts of me I overblow
and want to fix
bury
bury bury bury
beneath layers of shattered glass and blood and
myself, I hate myself,
why can't I be "normal"?
But I don't want to be like everyone else.
But no one will like you, no one will ever like you, who would want someone like you?
Hush now, listen to the broken glass beneath your boot
as you pace through what you've buried.

Look at it
Look at it
Child, look at it

There
There you dig,
you seek,
you look for what isn't there.
You try to ignore what is.

Self-hate, why do you self-hate?
Back to loneliness, yes,
back to loneliness and the root of the Core.
Loneliness leads to
Isolation leads to
Hurt leads to
the expectation of a strike, a slap
from someone who ignores you once again.

It stings worse without contact.
Your deepest passions, your joy
desired to be shared with others
and rejected with neglect.
Loneliness leads to
the feeling like you aren't enough
like your passions aren't enough
like everything you do is a disappointment
a crash of fallen expectations
a blemish against the eye

Loneliness leads to
the feeling like you are not understood
like your mind is an outlier
like you are a failure
for not keeping up with the march of others
running the same race you are

839 words of loneliness in this poem
7 million words of loneliness in your labyrinths
The Mirror Corridor forces you to look at yourself
incessantly
sick and sick and sick and sick and tired
of obsessing
over the cracks of my mind
Eccentric, odd, strange lies one
misconceptions of a beautiful mind
Animalistic, wild, monstrous lies Zero
misconceptions of a broken mind
Hurt, destroyed lies X
lies only lies only lies
Is that what you think?

Bitterness can't let itself go.
Envy stalks the success of others.
Sadness spins its wheels in sludge.
Anguish can't understand its own keens.
Grief is blind to everything except memories.
Terror cowers at its own invisible shadow.
Neediness whimpers for reassurance of visibility.
Calm often overpowers to hide the panic inside.
Anxiety claws its heart out with one hand
and its skin off with the other.
Apathy has given up with everything
and everyone, and itself.

The Core
is nothing but the essence of your labyrinth
is a twisted room
is nightmarishly dark
is why you hide within the halls of your mirrors
is the malware contorting what you hate about yourself

The mirrors are warped
because your perception of the mirrors you never wanted
is warped.

We all have mirrors.
You've built your castle with them
to monitor every flaw and shatter what you hate.
Control. You want control over yourself.

Breathe.
B r e a t h e .
B r e a t h e .
B r e a t h e .

De-warp the mirrors, tease out the tangles of your emotions,
sort out the broken pieces
and seal them back together again
with solid gold.
Melt the Core.
MELT THE CORE.

L E T
T H E
C O R E
M E L T
L E T
T H E
C O R E
D I E
A W A Y

And you scream like you're the only one screaming and the only one fighting
But you know you aren't alone anymore.

the core is melting
and the heat of my high voltage
eviscerates the crooks
and hairpins
and channels
of every bend and every corner and every corridor
of the mirror labyrinth

until I stand in nothing but silver and gold.

Xavier's footsteps cut off as he finishes his stride alongside me
out of what was once a labyrinth of mirrors
of self-reflection
of self-preoccupation
of self-loathing
and as he turns, his smile is evident
even before I see it.

He sheathes the sword after kissing it once on the pommel's center gem,
a rainbow-rimmed eye of a white so pure,
it must only be from Heaven's forge.

"Now you can finally be free."

His hand is as warm as his emotions.

"Now we can finally be free."

Xavier no. V:
Now We Can Finally Be Free

You can be hurt but never destroyed.

Aspects of yourself that you loathe are really,
truly lovely,
really.