

The sanity of solitude has left  
my shrunken life no dreams from which to wake.  
My sleep, bereft of vision, is no more  
to be desired than dead hands at the loom.  
So, uninspired, the nervous thoughts resume  
their tired retreat.

I pace the artless floor  
as gray as lead, unable to forsake  
the colors of my memory to theft  
by that dark bandit.

What will I become  
if all of my humanity can fade  
from red to brown, from royal blue to white?  
How long before I fall, and from what height?