

THE ABYSS

by C.E.Warner 8-22-21

Smiling faces display outward delight.

But, fame, success, wealth are shiny baubles.

Inner soul real troubles can recite.

The mind in a personal hell, squabbles.

Religion screams of destruction ahead.

Person's own self-worth brings little comfort.

From all sides, much fear of future is spread.

Our mind imagines which dread will come first.

Present fears poison future prospective.

Today's outlook cemented in past pain.

Mind trapped by memories past subjective.

Past, present, future form into same strain.

In the mind is the deepest, darkest well.

Every person creates their own mind's hell.