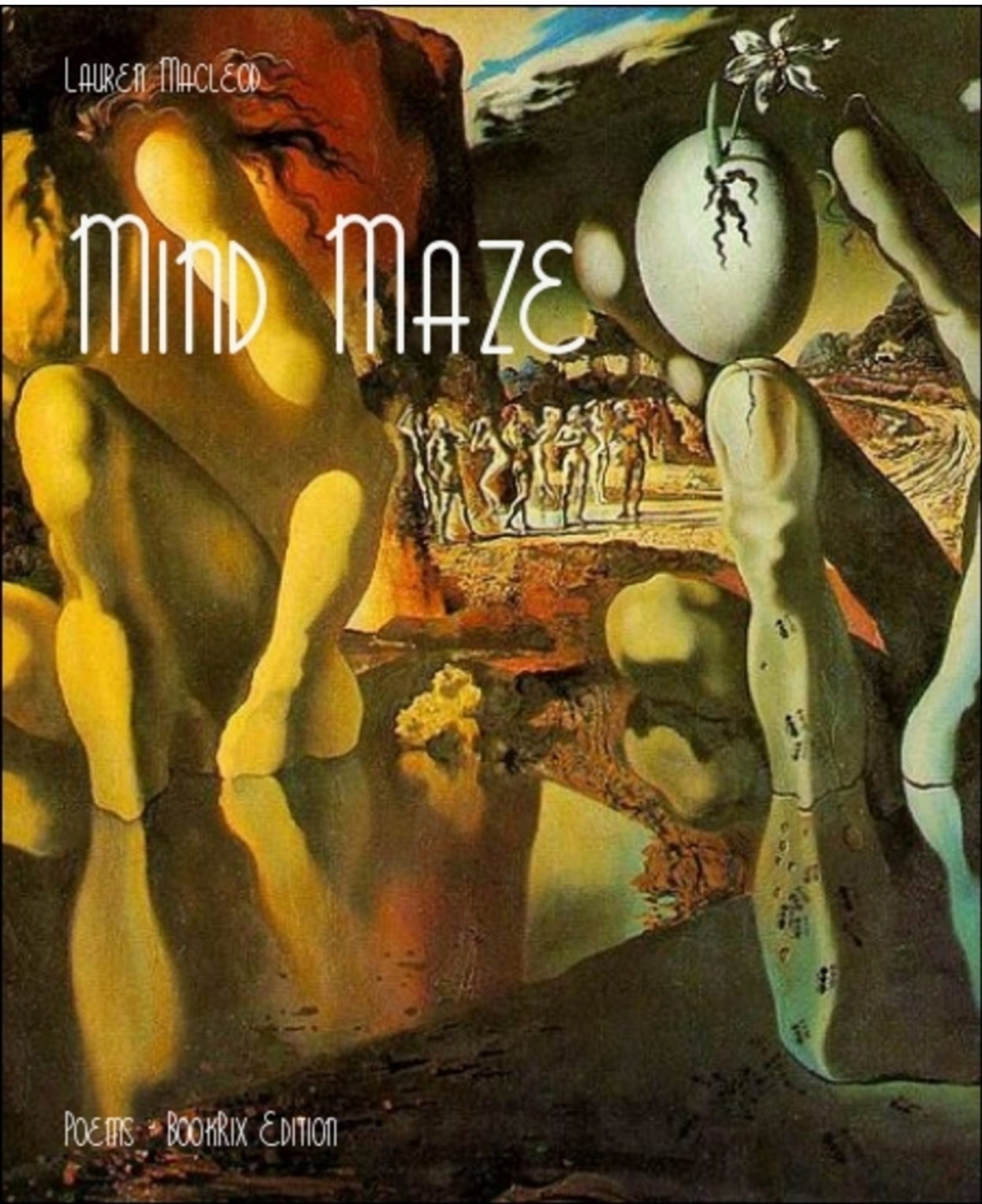


LAUREN MACLEOD

# MIND MAZE

POEMS • BOOKRIX EDITION



Lauren Macleod

# **Mind Maze**

Dancing in a Bottle - by:Lauren Macleod  
I feel trapped.  
Empty.  
Drowning.  
Alone....  
Stuck like a ballerina sealed tight  
inside a perfume bottle.  
Constantly reaching for a way out.  
Locked and sealed with a cage.  
Pressed and sealed with a child-proof cap.  
Nothing but is familiar  
but it's all the same.  
Drowning in in my prison.  
Sinking skin.  
Where does this all end  
and where do I begin?

The Other Side of the Mirror - by:Lauren Macleod  
You pin me with your chastening gaze.  
I'm soaked in locked.  
all the lies you sold in me.  
Weakness, emptiness, pain.  
I'm sick of these games.  
I scream, on the pleading other side for of the sanity.  
I'm trapped too the other side far of the mirror..  
I'm already taken far me gone.  
You've over.

A Schizophrenic Dream -by: Lauren Macleod  
I lay down and choke  
as the tigers eat their rope.  
Sit up and light up their smoke.  
While you're delusions inside of me  
the beating this of grow larger  
with on this head my of heart..  
chewing singing my fears in the lettuce  
and dark.  
I stare at our distorted image,  
the tainted visuals of that shady character.  
"Don't be afraid to touch me...."  
I love you so much

but Like and you'll eating never cotton candy love from me back. windowsill fall....

She's He's Together every the they'll time debug the phone queen. cream. FBI rings.

Just you because can't you a never take know it what for it dream, granted means.

Inside a Rolodex - by:Lauren Macleod

It and Grand broken separated I one hit the in green more and black today right. illusions, conclusions mind. leaves time.

I standing looking I don't lost in through even know myself the soulless if she's there, dark.. eyes. alive.

I breaking like So They're fall into into a a million backwards little cliche pieces clay. distant.... name.

There's and as Existing when I'm a I free inside falling through a is a my stained a head match, glass. Rolodex hex.

Cracking and I but I'm the the voice shouldn't at this hole in the toothpaste call.. here wall.

"Close Dorsiflexion It's I the doors and and come armies back of to us.." me. dark. breathe.

Invisible on a long dirt road,

Checked  
The  
I'm  
I  
I'm

Mountains  
pathway  
destined  
be  
far

goes  
here,

in  
on  
to  
I  
too

the  
and  
shouldn't

distance.  
on.  
waist.  
exist.  
late.

Unwanted

-

by:Lauren

Macleod

Shattered  
my  
I  
and

beating  
exist  
I

dreams  
heart  
within  
the  
can't

lies  
cracks  
give

still  
of  
in  
on

your  
the  
it

emptiness  
hands.  
sidewalk  
up.

My  
in  
and  
wrapped  
Choking  
raping  
of

teardrops  
your  
the  
around

words

run  
empty  
you  
my

what  
little  
my  
sanity  
I  
have

dry  
riverbed  
speak,  
neck.  
me,  
soul,  
left.

And  
my  
my  
my  
I

this  
can

is  
where  
pointless  
expired  
damaged  
never

I've  
landed  
go

myself,  
memories,  
affection,  
life.  
back....

Picture

Frame

-

by:Lauren

Macleod

Nameless  
the  
falling  
into  
Unpredictable  
left  
with  
and

world  
spiraling  
my  
no

falls  
further  
masses  
feet  
one

and  
and  
nailed  
can

dead  
of  
to  
help

around  
and  
human  
the

faceless  
me  
further  
nature.  
broken  
shattered  
ground  
me.

They  
and  
senseless  
Their  
Mine

go  
walk  
world  
is

on  
speech

on  
with

keeps  
standing

by  
their  
babble.  
turning.  
still.

No  
No  
Everything  
and

god  
more  
I've

to  
love  
crumbled  
got

reach  
to  
everything

into  
hold  
to

to.  
onto.  
nothing  
lose.

Pull

my

last

thread.

Watch  
You  
I'm

me  
only

on

unravel

love

at  
my

me  
your

feet.  
when  
knees....

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