

A Lament

My life hasn't gone as I wished;
the person who walks around
wearing my body
doesn't strike me as me.

Sometimes I call it Facade;
sometimes My Automaton;
sometimes My Dalek;
sometimes my personal walking prison.

People don't understand:
don't understand me, or what I mean
when I try to explain.

I don't recognise myself in my life;
I've muddled through
to a place where I must accept
that my life is not as I wish;
and my outer character has become what
others think of as me.

I still long for that unlived life,
for the possibility to communicate
with those who understand me,
get me, as I am,
and don't just accept me,
as what they think me,
which to me is alien.

My life has not gone to plan.

Learned Fear

Learned fear is an awfully devious creature,
one who contains and controls its carrier.

Sometimes going by the name of anxiety,
learned fear perhaps better describes its nature.

When things went wrong in my life,
fears were born.

Those fears, which once born,
grow and fester, gradually weaving their aversions
into my very character.

I have been eclipsed by the overgrowth
of such learned anxious fears,
that nobody meets the real me beneath.