

VOODOO



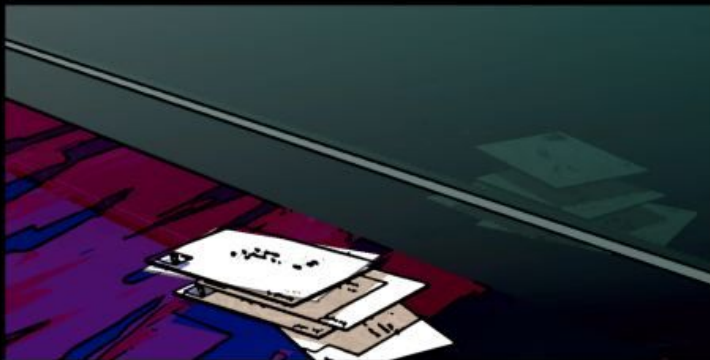
Written and penned by

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Life changed- packages
would appear



- yet never be picked up.



The mail was left- deserted.



The ceiling would fill
with a putrid liquid
and would leak down
into my apartment.

It smelled like spoilt

chicken

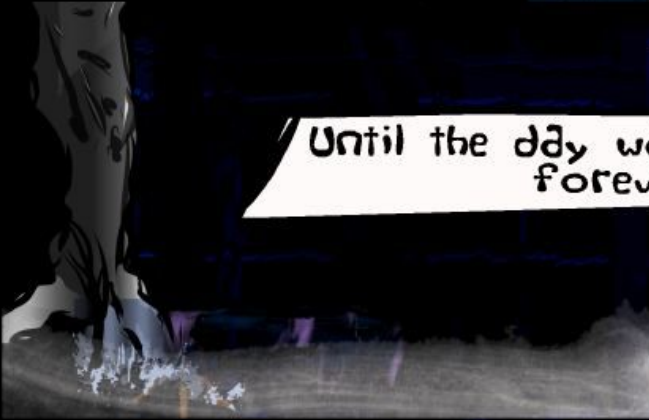


and yet when I would complain
I was told there was
nothing there.

The the fog came-
It overwhelmed the
entire area.



Until the day was made
forever night.



Alone one night-
I sat under a tree.
One that had
always offered shade
and protection.



The constant wind that blew.
across its knees ceased to be.
As my mind realed I staggered .
into the dark night



Even the driads had
abandoned me