

Exile

These feelings are not my own
My room is the receptacle for my living
when I had just moved here it was empty and clean
But now it is like a gauze cloth soaked in alcohol
heady fumes make my head spin
and my consciousness telescopes inwards
I'm looking at white walls
But my mind feels distant, as if in a deep dark tunnel
The vision of a room at the faraway exit
Sounds travels to me
And the illusory feeling dissipates
the ethanol has evaporated
Such a pure substance can't survive in the open air
But it won't be long before it's soaked again