

substantially worse. History is not destiny, but in the motivational analysis of pain and pleasure, they are found to be conceived and accepted as identical. Both, pain and pleasure, crawl shamelessly into the abandoned human husks of the spiritually destitute and the emotionally bankrupt. These are the remnant human shells abdicated in defeat at the oppressive whim of those who claim perfection and infallibility - the economically superior, the self-righteous, and the politically expedient.

She knows what it means to be alone, lonely, and in the dark. Leaving all things unguarded as she went forward deeply into the blackness of the conscious unconscious.

If nobody wants to claim her down here where she doesn't belong, than maybe somebody up there has a place for her. Some place she feels invited, welcome, and at home - where she belongs.

Hugging herself while lying quietly vulnerable. A warm humble embrace of peace with the world. Her place.

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Her Place

by Scott Smith

The bottomless abyss of the ultimate rejection is the foundation of her irreconcilable soul. This epiphany of devastation impacts resoundingly by reflection representing her stark unpleasant future. Distraught acceptance of the echoing sledgehammer of a living death invites her to slumber.

Inhumanely laying in the fetal position staring at her feet, psychologically she is suddenly tossed into the societal maelstrom of racial bigotry and gender hatred by ignorantly confused perpetrators and fraudulent miscreants.

She suffers from the melancholic malady of being the victim in the victimless crime of her own existence. For her, luck was not a fleeting thing, but rather, nonexistent. The impact of the gratuitous trauma of recognizing her failed life left her disheveled thoughts in a roaring silence.

Humanistic desensitization, punctuated with the asylum of emptiness, conjures the ghosts of tortured sleeplessness, ultimately depriving her of a personal identity. Previous accomplishments quickly fade into a shameful memory of emotional despondency. In failing to acknowledge self-recognition, she feels less than a nobody. A disgusting waste of self.

Conscious nightmares, a place of myriad torments and endless pain, wander aimlessly behind haunted eyes. Many of her delusions get unchained to become real life

experiences.

Objectively laying alone, she is not convinced this is truth, as her peripheral vision witnesses the slow expanding sanguinary pool in pursuit of slumbering peace. At some point confrontational negative social interactions must terminate. Possibly, and hopefully, sooner than later.

In the vulnerable position of acquiescence, she feels compelled to earnestly peruse their facial expressions of satisfaction. It is a fast, easy read, not only does she identify with the downtrodden characters, but empathizes in resonance of their debilitating agony. Being their desired target, she intimately knows the personal surreptitious anguish which motivates their pointless savagery. Debauchery inflicted by scalawags.

A disturbing reverie instilled by the obsequious sycophants, who espouse meaningless platitudes and live in worthless cliches, plague her as the equivalents of those gnashing teeth while consuming ripped flesh. This does not make her a vegetarian.

She is fully immersed in drinking the vile elixir of the intoxicating infliction of devastation. Being waylaid, without provocation under the premise of gender hatred, in her journey toward unmitigated liberation, she is driven farther into the eviscerating void of irrelevance.

The unidentified author of her pain whispers the sleep of death while her murky consciousness quests for truth, with no navigational influence to effectively comfort her. Rapidly reminiscing of her initial social awkwardness of exposed passion whilst clutching the expiring cloak of integrity and dignity. She employs a

policy of freely floating in the direction of minimal imposition of anguish while discovering that loneliness and love are the only two real truths of life.

Her crippled soul, intermeshed with her dismal destiny, is confirmed by the illuminated darkness of intrinsic pain that is intertwined with her confused state of catastrophic failure. The erasure of her personal identity floats with undefined purpose to an uncertain destination. She is caught in the cataclysmic miasma of the consequence of being her own collateral damage.

Her crystal-clear journey of unmitigated hopelessness is subtly enhanced with a sordid slippery path of acrid sludge. She is led by the delusional anticipation of pleasure through the internal desire for a momentary respite, just a sliver of heavily diluted peace, a flickering scintilla of light. Such an iota of happiness isn't to be had, experienced, nor imagined.

Clandestinely hidden in the forgotten recesses of the black pulsating shadows of her overburdened mind, she submits to the vociferous hatred plaguing her existence. She embraces the crushing evisceration of anguish which leaves her in a state of excruciating breathlessness. Straining, gasping, distended strangling for a whisper of fresh air, a partial inhale, just wee little taste of hope.

The beauty of imagination is its adroit ability to propel her to delve deeply into a place of the blackest darkness in appreciation of the landscape of misery with its unique, horrible and disturbing visions.

She acknowledges that the repetitive history of violent abuse was not to be her destiny, however, she intuitively is optimistic to encounter something