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In the private moments
 Of grief,
The heart cries for
 Some release.
To be hidden away
 From pain.
And given the chance
 To Relieve
The all-consuming weight
 That death
Leaves in its wake.

It wrecks my body.
Cripples my mind.
My every bone screams.

Tears – come.
Anger – dissipate.
Confusion – abandon.

But in this pristine bubble,
There is no chance of relief.

The expectation to be
 ABSOLUTELY PERFECT
Rules this place.

So, I sit in my tower.
Biding my time.

Until I explode!