

**Maddy Searle**

**Crushed**

My thoughts are a maelstrom, a cacophony,  
Crashing, shrieking,  
Half longing, half caution.  
Should I let myself sink into the caressing depths  
Or fight to the lung-stinging surface?

My base animal is out for blood  
But my saccharine breath pleads for a haven.  
I have little hope that either will be satisfied.  
I am a fool without wisdom,  
Feeding on borrowed wit.

Your voice echoes off my skull.  
Your eyes are plastered onto mine.  
I can't tell whether I want them there  
Or whether you want my voice, my eyes.

Probably not.