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Blood Drips Up

Margaret Gertz

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Blood Drips Up
Margaret Gertz

Welcome to my haunted dream
Where things aren't always what they seem
This one room, like a fun-house, meant
To confuse and disorient
With no way in or out of the room
I just exist inside this tomb
The stench of death floats through the air
The pain of guilt and deep despair
My weary, withered soul, now bound
No doors or windows can be found
The walls echo with tortured cries
And on the ground the ceiling lies
The roof above becomes the floor
The Raven's crying, "Nevermore," as he
Hangs upside down from his lair
And gazes at my blood-stained hair
There's a higher power, strength, and life
At the sharp end of a butcher knife
I feel I've found my salvation
Til pain sinks in; what have I done?
And I become Poe's lost Lenore
Dying on the ceiling-floor
Words unspoken on my lips
Life dripping off my fingertips
I reach up to the ground above
I long for hope, I pray for love
Still, sorrow will be nevermore
The life still from my body pours
The ceiling catches every drip
My soul slowly begins to slip and
Fade away into the night;
The blood drips up, but I'm alright