

You

by Justine McDonnell

you could never leave.

Every voice, every sound, held a desire to be recognised. Positioned utterances demanding translation.

Powerless to respond, *you* had no choice.

Shouts and whispers, remain boundless, directionless.

You were not there. I can't hear *you*. I can't see *you*.

Repeating tones move at various times.

Capturing pauses; breathing; second thoughts; unexpected emotions.

Ambiguous tones; fragmented conversations echoed, grappling for dictatorship.

Breathing out in suffocating corners; breathless; bound up in a sense of secrecy.

Weaving its way into *your* mind; a state of distraction.

Traumas and struggles left to be understood, compressed into the invisible.

Separations play simultaneously, twisting around *you*, as if tuned to the room.

Rising through tension; to be repeated; shifting; intertwining, from one corner to another.

Confessional screams scratch against the walls.

Detached and distant, painful amid the chaos.

A relentless sequence of chants interrogate, stripping away a mask of illusion.

Moments of suspension amplifies; countless voices stacked, to then crumble.

You are motionless; isolated; chained to a disguise.

Rules provide a pulse; completely giving in, a breath that breathes silence.

Enveloped in a sequence, the voice; abandoned; disembodied and placeless; as alien as it is inseparable.

Torn between doubt; a lifeless object; a lost reflection betrayed hidden anxieties.

The constant company of *your* shadow; an increasing pain of the rendered '*other*'.

Every breath, twisted; strained; channelled into words, calling to collapse.

In the silence of a corner, confined; restricted, allied to pain.

Like hunters, following traces; forcing; pushing through; only to break apart moments later.

Disciplined and fragile, merging phrases composed, divided to question.

A pulsing loop of screams; in a state of refusal; searching for a way to explain.

Voice crushed; endless shattering; exhausting itself, between cries and calls.

Urgent vocal interventions, pushing down; forcing through; chant to a score of swelling.

You were never meant to be seen.
Competing voices; crawling back; seek to oppress and contain.
An increasing pain of vanishing, felt the unspoken pull.

A saved ritual smashed evokes aggression.
Something must break now.
Trying to escape; replaying, spilling out in a lonely place.

Words suffocate in resistance.
Silent, voiceless, a position that tackles.
Haunting melodies pounding; sharply mirrored, frozen in pose.
Surrounded by a swarm of pulsing loops, dissolve to be re-configured.
Dragging *you* in; a defence against the real will soon fade.
Mouth open, suddenly peaks, despite this, stuck completely; deleting what you neglect
to remember.