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Inside the War

Resisting the compulsions,
Was like falling into a deep sleep.
Sinking further and further,
until you give into your body.
Until your mind shuts down,
and the whirring stops.
You sleep,
in a world of quiet dreams,
sugar coating reality.
When you wake from your slumber,
it's time to go back to life.
And even though you fell into it,
your deep sleep is over
And it's time to return to schedule.

The compulsions, all together,
Are their own world.
They gather together and wait to make an appearance,
Thirsty for a little attention.
If I'm grazing on the boundary of sleep, they'll take the stage.
Strutting their stuff in front of me, until I just can't ignore,
and I have to obey.
Like an army of soldiers, they wait inside of me.
They point their guns and threaten,
Like a true to life story of war.
So I do what they say ... wouldn't you ?

It's so much easier
to get up and be ordered around
than to be kept as a prisoner of worry.
So I suppose this is a story of war ... my own mind,
being used as a weapon

When the war began,
I didn't know what was happening.
I did as I was told,
to reassure myself I would be fine.
Like a letter from god,
telling me that if I washed my hands twice,
everything would be okay.
And although it might sound ridiculous,
it was convincing.
A way to put my worries to bed,
and keep them there for awhile.
Then one day,
It wasn't enough.
It became too much.
So I told.
Like a grandmother retelling stories of her childhood,
a child can only try to understand what they don't know.
I was trapped.
Inside a cage of worries and pointless actions.

I feel like I'm going too fast,
Maybe I need to slow down,
and explain to you how my days in the cage go.

Explain to you,
How to me it's like a finished puzzle,
all the pieces are there.
Fitting together.
I've made my theories about OCD.

And no one so far,
can change these theories inside me head.
They can argue, tell me how crazy I am,
I've made up my mind.
But the war has only just begun..
And I'm all out of weapons.