A Faded Polaroid

I was called selfish
Heartless and cruel
Along with various synonyms.
Cruel for considering it
Heartless for leaving everybody behind.
This was not a revelation
But one decked with too many casual reveries.
I am akin to the burning woman
And the drowning man
My favourite author had the best analogy
Of the house, the man and the fire.
Poison perforated my veins
I could hear them dripping inside
Black ashen maybe
Rotten like the rest of my body.
And ahead of me, it's colourless
Behind, mirroring the same
But around me I see tiny dots of colour
Blue, violet and yellow
I saw myself in all the poets and writers.
They told me to eat the pills
'Cure her' their new motto
But what if there is nothing wrong
Only time cleared the fog of real me.

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