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Inferno of the Mind

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Inferno of the Mind



Amber Harvey

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Cover Art by Wren Tiffany

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This collection is dedicated to everyone who has ever felt like their broken mind is in control, be it spiraling, doomsdaying, or the like. We got this.

I would like, if I may, to take you on a strange journey...

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Age of Man (revisited)

I

Age of Man

To wander lands of ice and snow
In the desert heat where nothing grows
A tree of life in rain and sun
To reach the sky, it's just begun
And as we came into the clear
To find ourselves where we are here
Who is the wiser to help us steer?
And will we know when the end is near?

- Lyrics by Josh and Jake Kiszka

II

Carve out my heart

and my essence. your eyes
shooting daggers into my body,
anywhere –
everywhere,
but my heart,

only consuming what's on the surface,
no x-ray vision,
no exploration of the scars
scrawled across my soul,

because heartache and heartbreak
are the last piece of the puzzle,
the missing piece,

my piece
my edge

carved out by your dagger now in my back,
chipped away piece by piece,
until there is nothing but the memory of

me...

and you
and you
and her
and me
and I...

so carve it out, its the only,
way you'll ever see,
clutch it in your hand,
then maybe you will understand,
inspect the wounds emblazoned across,
the rips and tears that show,
I am alone in this whirl-wind,
never ending,
reminding me I am not her...

never and forever reaching for her

III

I want you too

Because you consume to be better
But I consume to forget her,
Drinking in the icy daggers,
Straight into the facade, creating fractures
I stand in the frozen rain,
Begging my body to feel again,
I don't want to be her, but I can't be me,
God forbid I choose to not worry about what people
see,
And instead just choose to be free,
Because as the ice flows down my spine,
The chill reminds me that none of this is mine,
Not my hair, not my body, hell my blood flows free
like wine,
Crimson red for all to sip,
Peel back the surface when I begin to slip,
Indulge in the pain, consume it all,
And wait for the abundance of the final fall.

IV

Make me whole.

I need it all. I want the wind, the sun, the sky, the dirt. I want the earth to fill me up, fill the hole, make me whole in a way that I have never ever been whole, always giving, nothing left to give, nothing left.. but when you want it all you lose it all, you gamble on the new beginnings only to learn you've laid your last chips and your drink is empty and the excitement is gone and the roll of the dice strikes the toll of the bell – time is up.

The rot starts in the roots working its way to the brand new buds, generation after generation drinking in the toxins, spin the wheel again it'll be different this time, but the bell struck twelve and there's no more chips and the rot has made its way to the heart and filled it all the way up.

V

take a ride with me

Stick your hands in the river.
Keep going, up to your chin.
As it runs over your bones
And infiltrates your skin.

Search the frigid water,
Feel the cold whisper in your ear.
Dark, red, intoxicating,
Breathing words so insincere.

I smile as you sink,
Searching for a remedy.
Rage trickling down my throat
Like a stiff shot of whiskey.

Choke on my waves of wrath
as they freeze you in your path.

VI

Look into my eyes

Are you hypnotized,
By the darkness in my mind?
Do you see him there?
The devil that I know,
The snake and the apple,
Temptation at its best,
He lays inside a coffin
Not to rest but to press,
His palms together,
Turn his head to the sky,
And whisper his regrets.
Ask him why he prays-
Don't be shy,
He will chuckle and roll his eyes,
Prisoners don't have the answers
They just -

VII

If not pain then what?

I pick myself apart like a bird consuming carrion,
Bits of flesh and muscle,
I pick at the wounds till I scrape bone,
Bleached white, worth more dead than alive.

If not me then who?

Hear the howling of the dogs,
They are near,
Drawn close by the toll of the bell,

If not pain then what?

If not me then someone else.

Come closer and feast on the beast,
Better dead than alive,
Take as much as possible,
I beg you.

VIII

I am a fraud

Because I struggle to rearrange my face, hands

pushing

and pulling, pinching, peeling, picking,

trying to make a new face

not broken, not damaged, not

miserable

stretching and pretending

until it's a face that is okay for you –

a new shape,

a grin, a glint in my eye

reflecting and deflecting

the pain I have hidden,

like a flashlight shone into the window

banging on the glass trying to break free,

like a tear quickly brushed away because god forbid

I am me.

IV

None of this is real

Myself	I	Me
[Not] myself	[Not] I	

I am the undertaker.

I dig my own icy grave,
carve my own headstone–

“Here lies [not] me”

lay myself to sleep by the morning star,
the only light amongst the black night,
the embers of my soul now a burnt red.

glowing still only from the puff of a final breath,
the gasp as I fell on my own sword,
the final fall:

Afraid to be myself
Afraid to be rejected
Afraid to be –

Age of Man (revisited)

To wander lands of ice and snow
In the desert heat where nothing grows
A tree of life in rain and sun
To reach the sky, it's just begun
And as we came into the clear
To find ourselves where we are here
Who is the wiser to help us steer?
And will we know when the end is near?

How far do I have to wander before I know
When there's nothing left to show
No where else to run
Trapped in this web that I have spun
Nothing but myself and my mind to fear
But when it all feels so insincere
Theres nothing left to do but disappear.
And how do we know when the end is near?

- Lyrics by Josh and Jake Kiszka

