

# The Black Fog

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Published on Lush Stories on 17 Jan 2011

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/the-black-fog.aspx>

I made myself a box, Somewhere to put things like Unwanted memories and painful thoughts. Memories of tears and betrayal, Thoughts of "what if's" and "maybe's". I fought so hard to capture them all, It took so much time and effort. They were slippery and didn't want to be caught, They escaped easily from my fingers And rejoined the thick, black fog that was my mind. Somehow though I managed, It took months but I did it. The box lay full but dormant in my head, Everything from the dark times lay in there And as I carried on with life I started to forget about the box. But slowly something is happening, Recently my mind slips easily. I remember things I wish I couldn't, I think about the time you spent away from home, Forgotten words come back to haunt me. The dark things have slowly returned to the centre of my mind, I can feel them flooding my head, Sucking away at my happiness, Trying to drag me down to an awful place, But I won't let it. I know what I need to do now, I need to start from scratch. I need to rebuild that box and recapture those evils. I need to shove them all back in there and this time lock it tight. For our sake, not just mine.