

*Spiraling Perceptions*

I am not good enough.

You will never hear me say

Success is in front of me

I will always remind myself

Failure has already lived ahead of me

Never can I imagine that

I will be of benefit to this world

I know

That the future looms in darkness for me

I will never accept

My value to this world

Forever I am reminding myself of

That all-consuming voice

The mocking that echoes

I will reject

The need to live,

Advocating

That there is freedom in death

I will not say

I am good enough.

*Now read the poem backwards.*