Trance

Karma?
Fatality?
Self-imposed corset?
Close the case!
I plug it in, and my data processing centre starts racing and crashes
Harassed double processor, in a trance
Trigger safe mode, and quell that excessively stressed out soul without second thoughts
Methodically, probe the art and essence of all that is unimportant, acknowledging it is there
Crave sanctity
Ruin one's existence in hyper-empathy
Endure one's obsessive thirst for excellence
Reproduce patterns of contempt
Make oneself their core object to the point of insomnia, desperately hoping
None of this is the dream life of the first comer
None of this is the attire of a devil-may-care
Everything mixes and soaks in a muddle
Thus, unpair...
Thus, desynchronize…
Engage the tried-and-true tactic: breathing
Breathe and feel space and time
Karma?
Fatality?
Self-imposed corset?
Close the case!