**Hell**

Hell is draped with warm fuzzies

It’s the illusion that you’re happy, enough

The story that plays on repeat but we

Keep forgetting

to change it.

Hell is draped in soft fragrance

Pretty colors and

The occasional cardinal singing a sweet song

The dance or

Tug of war, that tears through

The fabric of this

existence.

Hell is persistent.

It’s temporary bliss

With

Just enough glamour

To pull you right in

Just enough pain to

keep you from moving.

Hell is blinding.

So cloudy, that the path untraveled

Disappears

And its’ imagery makes you wish

You could find your way back

To wonderland

Wherever - - that is again.