Mind Games by

If you don't look deep
Inside your mind
What you seek
You may never find

It buckles and heaves,
The yellow brick road
Swivels and weaves,
Your only way home

The path through the mind
Isn't easy as it looks
Not as straight as an arrow
But curvy like hooks

On these twists

And on these turns

They forget

So they can learn

On and on it burns

Like a candle burning wax

As it mixes, as it churns.

The forgotten and the remembered

Doomed to wait

Restlessly, endlessly

Until the end of time

These discarded memories are forever

Stuck inside of me

You must lift a magnifying glass

So that you might see

The battling and the defeated

Little bits of life

Which were once treasured and valued

Cut open with a knife

The mind is complicated

Too hard to comprehend

Without an enlightening source

With a helpful hand to lend

Nobody though,

Not anybody,

Would spend their restless hours

Sifting through the bin

The dusty discount bin

Of the discarded and the forgotten

To find a broken memory

Of what could have been

To look inside of me

To journey through the mind

Would be a difficult feat

For even the bravest of our kind

When one enters the curling roads

Of the mind

They'd feel as if

An earthquake had hit

But never fear

Nobody would journey

(Not in a million years)

Into a mind

Not one with brains

To think

Who would do

Such a thing

But if a person just

Happens to do so

I feel safe and protected

Because I know

To see into my mind,
You would need a magnifier
Of the greatest
Of the largest kind

Certain things are hard to see

Some things are hard to find

Such as looking within me

And combing through a mind