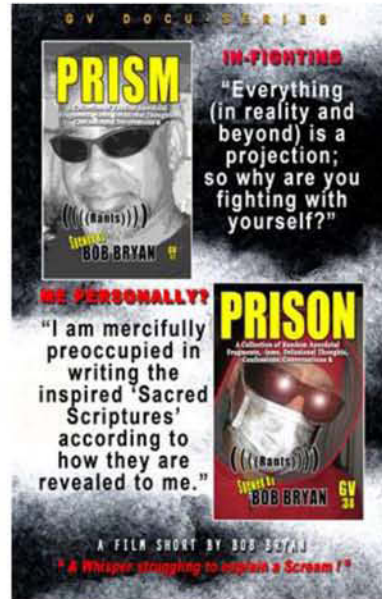


INTRODUCTION

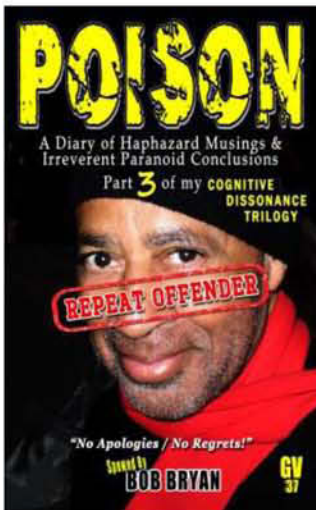
*HELLO?
ANYBODY OUT THERE?*

POISON is the Final Installment of my **3** Part, ‘**Cognitive Dissonance Trilogy.**’

Part **1 PRISM**,
Part **2 PRISON**, and
now Part **3 POISON**,
valiantly attempt to doc-
ument the emotional /
psychological / intellec-
tual nightmarish ordeal
suffered by others and
myself during the pernicious
COVID-19
Pandemic.



POISON is the festering



malignant and naughty crea-
tive ‘discharge’ oozing from
my crippling solitary con-
finement and quarantine.

**I GOT CAUGHT UP IN
THE OUTBREAK!!**

Cognitive Dissonance is a
duplicitous state of mind, a
blurred malaise, a fractured
overlay of dull blasé blasé static, the horrible din

of relentless gray noise, the spiked buzz you get from a sugar high.

REALITY as I had previously related to it, **now** seemed a lil ‘off,’ nothing seemed to sync-up properly.

Fraudulent voices, energies fighting for the same space, a ‘Cage Fight’ with no Champion or Dark Horse to root for.

POISON is a figurative break from the bland re-configurations that routinely surfaced from the primordial secretion of my shimmering, anomalous, rambling ‘Normality.’

I RESENT IT ALL!!!

As it should be, there is no one to bitch or whine to. I’m on my own to navigate the discordances!

Death loomed large, as an ever-threatening flickering **RESET** possibility in my cerebral cortex.

FEAR was everywhere.

You could feel its alarming appalling specter lurking behind my every thought, every isolated physical action, and every limited interaction with other distraught sentient beings at the ubiquitous neighborhood 99 Cents Only Store.

To be clear, I’m not organically a ‘social butterfly’ so this foul ‘quarantine’ has only exacerbated and fueled my innate proclivity towards isolation and greatly motivated me to write.