***“Intrusion.”***

*They stick. They always pick.*

*Pick, Pick, Pick, for that I dwell,*

*The thoughts that go ‘round like a carousel.*

*They question your morals,*

*They incite your wrath,*

*Yet make you anxious,*

*Like being stuck in self-combat.*

*Sadness grows in guilt filled woes,*

*As you fixate over what should be disposed.*

*But they linger in your times of fragility,*

*Taking advantage of your vulnerability.*

*Then after a while, the thoughts reconcile,*

*Preparing to battle again.*