



### To Obsessive Compulsive Disorder

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You were my *bête noire*...  
The swirling thoughts  
in my jelly;  
I tried to wish you away...  
You swirled more ferociously,  
heralding tragedy.

You were capricious...  
In one guise  
or the other,  
I knew you were part of me,  
yet I despised you,  
heralding anarchy.

You made me lose my mind...  
I became a different being;  
I could no longer ace  
the test:  
Doomed to fail;  
Far behind the rest.

You made me lose sight  
of the environ  
all of a sudden;  
I struggled to be social;  
A misfit in the middle;  
My circumstances became perilous.

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You were my bête noire...  
I yearned  
for a win over you;  
I banged on every door  
I could,  
yet you would not lose.

You beat the shrink too...  
even he couldn't  
decipher it;  
Who were you?  
Wrong cures and advice  
led me to a precipice.

You were my bête noire...  
However, the cure  
lay in a distant land;  
I trudged warily,  
a flickering ray of hope,  
then shone brightly.

You have been reined in...  
An eclectic mix of pills and will  
- perfectly proportioned -  
seems to be your foil.  
It's been a lost decade,  
You played well,  
but my perseverance prevailed!

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