

'Doubt' by Conor Mulligan

doubt manifests itself
in a myriad of mysterious ways
it comes down in showers
and downpours when you least expect it

it can hit you first thing in the morning
like an experienced boxer, punching for the gut
your tired reflection staring back at you through the cracked, stained mirror
it whispers: "is this really what you want to do with your life?"

it can come, like a wave
crashing down upon you as you meander
aimlessly home from work, seeing your reflection in a puddle
it whispers: "Is this really what you want to do with your life?"

primarily, this weaponised force of uncertainty thrives in the dark corners
of your room at night, while you write tales of
love and loss, it whispers and murmurs quietly while you sleep
"Is this really what you want to do with your life?"