

The End

Endwell

My heart is racing, feelings confused.
Wishing I could help him see this through.
No matter what, nothing I do will ease his suffering.
All he has are the memories of who he was, and how it used to be.
He brings his hands together and begins to pray for this to be
an end to his constant misery.
The cross he bears around his neck (the cross he bears.
The only thing that comforts him (what else is left?)
And so he prays for this to end (what else is left?)
A shadow of his former self.
Tired and weakened now, demons are his only company.
So, give up the ghost.
Ten years shy of a century.
All he has left are the memories of who he was and how it used
to be.
Pray for this to be the end of his constant suffering.
Pointless at best, no means to an end, his hands to his head, he
prays for the end to this nightmare.
All he has left are the memories.