

An Ill Body Seats My Sinking Sight

Loss

One devastating message crosses stagnant air
Abhorrence of one's self
Left a shredded husk
Vacant of living

Only death brings the epidemic of truth, that life is not worth
living
So wait not
End it all here
End your life

Perceptive to one's worth in sorrow's mirth
An all too willing hand will lift the blade and let sink this l
etting go

Passing of life
A season
Sliced to stifled end
Eyes open and staring dead
Into a wet and wooden floor
One by one
They crawl in

Only loss brings truth so sit and reflect
Life is not worth living
It's brought us all to this
End it all here
End our lives