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Suicide

Jonathan Grilli
NSU University School

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Suicide

Jonathan Grilli

As each day went, I tried once more
To hide the scars, to hide the pain.
I lost myself in my endless search,
To find one more thing to hide behind.
A test to see how much I could take,
Nothing ever changes.

I despised who I had become,
Always shy, always afraid,
The offspring of a troubled childhood.
I turned to those I loved the most,
Yet I found no haven in their soft words.
Nothing ever changes.

At night I sat and prayed to ask,
God, why have you forsaken me?
How did I end up this way? What've I done?
I had to stop and question,
What is my purpose? Do I matter?
Nothing ever changes.

As time continued to run on,
My life became a blur, a burden.
It was as a stain upon the cloth of the world,
Unimportant and easily removable.
Unwanted in this society, I stood alone.
Nothing ever changes.

And here I sit with knife in hand,
Is this what it has come to?
This chaos will be over soon.
I am looking towards the sky now,

I command my spirit to the heavens above.
A freedom I have longed for...