

Suicide

Knives pierce my empty hands,
as nails to that lonely man.
My blood runs from hate of me.
His blood ran for us to be free.
Selfishness, unhappy I have been.
Selflessness, he died for our sin.
Tears drown my thoughts, my mind is a blur.
This man chose death, his grave did stir.
I lay here bleeding, mind gone numb.
His actions real, my actions dumb.
This man the son of my father.
I am sister, I am daughter.
My body is weak, I see them cry.
I may not meet them in the sky.
A flicker of light, am I this dead?
I wake up early, I am in my bed.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to any who think it is the answer.