

The Illusory Void

Standing on a precipice, I
Overlook the illusory
Void. The compass guides my hand to
Find the sweet release of pain. See
The crimson liquid flow past scars
Of shape and letter. Oxidise
While I fantasise that life could
Be much better. His soulful eyes
I looked inside, his hands I'll feel
No longer. 'A cry for help' my
Mother said. I guess I'm sinking
Under. Why stop at scratching by
Numbers? Why not adopt the whole
cliché? The wrists I see, could be
allowed to run free, they're tired
of holding me in. Solemnly
I change the point for a blade and
Hold it against the pulse. The gap
In my thoughts is seized by god and
the radio acts as a trap.
The words coagulate in my
brain, the empathy is so strong.
You've felt my pain, you'll hold my weight
and your voice will carry me on.