

Never Knowing

By Samuel Slaughter

Whispers whisk down the bottomless pit that I call home.
Screams echo as life stabs at me day after day,
Drip, Drip, Drip. As tears stream down thy face,
I realize that life is only a race, a race for the strong to kill those
underneath them.
I live in a time where love is empty and emotions run dry,
My only friend has been darkness and despair in this wretched life
alone,
All seemed forgotten until a faint gleam of light trickled down the walls
of my agony.
Thus showing forth a passage of escape! A ladder.
Shall I climb my ladder and be free? Or will I lay here, lonely and
dismayed?
Troubles surround and cloud the mind and throat until I suffocated on
my dashed hopes and dreams.
Gasping and gasping for the help that will never come.
Death nearing, needles stab my skin and push deeper and deeper still
until I cry, "No More!" And still, they push deeper.
Why must I push through this struggle with a question to which I
know the answer?
Have you ever felt this pain?
The pain of pains that cloud thy veins?
How could one suffer so much and still live?
Yet amidst all the confusion and pain, I choose the ladder.
And awake in a room all alone,
Forevermore, never knowing.