

Full Cycle

Talking to myself...
unspoken words cutting deep
 scars inside the brain
getting angry...
at these dreadful thoughts
 wandering inside my mind
the gun...
pointing at my head
the trigger...
ready to eject the bullet
 to destroy
the silence...
broken into sounds
whispers of a dying soul
 so ready to go
 so anxious to find
 a new place to abide
 a new countdown to start...