

"Never Here"

I've noticed that it seems easier to die... than it does
To live...

It's causing me to focus... on each day in which I inter-
nally cry... because I didn't do what they say I did...
So now everyday I... am forced to try to forgive God
Because He should've let me die... as a kid.

To spare me & my family decades of heart ache...
Over a Court's intentional "mistakes"...

So I can call prison "the White House" because my fate
seems to be designated to "the Blue Room"... as I deal
With Presidential self-hate.

Then they can place... a wreath over the cell... in
which I reside...

Because they have tossed dirt over my face... in the
form of years inside of "hell"... so now I can go to
The "gentle, good night"... with pride.

I walk towards the light... expecting only to be met...
With bliss...

I anticipate the honeymoon with my demise... or at least
With suicide... I anticipate the sweetness of her kiss...
Good night.

I could fight it off for awhile longer... but would it
matter... since I am weak...

I would appear much stronger... if I didn't speak...
Because the voices in my head yell... that I don't
Deserve to be above ground... I belong beneath...
A white sheet.

So towards my depression... I fear I am always near...
Plus when I leave... no one will grieve... because it seems
That my death... would be like... I was never here