

Gunshot – Original Poem

It was only yesterday
I was standing tall,
Walking about on my own,
But now here I lay
Crimson blood flowing like rushing rapids
Internal organs hanging out
Like fruit from a tree

It all happened in a flash,
A boom, a rip, and a thud.
A big bullet from a big gun,
An angry man now on the run,
A dying man reflecting on a gunshot.

A gunshot can change a life.
It can extend,
Shorten,
Give reason,
Ruin,
Or
End it.

I guess mine has ended
By a gunshot.
While his is ruined
By a gunshot.
Another man has been given a reason
By a gunshot.
No one's life was extended

By a gunshot

Maybe I should have complied

Maybe I should not have fought

But I did

Maybe we should accept our griefs

But we don't

But what I think doesn't matter

As I lay here

As I fade, away

No one will hear

My thoughts as I lay.