

Suicidal Thoughts

Darkness creeps through a sunlit room,
Shadows with lives of their own,
I know they'll be with me all too soon,
To ask me to follow them home.

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Like lions that hide in the sun scorched grass,
They crouch and watch their prey,
At lightning speed they'll take their chance,
To lead me to my grave.

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I'm told the moon dances on clouds, silver lined,
But the only clouds I see are black,
I haven't seen silver in such a long time,
So Maybe I'll follow them back.

by Joan Rye