

D(R)OWN

A collection of thoughts, feelings, and memories.
A whole lot of pain put into words.

For you S,
I love you

You're in.
You're now entering my little room.
You can now open some of the cabinets.
You can now read some of the words written on the papers inside.
And I'm letting you.
What's life without a little risk,
Am I right?

Please respect me, my words,
And my fucked up brain.

Thank you.

Sirens

I hear sirens far away
Of ambulances on their way
On their way to save a life
A life of a man who traced a pattern with his knife
A man who might've been fighting to die
But is now presented with another try
A try he can use to fight to live
A try to show what he's got to give

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STW
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