

## **DEPRESSION**

by Cloe Briand, Lourdes - Junior Division Poetry

There is nowhere to run  
Nowhere to hide  
There is no one to tell  
How you really feel inside

There are too many voices  
On the go inside your head  
Nothing's going well  
And you'd rather be dead

Your best friend is a razor  
That you use every night  
To cut into your wrist  
And try to make things right

Scarlet red drops  
Drip down to the floor  
From a person  
Who doesn't show emotions anymore

Your parents are fighting  
And you're all alone  
You are an accidental child  
Living in a broken home

You have no hope  
All there is is pain  
Your heart is dead  
And you won't ever be happy again

And you know there's something desperately wrong  
You need help and need it fast  
You know that all these things are drowning you  
And any day could be your last