

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