

Junior Division, Poetry
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Death Calls (an excerpt)

I don't want to live anymore.
I'm so tired.
The breeze breaks on my skin as I look down,
People look like ants all the way down there.
My feet dangle off the edge as I think about my choices.
I sit there in silence shivering like a leaf,
My phone rings,
I look down,
It's my Mom.
She's probably worried about me,
My curfew was an hour ago.
I'm the last person in her family,
We only have each other.
She'll be really lonely when I'm gone.
I'm sorry but I'm just so tired,
I dread waking up every single day.
The ringing stops as I'm thrown back into silence
My mind is racing,
What if this feeling will go away?
I look down again,
At all the people going home after a long day's work.
I think I'm going to go home.
Mom's probably waiting for me.