

Hospital

I feel sick as I walk through the glass doors;
they part and reveal what I already know all too well.

I'm dragged along,
forced to be here.
I follow my mother close behind,
trailing her,
hiding.

The smell of alcohol looms the air,
sterile and strong.

I've smelled it a hundred times.

My stomach continues to churn on an endless cycle.
It won't go away until we leave.
Not until the doctors are done poking and prodding me with questions as always.
But I won't throw up,
I will force myself not to throw up.

I am surround by a plethora of clean white walls,
a sterile colour like every other thing here
other than the brightly coloured animals meant to cheer up the place.

It doesn't work,
at least not for me.
It never has even as an infant.

You can smell the coffee wafting in from the café outside.
The only smell that distracts me from this reality,
the only good part of this day

You can hear a distant cry of a baby,
confused to why they are here.
I wish I was oblivious to this world also.

My fingers find the wall.
Cold to the touch like the hands of my doctors.

Glass windows envelope the building,
trying to brighten this gloomy place.

I never understood why anyone tried
this place will always feel solemn.
The word first spoken to me has me trapped in this dungeon.
A word they can't change,
that they can't fix,
that will stay with me forever,

chronic

Trapped

Forgiveness does not run through my veins,
or maybe it does, I couldn't be sure,
but I cannot forget my mistakes.
They flood my brain every day,
till I'm drowning in them,
unable to come up for air
they're ripe in my mind.
As ripe as the day I was left,
stranded by my own creators,
tossed around like a sack of potatoes.
I continue to get caught in the bramble of my thoughts,
they protrude my heart like daggers.
There is no one who cares to mend my cuts.
Scars will forever mark my body,
showcasing my every wound.
The pain is electrified through my every nerve,
it's enticed by me like a moth to a flame.
It will walk with me as I grow ancient.
It will follow me to the grave.
I am trapped forever by my pain.
The pain that began with abandonment and fueled by the system.

The Falling Man (9/11/2001)

His mind rushes for a way out.
Thoughts spring back and forth,
but none will hold.
Out of this chaos around him.

His arms hang lifeless at his side.
His legs will not budge.

He must move,
He must escape.

With no second thought he moves to the stairs,
opens the door and smoke engulfs his lungs.

With the elevator down, there was no other options.

The only thing clouding his mind,

Jump.

He could not comprehend the thought.
He will not survive.
He is 56 floors up,
With no other options,
No other exits.

Jump.

Is there no other way out?

Jump.

Everyone else is gone.

Jump.

Where did they go?

Jump.

Is this it?

Jump.

He finds himself at the edge of the building,
a broken window before him.

Leaning out,
seeing the world below,
the tiny figures wandering and running.

Running away,
away from here.

He needs to get away from here

... so he jumps,
head first.
arms flailing
legs shot up towards the clouds
as he heads towards his fate.

Was this his only option?