

Homelessness
part 1

Vacant

I can't seem to find a way out.

Lost

I can't hold onto anything, living as I am, in this reality.

Lonely, Petty, Worthless.

The Adventure is gone from this.

I have been forgotten in this powerless vacuum of hopelessness.

This

is my life, passing in front of me.

This

is some tragic hell.

Finally a chance, to do something, to be something...

now lower than I've ever been.

In an instant.

My question: Is this the death I worried about for so long?

I'd always thought I'd know.

I'd always hoped I'd have the courage not to fester in this
meaningless world.

But here I am, at the bottom, can't sink anymore, and I can't admit what
seems all too obvious:

Suicide.

Out, finding a place to crash. Somewhere. Anywhere. Just a spot, to
be alone, to be able

not to care.

Just Be.

I just won't cry.

I'll try to exist though tomorrow.

I'll try not to think about running back home, a place where I don't have
to worry about where I can sleep.

or about how I'm going to eat.

I just can't let this make me cry.

My only solace is that it can't get any worse.
Doldrum days spent pleading for a windmill hope.
I'll try not to cry.
There is no room for tears, here.
I look into my vacant eyes and search for myself behind them but I
have become a hollow shell.
This weight, the weight of my current life is crushing me.
I am crumbling, falling; I am about to cease.
I have lost my life but I will not allow my tears to morn me.
Everything I've known is on a tedious fulcrum of fading hope.
I should not breath.
I should be dead.

The world continues around me, the way I used to see it, with the putrid
stares at the hobbled being that was me and though I fight, and though I
curse, the grimace that I wear is tears that I must cry.

The world continues around the broken, weeping boy that I have
become.