

My Suicide

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A poem I wrote in math class that my friend titled.

My Suicide

Chapter 1 of 2

A poem I wrote in math class that my friend titled.

Words spill onto paper
as she cries poisoned tears.
Her life is for nothing
after only fourteen years.
She looks at the gleaming blade
when her writing is done.
"I'm sorry," she cries
out to no one.
She opens her arms
and blood drips down,
like the tears on her face
as she lies on the ground.
She welcomes Death
smiling at last.
Her sadness is gone.
The pain has passed.

My Suicide (story)

Chapter 2 of 2

I wrote a story that partially explains the poem.

The girl looked back once more ... but she knew she had to continue. The words and memories were too much. They were consuming her, taking parts of her she did not want to give.

So here she was. Alone in her room in the empty house, surrounded by memories. She couldn't, and wouldn't, tell. The memories still would not allow it.

This note would be the last thing she wrote... she was sure this time. No more chances. The knife was on the desk in front of her.

Her note was short and simple ... and very clichéd:

I'm sorry I caused so much pain. I know you don't want it. I can't handle it. I really do love you, Mom. Sorry ... and goodbye.

She couldn't waste anymore time. She was almost ready now. As she held the gleaming blade, she wondered at her choice.

The knife would be painful, but all in all, she was certain it would work. Pills, on the other hand, would fail. Again.

At first the cut didn't hurt, but after a few moments, after she laid herself down, the pain began. The beautiful pain. Blood escaping the cut on her arm, just like the tears escaping her eyes.

It was soon blurrier ... harder to feel and see. It would be over soon. She smiled at the thought.

When at last she died, she was smiling still. Death had taken this sad-eyed girl with fourteen years of torture and left a smiling corpse.