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by lamtired

This is a poem I wrote after my brother's suicide.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Bang

Blood on a couch

On the Phone, tears sliding

Who is awakened from their black out

Shock and unawareness

Police, Hospital, Death

Knock-Knock, "Madam

It's your son . . . "

Anger, loss and sorrow

Tears sliding

"Wake up, daughter

It's your brother . . . "

Shock and emptiness

Tears sliding

I saw the pain in his eyes

Christmas Eve, a blur

Christmas Day, traveling

I'm home, there is my family

"He's gone"

How did this happen, Why couldn't I stop it

Wounds on his temple

"This is a mark of his love"

Funeral and roses

Emptiness

Loss

Pain

Cope?

It has been five years

I miss you

Tears sliding