

# Redemption

*by x\_dobby*

A poem I wrote a while ago. A little morbid, but I hope everyone likes it. :]

## Redemption

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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The man sits quietly  
No one sees him  
If someone did  
They might appease him  
But eyes don't linger  
Upon this dreary man  
Neither the holes in his clothes  
Nor the gun clutched in his hand  
He was a sickly boy  
Always craving others' attention  
But none looked his way  
None gave him a mention  
Now he sits quietly  
Plotting his plots  
Scheming his schemes  
And darkening his thoughts  
He's sure no one loves him

He's sure no one cares  
If only he looked long enough  
To see what was there  
And now he stands  
His jaw grim and set  
To move towards the ones  
He says owe him a debt  
The small gun is so powerful  
Life is hanging from a thread  
And that young, pretty girl  
About to be wed  
Might just not live long enough  
He feels in his heart  
That if he just begins  
He'll be glad of his start  
Gun at the ready  
He's sure this is right  
On this starry twilight  
Quickly fading to night  
He remembers those afternoons  
He spent in school detention  
And as the trigger pulls  
He thinks just one word: his sweet, sweet *redemption*.