

Redemption

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

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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*.