Hilliard 1

Grant Hilliard

Humanities ¾

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**Poison**

Crying, the rivers, the trees, the air.

All falling around me.

Me feeling nothing weighing nothing,

seeing nothing, being nothing.

Knowing that the slightest comment might

rip me of my happiness forever.

Looking into the cold casket, thin air around

me slowly digging me into a hole so deep knowing

I would not be able to climb out.

The same air that kills everyone else.

It is like poison. A poison not even god

himself can stop. A poison no one can stop.