

Endwell

"The End"

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My heart is racing, feelings confused.
Wishing I could help him see this through.
No matter what, nothing I do will ease his suffering.
All he has are the memories of who he was, and how it
used to be.
He brings his hands together and begins to pray for
this to be an end to his constant misery.
The cross he bears around his neck (the cross he
bears.
The only thing that comforts him (what else is left?)
And so he prays for this to end (what else is left?)

A shadow of his former self.
Tired and weakened now, demons are his only
company.
So, give up the ghost.
Ten years shy of a century.
All he has left are the memories of who he was and
how it used to be.
Pray for this to be the end of his constant suffering.
Pointless at best, no means to an end, his hands to his
head, he prays for the end to this nightmare.
All he has left are the memories.

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