

## Loss

### "An Ill Body Seats My Sinking Sight"

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One devastating message crosses stagnant air  
Abhorrence of one's self  
Left a shredded husk  
Vacant of living

Only death brings the epidemic of truth, that life is not  
worth living  
So wait not  
End it all here  
End your life

Perceptive to one's worth in sorrow's mirth  
An all too willing hand will lift the blade and let sink this  
letting go

Passing of life  
A season  
Sliced to stifled end  
Eyes open and staring dead  
Into a wet and wooden floor  
One by one  
They crawl in

Only loss brings truth so sit and reflect  
Life is not worth living  
It's brought us all to this  
End it all here  
End our lives

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