

**Matt Willis****"Why Do We Live, Pt. 2"**

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What do you want to do tonight  
Brush shoulders with the end of life?  
Not on purpose, of course,  
That way we won't feel remorse.  
Let's go and toy with some minds;  
Theirs, not ours - that will kill some time.  
Maybe we'll pass with it and be left behind  
Not on purpose, of course.  
My friend rang the doorbell two or three times.  
We awaited in anticipation for the door to open...  
Finally opening, a tall, lanky creature stumbled from  
the  
Darkness;

With it's left paw, it opened the screen door, slowly  
revealing  
A handgun in the other.  
Aiming the gun between my eyes, I stared down the  
barrel;  
The black metal shimmered in the moonlight.  
Mumbling something about us not being wanted there,  
the  
Creature gave the impression of drunkenness;  
It's arms stiffened while cocking the gun.

Am I sick of this world?  
Do I value this life?  
Why do we live

Eagerly waiting the outcome, the trigger was pulled...  
The gun was empty.  
I stood there, smiling, letting the event slip out of  
thought  
Almost instantly.  
Fear was never present.

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