



SIXFOLD

SHORT STORIES AND POETRY AWARDS

Poetry Mix | Poetry Submission | June 16, 2018

Never Ending

He turned the key in the lock and opened the door.
To his horror he saw a body lying on the floor.
The puddle of blood was seeping through the carpet.
His first response was to run.
But he knew the killer was following with a gun.
He turned his back on the body to quietly shut and lock the door.
Then he turned and faced the body lying on the floor.
The room was bare except for the victim.
There was nowhere to go.
Bang! Went the door from the killer's blow.
He'd been found, and now he was trapped with nowhere to go.
He edged away from the door towards the body lying on the floor.
Bang! Went the door. Now it was also lying on the floor.
The killer stood there taking in his fright.
He knew his only chance was flight.
He started to run but he tripped and fell.
All of a sudden, he could tell.
This had all happened before.
Even the body lying on the floor.
As he stared into soulless eyes he knew.
Without a doubt they were blue.
They were his.
He knew how the story would go.
So, he waited for the gun's final blow.

TEAR ME APART

I see you sitting there.

In my heart there is a little tear.

It gets bigger with every look.

Every glance from around your book.

I know you watch me.

For these quick glances and curious looks our hearts will pay the fee.

We continue to say nothing.

Because we know there is nothing good it could possibly bring.

Still, we continue on this way.

Even as the edges begin to fray.

We continue to stare.

Even though there is a continuously growing tear.

I'M MISSING

Do you know me?

Do you really know me?

You say you do.

But is it true?

Do you really know me?

The girl who locks herself away.

The girl who hides it in the day.

The girl who cries herself to sleep.

The smile she tries to keep.

Do you really know me?

Or do you know the mask I wear?

The girl without a care.

The one who is always laughing.

The one who likes to sing.

Do you really know me?

Very few people recognize the real me.

There are very few that see.

The others don't pay close attention.

It's not something they care to mention.

Who is the real me?

SCARS TO BLAME

Death is like a cold hand reaching for you at night.

Yet you welcome it, so you don't turn on the light.

You try to get away from the terrible pains of life.

So, you pick up a knife.

Again, and again you slice your wrist.

Until your blood creates a fine mist.

You welcome the pain with open arms.

Like a well know lover will whisper sweet charms.

Even though the cuts will heal.

You will still enjoy your little thrill.

On your wrists the scars will remain.

For your death they will be to blame.

DRUNKEN NIGHTS

I love you.
I know that you love me to.
But sitting here alone can get quite boring.
While you're in the bedroom snoring.
You had to go out last night.
And stay out till the morning light.
You got to drunk to walk straight.
And stayed out way too late.
Today you will stay in bed.
Which is what I most dread.
In my heart you will always lie.
Until the day I die.
But since you keep drinking.
It's got me thinking.
You could die from what you do.
You and I both know it's true.
Yet, you continue to drink that crap.
So, I ponder it while I connect the dots on the map.
Wondering, how long before it will take my dad away.
And how much we will all have to pay.
The grief will be unbearable.
And your death will be terrible.
So, I pray that you will stop and think.
About the effects of your choice of drink.