



I'm Numb, Take Me While You Can
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I hope you're an expert marksman,
I hope you shoot me and move along as if I am nothing more than a mere tally
mark to you.
Another cross on a green lawn,
Another dead man.
I know it's foolish of me to try carrying the world on my back,
Yet I can't shake your load, dear gunman.
The fears you've normalized in me,
The softness you gave screams,
The gentleness you gave tears.
I only wonder what God will do to you and I,
Will we be equals then?
Or will I be before you in the judgement line because I died first.
Not just as a corpse,
But I died in my heart when your murder failed to ring my sorrow bells.
I am dead even now,
I cannot escape you in this free shooting range.
I am dead in spirit because you've shot holes in those around me,
Tiring me of perpetual grief.
I may be numb to your actions, soldier,
But I won't say the same when your lead kills my body.
For what am I after all,
But a man who felt too much on the wrong day?
What am I,
But the next three day national news tragedy?
I am a man who is dead,
And will be doubly so soon enough.
Go ahead,
Shoot me,
I dare you.