

Sara Bender

Mrs. Whittington

English 1

10/18/17

Poetry: The Virus of Life

Somewhere in between life and death,

A young boy wishes to take his final breath.

No more sorrow, no more pain,

Although they still look at him like he's insane.

They told him to think happy thoughts;

But he couldn't unwind the tangled knots.

The clock has run out;

There's no one left to hear him shout.

Instead of sulking and whining all day,

He gets up and goes on his merry way.

He rode straight into the eye of the storm;

And he came out more than tattered and torn.

Thoughts slip into his anxious mind;

No one had ever been kind.

What was the point to this miserable life?

Everyone ends up getting the knife.

Maybe he'll stay and answer the question;

Too bad he doesn't know how to fight the infection.

The path he sought after had never been drawn;

The virus of life has left him forever gone.