

Amy Charles, age 16

19

Never Been Happier

*Of course you remember brilliant streaks of color on the canvas.
Do you forget the burnt edges of the catastrophic end?*

In dark sharp-edged corners of my mind I see myself wandering.
I can hear the sounds of old nightmares playing in rewind.
I'm walking upwards into rage-annihilating light,
Each footstep of time bringing me closer to the conquest of Everest
Each moment of victory seeming unbeatable, unrepeatable
Until I break into baffling, stunning wonderment.
The light grows brighter.

as the day deepens the night darkens, the shadows are blacker in contrast and skeletons
seem greater in unlit corners as the line between fear and harmony gains strength

When I looked at the glorious heights before me, perhaps
I was only looking within.
Now I don't want to look around me
I don't want to catch a glimpse of myself in a crooked mirror,
A sudden flashback of broken tears and heartbeat slowing
What if I take one step forward and realize I was only dream walking?
What if that moment of falling as you jerk out of half-sleep
Is backwards, and you wake to see that this illusion of satisfaction is
Actually gone?

The two sides of my face in the mirror cannot grow together
Was I ever who I am?
Where am I?
I let go and hurl myself into paradise

How far is falling?

The End to Suffering

One thing all mankind should feel,
The fate they are destined to seal.
A life of eternity as dead,
The destiny that they so dread.

Suffering in a health check prison,
They are corpses that are driven.
To lay excruciatingly in the dark,
Their death toll has really made its mark.

Death seems so tragic and oh so wrong.
Death's time is ticking, ding dong ding dong.
Soon the visitor takes its client.
They are happy, strong and defiant.

Grateful for their life-ending jail break,
Their life and soul are offered to take.
Of course for only one undead role,
Death to come and complete their goal

Stricken with grief dictates family,
They try to accept death, as hard as can be.
But, the dead is now at passive rest,
Some that seek death might know the best.

No one understands the point
Of death and life's daunting joint.
Working together, effect and cause,
Make us ponder, stop, and pause.

Think about the good and bad,
Think of all the happy, the sad.
Without one, we can't defy,
That there is no cause for living lies.

Live your life just being you.
I will cherish my life too.
What's the point living nothing?
Deaths an end to someone's suffering!

