

*Goodbye Cruel World!*

I can't say  
that I've  
stood on a tall ledge  
and haven't  
thought about  
jumping

with the right  
mixture of  
melancholy  
and liquid  
courage  
I could have  
flung myself  
out of any of  
one hundred  
hotel room windows

I've stood against the  
reinforced glass,  
a room full of friends  
behind me all  
laughing and talking

one minute I'd be there  
and the next I would be  
French kissing the pavement  
below

but a tiny voice  
in the back of my head  
keeps whispering  
*"Not yet. Not yet.  
You still have some things to do.  
Not yet."*

and  
I watch my mother  
in bed  
completely sacrificed  
ready to die

threatening suicide  
and I think,  
doesn't she hear  
that same voice?

at my absolute poorest and lowest  
I've always had that voice  
telling me  
*not yet, not yet*  
for it does not need  
money or food  
to survive

and I sit  
at the foot of her bed,  
her son  
the thing that  
should make  
her want to  
keep living,  
keep fighting

and she turns over her  
tear covered face  
into the pillow

I take one good look at her  
and walk out

for you cannot  
except someone to live  
for you

they have to live for themselves