

# Death or Otherwise Known As Peace

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*a poem about a boy with schizophrenia that commits suicide.*

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# 1 - Death or Otherwise Known as Peace

Death or otherwise known as peace

No one knew, no one could tell, that we thought we were going to hell. We were always so quiet, we never did show, just how far we were willing to go. Our family, they never found out, how much in the night we would shout. Oh, how we screamed and oh how we cried, and we felt like we had almost died. Later on in life, we just learned to deal; we became hollow, and could no longer feel. Not the warmth of the sun, or the wind in our hair, we just shrugged our shoulders, for we really didn't care. We never smiled, or showed any joy, because our loneliness would always destroy. Though we couldn't feel, we always were cold, always being tired, and seeming to be really old. And now as our life comes to an end, no longer shall we offend. For all the blood is now flowing, bright crimson red, while our friends and family are unknowing, we leave ourselves for dead. Adieu to all we leave behind, even though some of you weren't very kind. Tortured as we were for all of our life, we never thought we'd be on the ground holding the knife, to cut out the burning pain, as our blood falls like rain. Now that the light is fading, and darkness closes in, and we can see where we have been. All that hurt and all that pained is finally washing away, and finally we can see a new day. It was all too much to handle, like light sustained by a dying candle. Living in the darkness of our mind, we could not see, but now that I see the light, I can at long last be free.

THE END