



## Honorable Mention Teen Age Group

### Silent Suicide

He roughs the skin to rough the soul.  
He has no goal but feels like he has to prove himself.  
A nick in the skin to make his grin, dim and fade.  
He doesn't know the mess he's made.  
He wishes to want to want to trade his life away.  
His perfect life where he has no excuse to fray from the path that lay.  
Locked and set.  
He tries to try with all his might to grip the gray that holds his right.  
It holds his fingers tight in place.  
He must finish now.  
He knows how.  
But the beads of sweat on his brow show his doubt.  
Show his weakness.  
Show his fear.  
"I'm not scared."  
"I'm not scared."  
"I'm not scared!"  
He is scared.  
He lifts the gray above his height.  
The shifting blade shining bright.  
His heart breaching the fight or flight.  
Now he tries with all his might to win the war that wage inside.  
No guide to help him decide the path that must be applied to make him survive.  
He has derived he must survive.  
He must survive.  
"I must not die."  
The regret.  
The regret fills his eyes and begins to role down his cheeks like a creak from the peek of a mountain with a leek.  
He begins to cry.  
He lowers the sleek gray to the ground. It makes a sound.  
The sound of metal hitting tile.  
He sits for awhile just trying to compile the magnitude of this trial.  
He's nervous he may have ruined his purpose.  
The noise loud in his ear like a circus.  
He sees the dried red on his wrist. That will always exist.  
And will always consist of the memories that seem to insist to persist.  
Through the passing of time.  
Through the giving of forgiveness.  
Through the healing of the flesh.  
He holds his fist up to the sky. And chants the words.  
"why, why"  
For to die is hard.  
But to live is harder.

By Shea Yael