

The Dark Room

by rob *Saturday, Jun 16 2018, 10:02am*

international / poetry / post

i come from day into the darkest night
not forgetting the light from which i came

they come to me pleading,
save me from this darkness

do u not remember the light from which u came?
i ask, if there is a way in then surely there must be a way out

i am trapped one responds

by whose hand? i say,
u would find no other hand but ur own

i cannot bear this dread any longer,
i must end it

end what? i ask

my life, it's not worth going on

promise me u will speak to a friend before taking irreversible action

ok, u have been a good friend, i will do it for u

better u do it for urself

i inquired after the meeting,
how did it go?

i saw ur friend more than once as he offered hope
but then i left

why did u leave? i asked

he said i have a lot invested in remaining the same

yes, how many times must u hear and reject sensible solutions?

i told u it would be of no use, was the response

two years later a mutual friend rang informing me

of the suicide

the first tones of daylight weaken the night sky
heralding the approach of the sun
missed by those that falsely imagine
they are trapped in darkness

Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-66.html>