

“22”

By: Kaline Mulvihill

He was a bright soul in a darkened world;
A ray of light swallowed by hate.
His smile once innocent and so pure;
A young boy without any fear.

He was a raven among the doves;
A battered soul, without any love.
He walked the tightrope;
A young man with no hope.

He jumped through fire;
A fool with too much desire
He found a toxic escape;
A diversion from the pain.

His beaten body would become numb;
A feeling he could succumb.
He would drink until collapse;
A common occurrence of relapse.

His heart ached in ways only he knew;
A feeling he never outgrew.
He suffocated in silence;
A young man who experienced too much violence.

He made up his mind;
A decision he couldn't rewind.
His finger on the trigger;
A goodbye, that only grew bigger.

He was twenty-two.