

## I'm Tired

By Tyler W. Stinson

Still confined and seemingly trapped as well as isolated in the thoughts of yesterday,

I've found myself standing motionless and alone in the streets of this weak society,

The rope has begun to tighten and constrict my throat and hands as the black shadows of the dogs have started to come closer and closer,

Such a frightening fate that nears my chamber I've come to gladly welcome with a smile and dimly lit cigarette,

I'm tired of running, fighting, and laughing when it hurts,

The sins of my past have come to plague my present days and will allow me no future,

I can't fathom a better way for my days to end, my enemies will not show me mercy just as I've shown them none in our previous and ungodly engagements,

I can only pray that they will be just as ruthless and savage as I have been when I watched their sons and daughters cry for their lives.

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