

Self Image

By Molly Burley

Hey there beautiful, why so glum?
You've got a finger down your throat and the other on your gun.
You ask, "what is left to live for?"
But I know not, for I am just your broken image, a self-demon of your thoughts.
But yet you ask, "what is left to live for?" time and time again.
If I could give you anything it would just been an end.
To the torture of your madness, the sadness in your soul.
To the way when you look hopefully thinking life could not get old.
You ask me that same question, and so I give you this: A recollection of your past.
It's time to reminisce.
To when it wasn't always shadows, or monsters under your bed.
When you once felt wanted, and loved by all instead.
So just stop chasing demons, and to yourself be kind.
And finally break free from the shackles in your mind.

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