

I see the knife press on their skin.  
How easy it'd be to just push it in.  
I think of all the things they'd do  
If they weren't suicidal.

The places they'd go,  
The people they'd see.  
The things that they'd do,  
The person they'd be.

I see the knife lay in their grasp.  
They don't want this to be their last.  
I see them think of things they'd do  
If they weren't suicidal.

The songs that they'd sing,  
The love that they'd give.  
If they only stopped now  
And decided to live.

I see the knife fall out their hand  
And they grow weak, just can't stand.  
They're overjoyed, with the idea of life,  
Because they're not suicidal.

This poem is for  
suicide awareness