**Sinking in Quicksand**

Falling and sinking

Deeper and deeper.

People say;

“what could be worse?”

But they don’t know how she feels.

Neck deep in quicksand

But still struggling to get out.

The more she tries,

The more she calls out.

She still sees no way out.

Chin deep in quicksand.

And she still sees no hope;

Still sees nothing to set her free.

One more small gesture,

And the quicksand will make her unable to breathe;

To speak.

She sees little slivers of light

From the trees surrounding her.

She tries not to move;

To just be still.

But she can’t anymore.

She screams,

And tried to break free.

Yet she only sinks.

Until no one can find her,

And no one will ever hear her voice.

The wont even know that she’s gone.

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