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Senior

Thoughts into Actions

I was overcome with sadness

My life wasn’t what I wanted.

People I had once lover

Had come and gone

Before I could even capture the moment.

I can clearly remember the day

I found out about my existence;

A painting of a meadow,

My mother’s bright blue

Tear filled eyes,

The intense silence

At the mention of rape.

I can still see myself lying

In bed awake;

Trying to push away

All of the negative thoughts.

Darkness and fear

Controlling my every move.

I get out of bed

And walk to the bathroom;

Cold tiles prick my feet

As I open the cabinet door.

Pills of different colors

Land on the countertop;

Red, blue, and white

It’s hard to decide

Which ones to use.

I grabbed a handful;

I didn’t care anymore.

Pill by pill, all of my problems

Seem like they don’t even exist.

Minutes pass by slowly.

I look at my face in the mirror;

Every visible flaw

Under a personal microscope.

My hair a tangled mess;

As though it’s been blown in a blizzard.

My skin, pale.

My eyes red, red and inflamed

From crying.

My vision blurs

And I feel like I’m spinning

Around and around

Not able to stop.

I’m walking,

But I’m not sure where.

I feel softness;

My bed.

My eyes close.

I just want it all to end;

I just want my life to be over.