

"The Edge"

The weight is too much—
it presses on my chest like an endless tide,
pulling me under,
where no light can reach.

I've counted the hours,
marked each day with trembling hands.
This world is loud,
yet I am unheard,
a shadow on a wall no one sees.

There is a bridge,
its iron rails cold and indifferent,
its arch stretching over the dark water below.
I've walked there before—
not in daylight,
but in the quiet hours,
when the world sleeps
and I am alone with my thoughts.

The river whispers to me,
its current speaks in tongues I understand:
"Rest, surrender, let me carry you."
And the wind—
it's a soft hand,
pushing me closer to the edge,
begging me to fall.

I trace the cracks in my heart
like the lines in the pavement beneath my feet.
They lead to one place,
the edge of everything,
where the pain might finally end.

If I close my eyes,
will I find silence?
Will the chaos fade,
or will I simply become part of it?

Tonight, the bridge waits for me.
Its shadow stretches long,
a quiet invitation.

And though the stars are out,
they refuse to shine on me.