1999

Time Bomb

Mike Bailey

St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss3/14

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss3/14 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Time Bomb

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: March 1999.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss3/14
Another kid gone, his departure too soon.
No more big dreams of reaching the moon.
It happened one night in the room where he grew.
His head full of troubles but nobody knew.
“No more abuse” he cried as he fired a round,
Watching his mother fall to the ground.
Too many years of torture and pain,
To turn down a ticket to the clouds and the rain.
With one more gunshot he ended his fight,
In hopes to reach heaven by the end of the night.
I’m in peace now, said the note on his bed.
My body’s alive, but my suffering is dead.

--Mike Bailey