

## THE TIME FOR CROWS

DEFEATED...

TIME HAS FASTENED ITS SHRAPNEL ABOUT MY THROAT,  
CLEANLY JERKED.

THE ECHO,  
THE LAST SOUND MADE BY MY BODY DISGRACING THE GROUND  
FOR WHICH I'VE TREADED FOR FAR TOO LONG.

WHO'S THERE?  
WHAT?

IT'S ONLY ME, MY THOUGHTS....  
I'M GONE, FINALLY, BUT I'M STILL HERE.  
FAILURE.

FEAR.

PAIN.  
MORE FEAR AND MORE PAIN.

MY LAST ESCAPE WRITTEN BY THE SAME AUTHOR THAT  
PUNISHED ME TO MY FIRST HELL  
NOW, FROZEN IN THE FLAMES.

BOUND BY MY OWN COWARDICE,

SUCCESS HAS FAILED ME,  
FAILURE HAS FAILED ME...

"I" HAVE FAILED ME....  
ONCE AGAIN!

BUT WAIT!

HOPE!

I HAVE THOUGHTS SO I CAN THINK.

I HAVE LUNGS SO I CAN BREATHE.

I HAVE THOUGHTS THAT CAN THINK FOR MY LUNGS

TO NOT BREATHE....

FUTILE...

HOPELESS.

A SPOILED GARDEN I AM,

ROTTING.

WHEN ONCE I AT LEAST HAD LEAVES.

THE SICKLY STENCH OF MY LIFE,

FEED ME TO THE WORMS.

CAST A WOVEN SHADOW OF GRASS OVER MY CORPSE

AND LET ME REST ON THESE TRANSPARENT SHARDS....

MY THOUGHTS.

FOR I AM NO MORE

BUT AN EXISTENCE IN A FORGOTTEN NOTHINGNESS.

NOW REST MY CASE.



F.S.P. FLORIDA DEATH ROW

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