

I want it to be over, the growing pain inside
The candle whose flames never blow out
The heat slowly rising above
Slowly tearing me down, piece by piece
The burning flame that grows when I feed it
Thousands of dollars on pills, wasted, that make me feel empty
My house once a home is silent
Unable to get out of bed most days
They lay by the mirror, scattered on my floor
The one I dread to bring myself to look at

My broken figure, staring blankly back
As I stare at the empty void, voices tell me to stop
I say I will come to a halt, but I can't go without them
Family begs me to finish
But I no longer see them, they faced the same troubles
The pain grows louder when I don't feed the blaze
I lay in bed wondering what I'm doing
I feel like dying, just one more pill
My eyes grow wide, teeth rot, and I feel funny
The addicting sensation when I have them

I was not happy with the broken road I was traveling on
As my bottle was growing empty, I could see my end coming
Crying for hours, red eyes pierced through my soul as I look at my broken reflection
The bruises no one can see are on the inside

I threw out my bottle, looking forward to my future ahead of me

Waiting for the better me to appear out of the smoky ashes

I look back at it now; the hard times aren't what they always seem

People face challenges, fight silent battles, and most won't make it out for good

I'm glad that now I know I can stop, and be drug free

Name Quinn Freeman

Grade 6th

School Brookville Intermediate School

Teacher Mr. Fitzwater (Chad Fitzwater)