

Symphony

- Shakeelah Mowzer

When the depression hits you
All you can do is press play.
The beat of the drums follows your heartbeat
The music syncs with the blood dancing through your veins.
The darkness creeps in
And you don't know what to do.
So you close your eyes
And listen.

The cry of the violin goes perfectly with the knife digging into
your sternum
Burying itself deeper and deeper.
Between muscle and bone
Deeper.
Until it is completely buried in darkness
Suffocating in dirt.