

No One Left To Blame

A fictional poem

By: Mandy Li

This was on me.

I wanted to scratch my eyes out at the sight of this crime scene
I can't hear anything, but the sound of my heart beating
I feel numb and empty
I feel nothing

This was on me.

The glares entered my body like bullet holes
I am wounded by each whisper
I may not be dead,
But my actions have killed me

This was on me.

I took your son,
Your brother,
Your best friend

This was on me.

The blood and the pain,
The shame and the regret,
The alive and the deceased

This was on me.

Each tear was a memory of you
Each cry was me calling your name
I miss you

Come back
I'm sorry

This was on me.

Remember to never drive distracted
A text can wait,
But your life can't