

## **The Man I Killed**

A poem by Emma Smith

I killed a man.  
I killed a man.  
I killed a man.  
Those words suffocate me,  
My realization,  
Sitting on a curb,  
Darkness filled with flashing blue-red.  
My hearing is muffled,  
My eyes are dry and cold.  
His body,  
Sinking into the earth.  
His soul,  
Reluctant to let go  
Of his daughter  
Who lay crying on the ground.  
She screams for him.  
*Come back, Dad.*  
*I need you.*  
*I'm not ready to let go.*  
*Please don't leave me.*  
*Hold on, just a little while longer.*  
*This doesn't feel real.*  
*You never did anything to deserve this.*  
*My life,*  
*My heart,*  
*My soul,*  
*Cannot go on without yours.*  
She can't catch her breath,  
And I know it is my fault.  
Please,  
God,  
Rip the air from my lungs,  
Take the blood from my veins,  
Leave me with no pulse.  
Let me die too.  
Let me die like the man I killed.  
Maybe then,

I can pay for what I've done.  
Maybe then,  
His family will be put at ease.  
*His family*  
*Is missing*  
*A piece*  
*Because I was ignorant*  
*And thought*  
*I could make it home.*  
One night of escaping reality,  
Made me discover  
The biggest reality of them all.  
*Life is fragile.*  
If I could trade places  
With the man I killed,  
I would.  
I grabbed my keys.  
I stumbled out the door.  
I couldn't even think straight,  
But I still got into my car.  
I should be the dead one tonight.  
I don't deserve forgiveness,  
I don't want it.  
I.  
Killed.  
A.  
Man.