

poem suicide

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a poem wich I've tried to use the ABBA construction.

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1 - Suicide

Suicide

Her Time was come,
That's what she think,
When she landed in the sink.
How can that come?

She was pretty.
She was nice.
She was hot by the guys.
She was so sweet as little kitty.

He was a footballplayer.
He had finally love.
He liked everthing except dove.
He is a Catholic prayer.

Tha got a fight.
About the money.
It wasn't very funny.
And that's right!

She was cold.
With some iron to her head.
The boy was crying on the bed.
And their account was very bold.

But when she was sitting on the ground,
The boy was taking his last chance,
And asked the girl for a last dance.
But she answers with a hard sound.

Her eyes were wet,
The boy became mad,
And was also very sad.

With her in his arms on the bed.

The nice flashbacks go as fast as a time bomb to him beyond,
His time with her is far far away,
That's a thing I can say.
And now the funeral is far beyond....

But yet,
He grabs her doll,
And the pistol,
And the same sound came from the bed.