

On the Bridge

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again this was found in 1 of my old books. Im guessing by the shortness of it its actually a poem, but I'll pop it here anyway. About loneiness and giving up ^__^

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Baby-Bunny/4051/On-Bridge>

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1 - On the Bridge

My bloodshot blue eyes with matching deep blue bags dart back and forth.
My cheeks burn a crimson red.
My big stick out ears listen attentively.
My thin pale pink lips tremble in the cold air.
My long freckle ridden nose runs.
My knotted frizzy brown hair itches.
I'm waiting,
I've only been here a few hours but it feels like an eternity,
I'm waiting,
My ears listen frantically,
There's no sound,
I'm waiting,
Doesn't anyone care?
Isn't anyone gonna save me?
I'm waiting
At least if I do this I'll get my name in the papers maybe even the news,
I'll finally be a somebody,
I'm waiting,
My hands loosen their grip on the cold stone,
I smile a yellow crooked tooth smile,
I push myself over,
SPLASH!
The sudden change in temperature paralyzes my body,
It's impossible to move,
My numb body starts to sink, beginning its journey,
I close my eyes,
Maybe if I waited longer someone would have come,
Maybe...