

Poetry Series

**Cassolina Brant**  
**- poems -**

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## Cassolina Brant(Oct.18,1991)

I was born and raised in a place of mystery. With nothing left but little petty things that have no meaning.

For the world to see I show you my fear, my loathing, my love, my jealousy, and my regrets.

# My Chance

Its time  
It is now  
The need for speed  
The need to leave

The smoking  
Its comfort  
The drinking  
It's needed

The blood  
It's real  
The slicing  
For real

I will choose when I die  
As someone once told me  
If I'm going to die  
THEN I WILL DO IT MYSELF

IF you die slowly  
You're waiting for someone to save you  
But IF you die quickly  
Your not wanting to be found

Don't tell them where you are  
Don't call to hear the sorrow  
The pain is real but have no fear  
For the kiss of death is here now

I choose the quickest  
For if you want to go  
Then get it over with  
Or just keep thinking

SUICIDE

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