

Violence (Poetry Sample)

I

I heard a loud bang.
I figured a shot would be
A little bit louder.
I just saw it hit him
In the chest.
And then all of a sudden just tons of blood
Gushing right out where his heart is,
And then he fell over,
Slumped down,
Dead on impact,
And then everybody got down,
And was screaming,
And then we all ran.

II

It was the morning after,
And he was long gone.
He didn't say anything before he left.
Maybe he had to go to work
Maybe he just had to go.
I don't remember much.
I don't remember his name.
I don't remember his face.
He had a beard. A couple of piercings.
There's bruises on my thighs.
My wrists.
There's an ache.
That throbs out of time with my heartbeat,
Which is racing.
I stumble into the shower.
I wash myself.
I turn over the previous night,
Turn it over like a broken puzzle,
Trying to fit pieces into holes that have been Ripped,
Pulled,

Torn,
Twisted into the wrong shapes.
There's a trace of gin on the back of my furry tongue.

About The Poem

Violence is a poem that explores the different ways that violence can pervade our lives, both within our interpersonal relationships, but also on a more abstract, systemic level. From assassinations, to school bullying; from suicide attempts to housing anxiety. *Violence* is an experimental poem that touches on themes of self-harm, sexual violence and mental illness. It was originally inspired by a news report I watched that included an interview with a witness to the Charlie Kirk shooting.