

Creative Writing Contest 2022

“Here’s the Call” by Amber Ridgeway

2nd Place – Poetry

Rock bottom isn’t the lowest you can fall.
What will they do when they get the call?
I was born into this, molded from pain,
where broken thoughts and empty promises reign.
The front lines that brought secrets and suffering,
reduced down to nothing, spend my days recovering.
Fighting the monsters that grew from the shadows,
struggling not to slip underneath the shallows.
The darkness that courses through my veins,
unable to move from beneath these chains.
Holding my breath.
Praying for death.

What time is it? Where did the day go?
Not strong enough to even say “Hello.”
I’m not someone that is worth it to love.
I won’t be watching from Heaven above.
Bury myself lower into the abyss.
Trying to hide that anything’s amiss.
My brain is yelling at my body to move.
There’s nothing left that I have to prove.
Death is here. He heard my plea.
Why does He look just like me?
I know that I don’t belong here.

Grab the knife with a single tear.

Don’t stop until you’re dead.

Until the bed is fully red.