

**“Untitled”**

By Carly Rizza

Shards of glass lie  
Scattered on the floor,  
Nights feel like years,  
Days feel like decades,  
*Broken.*

A battle in his left hand,  
Shaking and trembling,  
Spilling onto himself,  
A stained white tee-shirt,  
*Shattered.*

A body filled with poison,  
Drowning in sorrows,  
Thoughts of doubt and  
Regret flood his mind,  
*Defeated.*

Broken glass and empty  
Bottles of tomorrow's  
Promises and hopes,  
Hollow with his torments,  
*Abandoned.*