

That Last Fall.

# That Last Fall.

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Some girl who needs some help.



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# That Last Fall.

Once upon a time,  
a young girl barley lived.  
Her heart was only so strong,  
but she handled everything,  
with what seemed to be no struggle at all.  
So everyone thought...  
Alone in her room is where she should have never been.  
Alone with a razor, so sharp, so thin.  
It glided and ripped on her beautiful skin.  
Yet nobody knew, as blood ran down her shin.  
For her it was really nothing knew.  
Thinking about the blood every time she got sad,  
wishing she could cry out,  
but again her voice was already too dried out.  
Alone like always she took her clothes off.  
Boys came and went; no surprise to her.  
But one boy stayed; a shock to her.  
His name rang bells, and different shades of blue.  
Beautiful he was.  
He really was.  
Gorgeous he thought she was.  
He stayed for awhile and she seemed to remember how to smile.  
Scars were healing with no more blood at all.  
This was supposed to be,  
That Last Fall.

## That Last Fall.

her last fall.

Yet again, hope seemed to be lost.

And again,

She couldn't seem to figure out,

what always went wrong.

So maybe you should tell her tonight.

What should a little girl do,

when she feels like she's in a crowd of people, yet she still feels alone?

What should a little girl do,

when she sits and stares at nothing, lost in her own zone?

What should a little girl do,

when the razor always wins?

What should a little girl do,

when she begins to cry, die, and her head spins?

What should I do,

when I've already done everything in my power, just to smile...?

~Michelexoxo

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