

# There Is No Second Chance

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Just a poem I wrote, about hope, just with a twist. It's complicated, but unlike life, your given a second chance to find out the meaning of it.



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## There Is No Second Chance

My heart starts to beat quickly,  
As another step I take,  
Picturing the my past,  
When my heart had begun to break

Now I see the future,  
Though little I have left,  
My life has been stolen,  
Such a great theft

I stare at the ground,  
It is so far away,  
And I think to myself,  
If only I could stay

But I know itâs not an option,  
My life must now end,  
The split in my heart,  
Unable to be mend

I contemplate the things,  
As I take one step more,  
Then I fall,  
Heading towards the floor

My life flashes before my eyes,  
I recall all of my past,  
All the good things,  
Wishing those would last

I remember my seventh Birthday,  
On which I had a bash,  
My friends dancing happily,  
And then more memories flash

Ice cream on the beach,  
Hop scotch on the walk,  
Board games and charades,  
My friends I do mock

My sixth grade graduation,  
Then itâs fatherâs day,  
Volunteering at a shelter,  
The quite music, of a ballet

I then come to my senses,  
My life; better it could be,

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Stop this now,  
And of depression Iâll be free

I spin myself around,  
In mid-air, an easy mission,  
I try to grab hold of something,  
Iâm not in a good position

I begin to think itâs pointless,  
Iâll just have to suffer again,  
I think of all the depression,  
And then of all the pain

From below I hear someone scream,  
For help, they do call,  
But is no use,  
I had already begun to fall

Then I realize something,  
I must try one more time,  
In my mind,  
Joyous bells start to chime

I reach out for a window still,  
But sweaty is my grip,  
Hold on as I might,  
I soon begin to slip

Away from the sill,  
Down I fall once more,  
The ground races towards me,  
And I think about the floor

The bells are now gone,  
And I leave death to be,  
For depression is yet again,  
Sweeping over me

This is a choice,  
I soon start to regret,  
I plea to the world,  
Save me as I do fret

Sirens in the distance,  
They seem to be too late,  
My eyes are shut tightly,  
As my fate does await

I then decided,  
That my predicament was okay,  
Iâll be remembered good things,

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That I did in my day

I let my body lay limp,  
Donâ t give life another chance,  
I lie myself deep,  
Never awoken, from my trance

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