

Two to Twenty

By : **JBrewer**

I started writing this on 09-02-12, finished it today 09-23 I usually don't work this long on a poem. Or go back and forth to a poem for so long, usually if I can't finish it quickly it will end up in the trash. So I hope everyone will enjoy this, it's not my best work, but I like it because I knew where I was going when I wrote it.



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It's two to twenty, in the morning. I'm all out of bread.
The ham's on the counter, who cares what you said.
The glass is falling down, the pane is breaking free.
The scars are on my arms, but there's no mustard on me.

There's blood on my chest, the glass has cut my feet.
The oven isn't on, but I can still feel it's heat.
Broken glass cracks under foot, reminds me of where I am.
Its been three days, I still smell this rotting ham.

Wind whistles through the window, darkness creeps in.
It's two to twenty, this darkness comes from within.
The ham falls to the floor, I pull myself into the rain.
Blood runs down my chest, wish it could wash away the pain.

The rain chills me to the bone, bringing forth my worst fears.
As the wind howls over me, I hear your words in my ears.
The rain falls down around me, as my knees land in the mud.
It's two to twenty, this morning, wash away all of this blood.

By: Jeremy Brewer
Poetry Embrace

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