

# The Last Man Standing

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Oh, goodness. This poem is like my nightmare. It is probably the only poem I will ever write that has absolutely no rhyming scheme. And, even worse, it's sad! I hate sad poems! This poem stinks! Again, this was for Grade 9 English....hope you enjoy it, despite its repugnance!

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# The Last Man Standing

Do you know what it is,  
To be the last one standing?  
It is not as they say,  
But quite contrary.

You may think that to win  
You must defeat all others,  
But when they are gone,  
You miss them quite a bit.

I am lonely without them  
But they cannot return.  
Their defeat was too great  
And now they lay lifeless

Why won't they stand?  
Rejoice for my triumph?  
My victory costed them,  
And now I must be alone.

PS: I wish I ended it with "And it now costs me" but I obviously didn't think of that at the time, and I think it would be dishonest to say I wrote it in grade 9 if I'm going to fix it all!

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