

## **“My Many Suicide Attempts”**

**By: Lauren Foster**

I've killed myself an endless amount of times  
I died and came back before June 25  
I lived but wanted to slither down a black hole and never come out  
I lived but wanted the rain to flood and drown my thoughts out  
I wanted out  
So, I killed myself

I thrilled myself with the idea of crying  
Crying from heartbreak  
I was a gift to feelings  
Something I haven't talked to in a long time  
I was gifted to a boy, I was gifted a boy  
A male  
An accomplice to sin  
We played toss with my feelings  
I kept catching, he kept tossing  
And every toss slowly dragged my feet unwillingly  
Young, naivety  
But it was a thrill  
Knowing that somehow a part, if not all, of me would be killed

I thrilled myself with the idea of trying  
Trying to be a manifestation of perfection  
Trying to be someone I'm not  
Trying to act like everything's fine  
Trying to act like lines don't get cut by the scissors of life  
Trying to be tired of trying  
But I feel like a piece of shit if I'm not trying  
But it was thrill  
Knowing that somehow a part, if not all, of me would be killed\

I thrilled myself with the idea of dying  
Dying from boulders instead of shoulders because shoulders can be lifted  
A darkness shifted into a fog, and that fog blocked me from reality  
But my thoughts  
My sharpened, horrid thoughts  
Lodged in my throat

Lodged in every opening of my body  
Until I had no choice but to give in  
To believe in the facts  
No one wants me here  
No one cares about me  
No one even noticed my tears  
So why have a tear in my armory?  
It was a thrill  
Knowing that somehow a part, if not all, of me would be killed  
Knowing that I'd still be alive on the other side  
Until the real attempt happened

2017 was a year of tears despite it being shielded by cheers from my peers  
2017 was the year full of sheer sheets I'd cover myself with to play ghost  
2017 was the year I wanted to stop playing ghost and actually become one  
2017 was when the old me hung, and the new me begun  
I was thrilled  
Knowing that somehow a part, if not all, of my toxic shell was killed