

# Bright Eyes

Bright eyes comprehending their surroundings,  
Taking in a newly perceived universe.  
A universe where love is part of the peasantry.  
A universe where she is the ambassador to pain.  
A universe where depression reigns as king.

Bright eyes without belief inside them,  
Not a shred of hope in things that bring joy.  
Not a shred of belief in her pursuit of knowledge.  
Not a shred of self-esteem to speak of; she doesn't believe.  
She doesn't believe in herself.  
She doesn't believe in G-d.  
She doesn't believe in anything or anyone.

And by default, people don't believe in her as well,  
Their taunts and their jeers make her life a living hell.

Bright eyes holds back fearful tears,  
Struggling to hold on to her previous sanity.  
Because of her own lack of self-belief,  
Because of her own depression,  
Because of her own damn fault.

Bright eyes knows the only escape from the world,  
But shudders at the thought of this escape.  
The escape to end her own life,  
The escape that will end her suffering,  
The escape she perceives as true, in her bright eyes.

She holds the knife steady and writes her note,  
She begins to cry from what she had wrote,  
She feels her last breath leaving her throat.

Bright eyes hears a voice, coming from the darkness,  
A calm, soothing voice condemning her foolishness.  
She now knows the mistakes she has made,  
She now knows she needs to believe in herself,  
She now knows that she will be okay.

She swallows her tears, and looks to the skies,  
Staring at the heavens, with those lovely bright eyes.