

The Trigger

Who will pull it
when it needs to be?

Who will offer you a bullet?
Give you permission?
Or tell you to stop?

Who will kneel over you
— your childhood trauma,
your mother's detached indifference,
the grandmother who committed suicide
in the next room?

Who will stop you?
Who will tell you
it is not yet time?

When you look into
the mirror and confess—
enough is enough!

Who will save you?