

(an eighth grade poem)

Living

I'm living . . .
living as a dead man
 but living
always searching, trying, hoping
 but no -
I'm always
 still living . . .

Why oh why must you inflict on me this agony?

The sacrifice was given, but I'm still living
with the thought that someday, somehow
I'll find the wretched beast who stapled me to this earth,
and fill him with the horrid thoughts of living . . .
and then make him live too.

Alan Tower