

2007

Beth Crowley

A parking deck,
At 3am,
He's on the other line,
Through fearful whispers,
He can tell that I am far from fine,
Honestly,
He might have saved my life that night,
The year 2007,
I began to fight,

'Cause you can't call a doctor,
And just tell him where it hurts,
You weigh the choice to live or die,
And don't know which is worse,
Stumbling through darkness,
Grasping for a shred of light,
Wrestling your demons,
'Till you reach the other side,

Others chalk it up to heartbreak or a passing phase,
In fitful sleep you scream I'm not supposed to feel this way,
I don't have answers,
But I made it through the rain,
And happiness is worth the temporary pain,

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