

Anger Scars

I let the rage takeover.
Gun in hand, palms sweaty.

First & foremost I was more than ready.

The thoughts came rushing in like tidal waves,
Banging and crashing into my brain.

The face he will make if I pull the trigger, will he beg
Me not to, will he beg to... pull the trigger...

With his knife to my throat I wonder if 1,500 dollars
Is really worth any of this.

I'm thinking my bullet is faster than his blade, I grip
My Sig Sauer watching the sweat drip down this man's face.

DO IT!

His crew keeps yelling.

As he steps forward pushing the knife even harder
into my throat, I'm mind boggled like a child who had
gotten lost.

I point the barrel to his knee, his crew starts to walk.

My heart's racing faster than the speed of light & I'm
Hanging onto the trigger with all my might.

I hear a bang!

I'm going limp.

I feel a pinch up under my chin & another on my left inner calf.

Suddenly I'm left on the concrete up around 25th & Keystone...

I'm stuck not being able to get up.

Stuck with a bullet to the knee...

A gash in my chin...
And a cut in my leg...

I'm scarred for life.

So believe me when I tell you...
Violence doesn't get you very far...
But Anger Scars.

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