

# Weapon of Choice

By Christyn Stallworth

Violence.

Blood pouring out of the body like a river down a mountain with fresh blooms of roses around it.

Guns and bullets are football passes, that knock over the receiver.

They have eyes that find the target.

Sharp points that find the flesh.

That would be a terrible way to leave.

As the cause of death.

A painful way to leave.

Suffering to your last breath.

As they let you lay to rest.