

Are You Dead?

How many ways can you kill yourself, you don't have to be dead to be dead,
You can have a life like mine used to be, and be dead inside your head.
Your heart can be dead, no emotions, no tears,
A complete void, an emptiness, but never free of fears.
A prison, a coffin, can't breathe your own air,
Suffocated and crushed, bound in chains of despair.
The best way to kill yourself is not to retaliate,
Let them hold you captive in a tight oppressive state.
Let them confiscate your freedom, let them tell you what to think,
Let them flood your escape route, so you can't swim, so you sink.
Let them put out the fire that wants to burn within your soul,
Let them destroy your dreams and the spirit that makes you whole.
Let them pluck your wings so it's impossible to fly,
Let them suck out all your air, and leave you alone to die.
See, there are lots of ways to kill yourself, or let yourself be killed,
You need to fight and kick and scream, you need to be strong willed.
You need to let them know that they can't crush or break you down,
Despite the tidal waves of fear, you will swim, you won't drown.
You'll break free from their oppression and their suffocating torture,
You'll free your mind, you'll breathe fresh air, you'll build yourself a future.
You won't let them kill you, albeit metaphorically,
Your going to live and discover, just how good life can be.
You're going to keep your wings, to spread them and to fly,
You're going to let your spirit freely rise up to the sky.
The world will open up in front of you with things for you to choose,
Take them, try them, do your best, you don't have anything to lose.
And as you move along in life don't be anybody's fool,
Once you've broken out of prison, out of home or out of school,
You'll be a beautiful butterfly emerging from a chrysalis,
You'll be free and strong and striking, with opportunities limitless.
So you don't have to kill yourself in any way at all,
You don't have to put up with being bullied or people being cruel,
Fight your oppressors, kick and scream when they attack,
Rise up and take flight, looking forward, never back.

Yvonne Prince