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The face

Joe Sentagata

Y.C.C Y.C.C

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The face

I touch your face I feel your past
I run my fingers over devastation hoping it won't last
I touch your scars, your penetrating wounds
I feel it building up & detonating soon
I touch you & I feel the pressure inside
I touch your past & I ask god "why?"
Why did you touch this boy's life with horrendous
sorrow, Broken dreams, worthless tomorrows?
I touch your future only to realize there is none
I reach out for the answer & feel the coldness of a gun
I feel this gun, the trigger of this Tech-9
I touch your face, only to realize that the face is mine

J.S.
Y.C.C.

Joe Antognata