

## **Done For Good**

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Constructed of wood, nails and power, it stands tall in town square. The most eye catching part of it is the rope, the rope that is secured around my neck. Any moment my body will hang freely in the wind. The town's people are there to watch either in pleasure or horror. At first, fear rushes through every ounce of my body. Thoughts flash through my head. I asked myself "should I run? But where would I go? Should I beg for forgiveness? No, because I am guilty of my crimes." I could only look death in the eye. Within the last few minutes I held life in my grasp. Then, the lever fell, the door opened, and my grasp had loosened forever. As my spirit floats away into deaths unknown, I can see my lifeless body swaying in the soft breeze. My neck is red from the strain of the rope and my skin is whiter than before. The rest of my body looks as though a skeleton had never formed. Hanging from the gallows, I am dead.