

## **Lost**

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A droplet of perspiration forms just between the eyebrows on a forehead of loneliness. It abandons its sitting point to start its journey of sorrow, pain and destruction. My hand firmly grasps a thick solid plastic handle. Every second the grip gets tighter, I feel the veins swell in size. Blood storms through them in throbbing motions of tearing pain. My fingernails become white as my fingers start to lose all feeling. The bead of sweat slowly crawls down the bridge of my nose. My eyes are wide open until the droplet comes into view. They close quickly with a tear now taking over where the sweat has ended. My head pounds with fear and anticipation as the pressure from the silent, hollow barrel forces its way to my temple. The tear races across my cheek. I raise my thumb to rest on the cocking mechanism. Pulling it back takes hours. As the hammer locks in place, the chamber rotates. My forefinger tracks back and forth, up and down across the hard cold metal trigger. The tear comes to rest at my chin. The time has come. The tear plunges to its death on the soil beneath me. The soil in which loved ones will soon visit.