

# **Your Daily Suicides**

by Michael Phillips

*You slit your wrists in a crowded bar. You put a bullet through your head at dinner with friends. You casually tumble onto the highway from a moving vehicle. You kill yourself at Starbucks. A dozen imagined suicides everyday. You imagine warm blood running down your arms, you feel the cold gun barrel against your temple. The song in your head goes, "ten good reasons to stay alive, ten good reasons that I can't find..." A soundtrack to bleeding out.*

*A dozen imagined suicides everyday, a dozen morbid prayers for peace. Morbid prayers, but prayers just the same.*