

Carrying Danny

On telling Matthew about my idea for a monthly Men's Health page in the local paper.

"Funny you should say that,"
Said Matt,
"I've never been touched by suicide –
Until now,

My friend Danny
Was tall and blonde,
All the girls just loved him!
I played 300 games of football
With his brother.
Came from a wonderful family,
Just had everything going.

But he went for the drugs.
Ran off the rails.
Stole his parent's furniture,
Sold it for 'stuff'.
His folks just couldn't stand
To see their son...
Finally rang the police.
Three days in remand,
Dried out,
Realized what he'd done...
Topped himself in his cell!

It'll hurt for a while,
But I'll carry Danny with me
For the rest of my life."

I just said *"bloody, bloody, hell!"*

May God bless us all,
And *a-men*.
Six people a day
Say a violent goodbye.
Five out of six -
Are-men!

Tim Barritt. 15.2.07.
Earth Angel 181