

Nathan Betancourt
Mr. Moes
English 11S
20 February 2018

My First Virtue

My first virtue
my lost understanding about my mentality
my walls collapsed as if they were never there
Sunny's death
darker than the darkest shadows
his figure of death staring at my face
so lifeless but with hue
walking in the streets of heaven,
yet standing in the wall of hell.
his happiness
so exotic like the Irish leprechaun
with the fortune of his unheard screams
his screech for help crawling on the
chaotic floors of life
wandering as the lone soldier
weeping like the hurt, abrupt, sinful little
person you were
only to be seen as the light of the
world and never seen as the
hurt person you really were
my first virtue
Sunny