

Thirty Two Shots

By Andrew Scott

Thirty two shots rang out in the air
The only thing living was despair
Not one answer given
Truths were taken

Thirty two people that cannot walk anymore
Dreams decided premature
Taken by the wrong maker
Laid to rest by the undertaker

Not sure what cloud guided his mind
The wind of hate can be unkind
He was not brought up like this
Always put to bed by his mother's kiss

He was always taught to love thy neighbour
To live right took work and labour
That knowledge came from a book
And not to judge by a look

He was a gentle boy
So careful that he still had his first toy
Never the animal that everyone now makes him to be
A madman's eyes are something that we all never did see

We will never know why he took this turn
With him gone, we will never learn
How does a flower go bad?
Happy children grow mad?

Never will I know what went on that day
What he planned, what he would say
Why he felt that he did not belong
Where I went wrong?

Now there are thirty two families dealing with the confusion
All of us with one question

Writing Raw

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Why bring all the unanswered torture
With the thirty third shot, my son will never answer

Andrew Scott bio: Andrew Scott is a native of Fredericton, NB. During his time as an active poet, Andrew Scott has taken the time to speak in front of a classrooms, judge poetry competitions as well as published worldwide in such publications as The Art of Being Human, Battered Shadows and The Broken Ones. His books, Snake With A Flower, The Phoenix Has Risen and The Storm Is Coming are available now. To contact Andrew, email: andrewscott.scott@gmail.com ; Twitter: JustMaritimeBoy; andrewmsscott.com; Facebook: [andymsscott](#) and/or [JustaMaritimeBoy](#).