

# Jump

Heart breaking,  
Limbs shaking,  
The calm he's faking,  
The will it's taking,  
Just to stay strong.

Angry faces,  
Heart beat races,  
In all the places,  
There are no traces,  
Of parental love.

And now they're screaming,  
"Get out, you're leaving!  
You've got no more meaning!  
You can't believe,  
It's okay to be gay!"

He wears an inquisitive and hurt look,  
They decide to go by the book,  
His head, he shook,  
His happiness, they took,  
He picks up his bag and walks away.

Their screams do follow,  
His heart's so hollow,  
In sadness, he wallows,  
The darkness begins to swallow,  
Whatever partial hope he still had left.

He walks along,

He must be strong,  
He knows they're wrong,  
But he still doesn't belong,  
In that house anymore.

He reached his destination,  
He looks over the edge in fascination,  
The water itself, a nation,  
Of the most brilliant form of concentration,  
Trying to get where it needs to be.

He puts on his backpack, full of rocks,  
His heart flutters as he stops,  
To look around for someone who may gawk,  
For someone watching like a hawk,  
He shakes it off, and upon the ledge he climbs.

For just a moment, he stops to think,  
That after contact, he'll just sink,  
He begins to teeter on the brink,  
His courage begins to shrink,  
But it's up to you to decide,

**Did he really jump at all?**