

Shut It Off

There is nothing left but dirt, hair, and bad skin. The books keep piling up along with the assignments that never seem to be finished. She says she is done with it all, no more smoking or keeping bad company, but as the night nears, she's scrambling with keys and letters to find someone to finish out the day with. Always looking for a way out, but too afraid to take it. She might be in the middle sooner than later; time to burn those bridges and drop out of the one thing that might have given her a chance at a decent life.