Bad Mentality

Inspection 12

The wind. Pounding rain. I can't see what's in front of me.
I must trust the three feet of yellow line shining up at me.
My reality-desolate, but we're all unfortunate.
Not like her. That's different. That's tragedy.
Ten minutes - left him there alone
Now nothing is what she's become
Set there by eyes that could not see
Or judge one bad mentality.
Sunken eyes. Perpetual tears. A confirmation of her fears.
All is lost it appears that the end is growing near.
Unlocked front door. Just three months old.
No one heard him cry.
Since that day she's only suffered.
Never pacified.

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