

Exhibit A

“988”

~Intention

Plead with people not to hurt themselves.

Have you ever thought about hurting yourself?

I hope not, I'm thankful to have never had that thought, but maybe you have.

We have given ourselves
no breathing room, no solace, no grace,
just running ourselves into the ground trying to keep pace.

We are constantly compounding more..
for our job, for our house, for our kids,
for our spouse, but when it comes to ourselves...
we don't think we deserve the effort.

Inflicted with an infection,
an incessant insect,
creeps close to cochleas
to deliver its sinister whisper.

“Do it! All the pain that you feel will stop after this, sell me your soul & I'll buy you eternal bliss,”

I would be remiss not to mention that the sun
& I- have a face to face good day and good bye,
then I lay faithfully with my partner sleep,
she keeps me in peace.

The pieces of paper in my journal,
hold my words eternal.
I have tried to shift my mind and my attitude,
I always find time for the things that
fill me with gratitude,

I have tried every tactic,
I have tried every trick,
but it's not as simple as you think
because these people are sick.

There's a chemical imbalance in the mind,
trying to convince us to spend

Time's dime into oblivion,
money might be able to buy comfort momentarily, but that substance becomes numb to the million\$.

Even the great
Robin Williams felt "fine,"
Avicii felt "fine,"
Kurt Cobain felt "fine,"
Chester Bennington felt "fine,"
But what happens when you stop feeling fine?!

I Doubtfire would bring us to the next Level,
as we're searching for Nirvana in Linkin Park,

That's a deadly combination:
a cold heart, & thinking dark.
We stare too long at these prescription pills
that already make us sick,
so we try to pour into these poems
or pick at a guitar pick,

We're starting not to care if our car drifts..
into the next lane because it's out of alignment,

We're starting to contemplate,
would a coffin would be comforting,
or considered a confinement?

Every day there's a battle between:
the will to live & "l'aplle du vide."
(The call to the void.)

One way to avoid,
is something as simple as an invite to a game night,
you have no idea what someone
was about to do that same night!

Do me a favor- write this number down,
I'm being serious, I'll wait.

"988"

that's the suicide hotline in case one day that weight becomes too great,

if does, then each of you promise me:

that you remember this poem, on this date,
Because I mean every single word I say,

Because 50k Americans a year
& 22 Veterans as a day,
think it's the only way,
so I pray that you hear these words
& see,
that at least 1 more person
wants you to live another day,

Because I would much rather hear your story,
then lay flowers on your grave.