

## Toy Guns by S. Johnson

We play with our toy guns.

*Pop pop pop.*

A rather bad day for humanity, lost in the insanity.

Can you tell me their names?

Can you name one?

We are no longer the young.

They scream, "Run. Run. Run!"

We thought not.

Another month of pain, before we forget.

We'll always hope it doesn't happen again.

They scream, "Run. Run. Run!"

They cry, "Not him!"

We play with our toy guns.

*Pop pop pop*