

When You Left

by Southern_Witch_69

Some thoughts on the death of a loved one.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Some thoughts on the death of a loved one.

When you left the house that day,
I wish I would have known
it was the last time
I'd hear your voice,
see you smile
or laugh,
friend.
What crossed your mind that moment
before Death claimed your life
and made you his own,
stealing your breath
and your soul
at once,
friend?
Are you as happy in death
as you were in this life
where you had riches,

our closeness,
many friends,
and love,
friend?

The sun seems much dimmer now,
barely releasing warmth,
not rising as high,
feeling lonely,
bitterness,
and pain,
friend.

You are fondly remembered
for all the good you did--
being a great friend,
helping others,
selflessness,
and more,
friend.

Are my words reaching you there,
easing the loss you feel,
giving you some hope
that we'll speak soon,
make contact,
or meet,
friend?

When it's my time, please greet me
to show me the right way
and make me welcome,
soothing my fear
with a smile
and touch,
friend.

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Sunshine

February 1, 2007

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It seems that when I try to write poetry these days, the subject is nearly always centered around the loss of someone cherished. I suppose we write what we know about, and I'll admit to dwelling on this a great deal. Just to try something different and not worrying about making words rhyme, I've chosen to write seven stanzas, each consisting of one sentence that spans over seven lines--the first having seven syllables, the next six, the next five, and so on.

Thanks to Soul Bound for the quick read through.