

Too Early a Loss

by _Levicorpus_

How sweet, say I, the kiss of a star

On Death's fair lips quiet like moonlit rain

A child's life is lost.

Chapter 1 of 1

How sweet, say I, the kiss of a star

On Death's fair lips quiet like moonlit rain

A child's life is lost.

Too Early a Loss

How sweet, say I, the kiss of a star

On Death's fair lips quiet like moonlit rain

A fleet-footed tamer of the guitar

Strums the Weeping Willow's saltless tear'd pain.

A closet drama whispered by the masses.

A mother's sudden-stricken cloud burst

Doth reverse the tango that time dances.

Her chrysalis shattered: life at its worst.

The unfathomable enigma of

Young and sweet grasped by death's cold hand,

The stinging agony of stolen love,
The dramatic irony of fate's plan.
Gilded spires await her flut'ring wings
Away from this world, angelic song sings.

Footnotes:

closet drama- a play that is written to be read, never preformed

dramatic irony- when the audience knows something that a character on stage does not

gilded spires- refers to heaven

cloud burst- a sudden, heavy rain

enigma- something that cannot be explained

chrysalis- cocoon

fleet-footed tamer of the guitar- reference to my belief that music is the modern day Hermes (Greek god. Messenger of the divine, leads the dead to the afterlife)