

Although we may rationalise (sic),
Nurture our fate
Nothing can prepare or compare with
This immeasurable sense of loss

All can be calm
Until that thought arises
And plummets toward the ground

Time passes like the dripping of a tap
And sleep, becomes that time when the body can no longer be awake
Each morning, eyes blearier than the night before

But it had passed,
As I was there within it
Watching over as if through the eyes of another
Through conscious repetition,
But my thoughts were elsewhere

Longing, but unable to take the steps
That might continue this journey

Indignant in this bleak landscape, that no longer binds
Each serene moment, accompanied by another full of dread

And I resolve,
To that familiar feeling time tries so hard to bury
To live life, only to bear