

Loss Upon Loss

Fuck the Facts

At that moment, I laid my eyes on her.
Captured in this still portrait, glooming out of the
frame, glooming.
Her frail body holding the weight of a war based life
journey.
And the few lines next to the image, retracing her path.
A few sentences filled with losses and grief.
The burden of her story, my own conception of misery has
suffered the impact.
The weight of my worries fading with the shame of owning
any thoughts of self pity.
As I walk away, an illusionary personal experience
reaches its end.
We are back to strangers.
By the end of my day, this short moment might get lost
under any abrupt meaningless worry.
She will remain still.
I know.
Another person will stop by her.
I know.