

## In Loss

Neaera

The tree grows sturdy  
The rock withstands the raging floods

Fate wields the axe  
Turns the tide that will one day  
Cause the stone to break

Inside this painful dissonance  
I commend myself to dark oblivion

Petrified and crippled

My safe harbour lies in ruins  
A life never to be lived  
Joy never to be felt  
Laughter never to be heard again

Never to be healed again

Estranged and marked by loss  
I lash out at the unreachable  
Disposable creature  
Denying the uncomfortable

Your soul will never cease to pulse inside me