

The window held no answer.
Thoughts still ate my mind like cancer.
I studied the tendons in my hand
But I couldn't understand
Their purpose.
She struggled at the surface.

Now a line of fixed smiles.
Keep your eyes fixed on the roofing tiles,
Just a vacant gaze.
These are strange days to grieve.
A party of dead leaves
And memories.

A series of soft speeches.
Homeboys gather in their breeches.
How can we find words that will
Remember her without sounding trivial.
I know I don't know how.

It comes as sure as the next season.
But I can't find a plausible reason.
We are infinitesimal,
But our grief enwraps us all
In it's breadth.
Your breath
Still hangs inside the receiver.
The leave has it harder than the leaver.