

The Phantom Limb

Autumn

Truly, madly, deeply
Sadly dead and gone
Canvas burning, spark a yearning
Carry on

I feel, yet I reach into thin air
You heal to your heart's content

Searching deep within you
for strength to continue through sinew and bone
Never mind mending damaged nerve endings
I'm accident prone

I feel, yet I reach into thin air
You heal to your heart's content

I have had a thousand days to wither,
missed the point of no return
I have made my changes for the bitter
and watched your painted likeness burn
It could not save me, nor you
The passers-through no matter
who might make it to the end
It did not save you
I stare at the limb as its precious skin becomes illusion
These bones are at home and I'll keep on cherishing them

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You heal to your heart's content