

The Loss

Cursive

A dirty baby cries
Abandoned on a moonlit drive
She holds her arms above her head
Crying for her mother, yet

There's nobody in sight
Fallen from the nest
Life is but a test
Does no one ever get the answers right?

I woke in a sweat
A macabre dream I won't soon forget
A bitter love bedraggled in mud
Had crept into our bedroom
Oh, the past demands a debt
Our ghosts are never dead
Their arms above their heads
Wailing at a miscarried moon, 'why?'

Rest, my love
The nightmare is over

Life is but a loss
Death is all it costs
What a brutal, devastating price