

In Loss

Neera

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