Ode to Sadness:

O, sweet sadness!

You hold me as lonesome as the night,

Hug me firm with your sting of life,

And I, as to sleep, will persist to fight,

As you cut me open with your poignant knife.

A Faustian forgery, a timeless tether,

That connects my soul to those unbound,

Coating my heart with emotional leather,

Upon Eden’s field, a rocky mound.

As best a friend as man could wish,

A loyal lover, deliver the truth,

Hope you guard and joy you squish,

Yet clarity you bring and nerves you soothe.