

Deluge Of Loss

Fortunate are those,
For whom pain is nothing,
But a bullet that whizzed by.
As I walk amidst this abyss,
With pain looming over me,
Like a guardian with wings.
Loss does not dampen,
As the time flows through the crevices,
But only learns to veil itself better.
Their faces are now a blurred silhouette,
Piercing our actions, refusing to be disdained.
How can you escape the pain,
When it's the last memory of them?
How can you let go of it,
When all you have of them left,
Is the constant malady of separation.
So you learn to let it hurt,
You function but with the parasite,
Sucking the light of those eyes.
Irony is the desolation,
They would have been in,
On seeing you wilt away in ignorance.
The ignorance of inaction,
Of refusal to let go of this pain.
If you do, they wouldn't be lost,
For they reside not in the pain,
But in the grind that comes after,
In the phoenix, not the carcass.