

TIL ONE DAY

They sat

Side by side

Divided

By a vast gulf

Of right and wrong

He said, she said

Should and shouldn't

A stream of opposites

Spun of spider silk

Now woven

Into the fabric they called their lives.

Whole cloth – cut of the whole cloth of bitterness:

Night after night

(a solemn, silly parade)

Day after day

(a sullen, sickly charade)

Miming life's sweeter moments

In order to seduce another onset of sorrow.

He came back, again and again,

Only ever appearing to have gone.

She returned, too ...

For reasons only she knew:

One more inning

One more round

Of right and wrong

He said, she said

The sorrow went on

'til one day

They simply withered ... and died.

'Til one day ...

Dedicated to friends no more.