



## DEATH OF A GOD

Elizabeth Chace

My mind cannot comprehend  
the things you are telling me  
The joy I once felt has faded  
For in my mind  
I made you a god  
of perfection and beauty  
One that would never hurt me  
But it would have been best,  
Not to see you again  
For before my own eyes  
You killed the god  
I made you.