

A LIVING DEATH

Marta Phillips

Death
the loss of . . .
the longing for . . .
one who is gone.

I have felt such pangs
for one who is yet alive—
Even across the room
Even breathing, laughing, living
No longer for me.

Like death,
I cannot touch him with a smile
Or kind word
The abyss lies there.

As in death,
I receive only the cold stare
the empty reaction
the silent reply.

The one who is dead while still alive,
how he taunts you.
O death, there is thy sting!



Photo contributed by Michael Hemmes