

## A LIVING DEATH

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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