

To an unknown friend

Never met but long well known
A sister kind of shallow sight
Seeing only light of hope
An eye burnt shut
In sorrow's light.

The tender heart has spent its blood
Warm and wet the golden heat
Nourished, sprung from heart's chest
Beaten poured, grown bittersweet
To love and lose, the poem goes,
Is better still than naught repose
Of never knowing hollow fact,
But truth stings shut the eye torn back.

To know of loss is fine to speak
To feel the tear into heat's deep
Another wound, now never quenched
A single cry fills dank lament
Of days spilled bright, now lost and gone
The hollow knots of empty song.
Oh how to find the strength beneath
Another moment...an endless week.

To you my sister, for we are kin
In pain is all the wine we sip
In tears the brew of Life cut sweet
To pour lament, fill bitter deep
Find bitter brew into mead's breast
Has changed to warmth and Time's sweet glow
Of hurt and sorrow warmed and rouged
To fill this evening...in subtle hue
The pain of blood, the taste of salt
Tears now hold the soul as warmth
Spilled and spent, of sorrow's heart
So fill the day with warmth and full
Soul's Blood spilled—fullness returned.

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