

A LIGHT MOST GENTLE

Shadows crossed
The room
Touching
Her ashen face
Leaving us
Dark, gaunt, deficient
Forever changed
And when that
Tender, beautiful spirit
Left us
She was light
As air in Autumn
A glowing spark
Floating, fleeing
The harsh truth
Of hunger and poverty.
We wailed; cursed
The marred marrow
Of sorrow and pain
The deafening blow
Of pleas and cries
Heard only
In the heavens.