

An Acute and Quintessential Vacuity (or the loss of a child)

So vast the lasting emptiness of loss
Creating space where nothingness exists
The longing heart's own barrier to cross
To traverse swirling surf and rocky cliff
And, oh, the blissful memories of old
The pleasantest of thoughts and treasur'd dreams
Of tales and secret stories never told
Erstwhile musings, apple pie and ice cream
Sucked all away so suddenly, so cruel
And gashing out such precious parts of life
And leaving us inside death's vestibule
To ponder so alone with so much grief
Yet vast the lasting emptiness remains
Threat'ning herein all the heart contains