Lament

I just want to hold her hand
and to have her hold mine
but our world will not allow it,
dis-ease separates.

If I could be there I could do
and love and speak for her
among strangers who will miss
the little, important things.

And not because they don’t care,
hell no, they do, but this is no way
to end your days, our days,
discovered too late, alone.

I hear no talk of God but
in the silence. That God
has abandoned us again,
left us, to be alone, unheld.

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