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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