

Death

Understand, I have refrained from making comment

but now that I've stood by for years

watching you two ranch and rave, harp and hiss

I like some lowdown couple on Dr. Phil,
I have to have my say. Death,
you're much too serious and sober to satisfy her—

Always have been—

constantly dragging her down by the ankles,

hiding in the depths of her shadow.

Sure, she left you hollow and empty, like a corpse,

To go off in search of a more passionate lover

But think it through, Death?

Didn't you have that coming?

Or will you still insist that your woman did you wrong?

I know you took it tough.

You were curb-sided.

You felt yourself harden into cement,

then wither away like ash.

And then once she was gone for good

you felt justified in letting all hell break loose, didn't you?

As with Frankenstein, neglect turned you into a monster.

That's when you grabbed life by the throat with your clammy hands,

held fate in your arms

and murdered her abruptly, unremorsefully.

You threw love over a cliff when she turned her back,
drowned happiness in tears of mourning.

You lashed out to fill that bullet hole in your heart.

But your heart is cold, Death, cold,

while your rage remains hotter than the flames of ^{the} inferno.
A

Ah, Death, do you not see the senselessness

in such destruction?

walking around like a zombie,

watching Life and Love's affection,

realizing you are nothing but the lack of?