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Poetry

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The mulberry leaf becomes silk,
tamed,
fused,
with the oneness of his words.

Fleeting pain roars,
as I stand trapped in his midst,
the cancer,
confused,
frustrated,
and lurking for depth.

The chrysanthemum flowers' patterns
grew less subtle,
more intricate than passion,
fruitful like the ennui of futility.

His patience sang
like mocking birds,
with spirits of truth
and force of witless woes
mourning the blushed rosy red.

With grey harp in a weeping lake,
his left leg armed in vain,
succumbs to silence,
exceeding comfortless,
for the time of youth was fled.

The merest mask of gloom,
withheld not his nature.
In vastness of maturity,
fearlessness of his courage
stands true
and literal enough to inspire another being.