

There Must Come An End

With each new beginning there must come an end.

Sheets, once lying crisp, white and neat
Now stained carmine red, crumpled at feet.

Sweat-furrowed brow on body all spent,
Surgeon repairing damage unmeant.

Blue-bedecked bodies dance there and here
Driven by heartbeat; pressure is clear,

Urgent is business, precious is time.
Forceps and scalpel hang on the line.

Wails fill the air as tears flow untamed;
Where stood a man now trembles a frame

Which has to release certainty past,
And embrace the future - family - fast.

With each new beginning there must come an end.
From pleasure to pain, and back once again.