

Separate Path
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“Lyt Chware”

Laugh lines around faded eyes,
Each glance a dozen tales.
You saw the wonder in seasons,
Watched songbirds and grandchildren,
And never thought your spirit would fail.

The agony of life’s slow decline,
The flickers it turns blazes into,
Made your passing a mercy,
And regret out of the nothing I could do.

I sing for the faces we’ll never hold again,
The hands whose strength is no more,
The warm drinks on cold days that welcomed us
 home
Now sitting stale behind an ever-darkened door.
They say this hurt will pass somewhere along my
 path;
Still, some days I can’t ignore.

Riddles and dice on rainy days,
Trailing behind in your footsteps,
Amber sunsets on fields, cracked ribs that wouldn’t
 yield,
And proud smiles that left me breathless.

Chilling laughs like harbingers
Bid my disbelief unfold,
Fell like curtains between us
To hide away the ugliness and mold.

I sing for the nods that brightened our days,
The feet beside which we ran,
The blood that still binds them into our lives,
Trickling through the gaps in anger’s dam.
They say this hurt will pass somewhere along my path,
Though I don’t think it ever can

Small hours lit by campfire,
Strength shining in your smiles,
Mending hearts while they’re breaking
Adventures worth the taking,
Our bond shrank the years and miles.

When suddenly, you closed your door
And left me fumbling through the dark
With these unanswered questions,
Wond’ring where and who they now are.

So I cling to those moments we breathed the same air
Or dreamed on those same stars.

So I sing for the stories we’ll never write or share,
The laughs only in our eyes,
The twilights that taught us how little we knew
About this world and the truths that it belies.
They say this hurt will pass somewhere along my path
But that still won’t answer my “why?”s

So let that Mourning Wind blow you where it will,
Through rage, silence, or tears.
Grief comes out different no matter where you look
After weeks, months, or all of your years.
Maybe your hurt won’t pass, and it’s not a separate
 path—
Just don’t honor it with guilt or fear.