

The thought of Finality,
Of Loss and Demise–
Tears hearts upon Tragedy
And instills Fear in the inmost of minds.
And yet the beauty thereof,
Lies within a hopeful disparateness: **Love.**
A feeling thus which consoles
The torn hearts and minds,
Which trepidate the divergence of souls,
And that known not – yet which we will find.
Soothing a wound disregardful of time whereof
We shed tears for seconds passed bereft of **Love.**
Yet upon that which escorts great Pain,
We find relief in a Smile and a Kiss–
A comfort, with which Fear is slain,
And bestowed is a peaceful acceptance conducted
by bliss.
For **Death** is no longer feared of
When found is a beauty whom you **Love.**