

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.**