

## *The Death of a Marriage*

There's no deeper sorrow, nor clock that can mend  
The stinging of grief— Most can send  
It away with painted faces and lovely laces,  
Until it finds the one it chases.

We remember the past as we close the doors  
Of a treasured box— Closing yours  
Delivers a heavy pain and striking stain,  
With harrowing tolls should she contain.

The differences seen cannot be solely found  
In woman or man— But in ground  
Becomes one like silver rings and thoughtless things,  
Harboring feelings and what that brings.

Although we are never to say that we cry  
At the thought of death— She can lie  
In the bed she carefully made and perfectly prayed,  
And privately mourn where she loyally stayed.