

**Title: Mourning for Whom**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Date: 2012/10/2

URL: <https://www.wizanda.com/modules/article/view.article.php/c5/250>

Keywords: Mourn, Poem, Poetry, Life, Death

Summary: A Poem of Mourning, for those Sore within

If we cry because you're gone,  
Is that sigh our own song,  
Or is it because you're no longer going on?  
So let us not cry for we,  
Or what could be;  
Yet instead find release,  
Within our peace.  
To live a fresh,  
From what was our best;  
Rather than to have a heavy heart,  
Within our chest.  
So every time we contemplate,  
Help us remember,  
That it's all just fate;  
That everything happened in sync,  
Where nothing is really as we think.  
So many subtle hints,  
That if we blink,  
Sometimes we miss how they interlink.  
Instead of heavy chains that chink,  
Due to perception's seeing a kink.  
Stop that feeling of being at the brink,  
Hiding in the drink;  
Pain making us shrink,  
Instead of seeing that destiny winked.