

Bittersweet

You hurt and struggle.
You are ripped apart
like a coupon out of a newspaper.
How can you or I mend you?

When the spirit bleeds,
words are worthless,
sympathy simpleminded,
blessings empty.

I hurt too.
My soul slogs along under
fearsome boredom
and capricious desires.

I am a blip in a flippant universe
wishing for an exciting peace,
a pleasant insecurity,
but I waste away in dull comfort.

Cry your tears into this saucer
as I cry mine there too.
Let us mix them now together
and drink a quaint communion.

We may be maudlin,
stupid and sentimental,
but love tasted in tears
is heady wine against sorrow.