

## FRIEND FAREWELL

*Francine L. Trevens*

Sad, how sad to bid a friend farewell  
Aware it is indeed the final parting  
The effort to stem maudlin tears from starting,  
To smile pretending that all will be well  
Despite resounding and conclusive knell  
Of midnight's toll—lost hopes gnawing, smarting  
The emptiness to which you are departing  
Each to your own lonely, private hell:  
She to the onslaught of Alzheimer's decay  
You to the cancer that eats your flesh away.

To read in dulling eyes her awareness  
Of brief future's frozen bareness  
You to a shortened span of life  
She to lingering strife  
Where only dregs remain within her cup  
Meager the scraps upon which she may sup  
No opportunity to plant new seed  
No memories to her tomorrow feed.

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