

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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