

The Loss of You

by **Beth Kohl**

Each time I try to lose you
I set eyes on letting go,
Ask myself, "what else,
Is there besides you?"
Because that is all I can hope to have now.

The nights hold dreams, or rather
The dreams hold me, and I'm fooled
Into thinking dreams
Are you. And oh dear,
How sweetly your arms surround my heart tonight.

The days hold realities,
That is, the *real* loss of you.
Yes, I get along,
Sometimes with joy too.
But I would rather have joy in having you.

Stop! Selfish heart, be silenced.
Don't dare a whisper again.
I've had it. No you have.
That's just it—I lose,
While you can't stop basking in your jealous sins.

A soul's a corpse to fight love,
And I'm killing mine indeed.
Roll in, thunder, and
Lightening, crack my moon.
For I won't pretend this heart hurts quietly.

Yet silence hurts it the most;
When all is still, noise tortures me,
For there is none to
Distract thoughts from you.
And I'd rather drink poison than go thirsty.

It's sad. But true.