Call Me In The Mourning

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Call Me In The Mourning

Funny how a woman should mourn
The loss of a life she will never know.
A tiny spark deep inside her
That faded without time to grow.
Funny how empty and hollow she feels
After so tiny a loss.
A child never known, never guessed.
For so brief a time their lives did cross.

Funny how a woman should mourn
Someone who was just a face without a name,
Someone to say hello to in the hall.
Yet after the tragedy she is never the same.
Funny how the tears still sting
When thoughts of a stranger come to mind.
Thoughts of a friendship that could have been
Extinguished when the sympathy card is signed.

Funny how a woman should mourn
The loss of a friend still living.
Once so close, now far apart,
She's left wondering if effort is worth giving.
Funny how people can change.
Joys and pains once were shared
But now kept hidden deep inside; vision clouds.
Perhaps that means she cared.

"Ode To Cronshaw"

You drunken, foul mouthed, infidel
Poet esquire
Brandishing your drawn out, bantering drivel
With every drink you drown
To every friend or fool, who dares to sit nearby
Eulogizing the unpublished words of your endured wisdom
Duly warning the precocious Philistines,
Who sanctimoniously celebrate your phenomenal pestilence
Nightly at the cafe La Closerie des Lilas,
To leave Paris and take up more profitable trades
For an Artist's life is virtuous misery
Fervently dedicated to the Muses
Everything material must be forsworn to Fate
Only your avocation, ego and an empty stomach
Remain to creatively conceive
Your eternal demise.