

*A Day in the Desert*

All things said and done,  
There's never been a saying that's rang truer than  
You don't know what you had until you've lost it.

I'm sitting here,  
With the elephant in the room sitting on my chest,  
People I considered friends avoiding my eyes.  
Too painful, I surmise, to acknowledge someone else's loss,  
When all you've known is life.

But it doesn't excuse the exclusion of the obvious,  
Nor the burning feeling of wasted time and energy  
I've spent on people who do not reciprocate my love.

And I lost someone who loved me more than I him,  
And I'm feeling so utterly hypocritical,  
And who can comfort someone who knows  
They ignored his last call.

It was a harsh slap to the face when I heard the news,  
And it reverberated through my bones.

Oh, to have him talk to me one last time.  
I truly would give anything to hear him  
Alive and well and though sometimes cynical,  
This time, I promise I would listen.

I make jokes to soothe the pain,  
Like VapoRub on a congested chest.  
But how well does it really work,  
And is it not just a desperate attempt to alleviate the symptoms?

My throat aches terribly as if guilt-ridden.  
But all I know as I rub my dry eyes,  
Digging for tears,  
Is an utter emptiness.

A dried up well that begs for more water,  
But there is none left to give.

Even my plants are dying,  
Shriveled up corpses of what once used to be beautiful,  
Decaying in tune with me.

Tonight, as I lay in bed,  
I pray that this drought will soon pass.