

On news of your demise

by Mathew Paust

The news just now that you are dead
Sends thoughts careening through my head.
I feel relief yet sorrow, too;
Your talents triumphed in my stead.

But blame goes back a ways before;
Convenience we settled for.
And lived the lie for all those years
Until you entered through the door.

And there it was, plain as day,
Our truth no more could we gainsay,
And nature then played out its hand,
The game was up; we had to pay.
So now you're gone while we remain,
Dazed and struggling to refrain
From showing our extent of pain,
From showing our extent of pain.

