

Dear Anna,

The tangle of your long hair on the bed
Eyes closed, to the world faded

A dreadful silence permeates the air
I cannot escape, this is no nightmare

A single cleft of red separates your elegant neck
And leaves red splatters on the sheets in its wake

If I replaced your pills with all the sweets I can find
and unspooled those thoughts from your mind--

would still be here today?

Or would you find another method to slip away
With me one moment, gone the next day