

**I Didn't Think Her Death Would Bother Me. It was expected, after all**  
by Steve Schatz

Oh tears wash me  
wash these tired, jaded, eyes

wash away the times we talked and regrets of when we didn't  
that fill this mired mind with pictures  
painted of memory and smoke  
trying to hold one,  
    just one  
        only one

wishing to hold it always, never fading,

but as I try,  
tears streak my eyes and pictures  
break and dance past fingers desperate reaching  
then wash back to fill again with  
waves of sadness waves of dread  
waves forcing tears and silent shaking

lost in sorrow

hoping solitude allows mourning without explanation required or requested

rolling in pure, primal sorrow - no comfort sought or wanted  
oh tears, sweet and lonely tears, wash  
wash away wash away  
    so in time

the blue day outside laughing can beckon not taunt

wash away the time that must be taken  
to traverse this desert  
crossing so I may drop,  
    dry,  
        exhausted,  
to fill again with sweet, sweet water  
at the oasis of  
    Carry On.

In time can I hope?  
I can hope  
    in time?