

# The Pain Must End

By Richard Paul

The clock screams out before dawn,  
The dream he won't believe is gone.  
There he lies a trice, forlorn,  
But still, he lives, and must go on.

The summer's day is bright and hot,  
How merrily the sun had shone  
When came the deafening gunshot  
On the day when she was gone.

Thirty years of summer days  
Always wishing he'd died too.  
Undiminished runs the pain,  
He'll bear it till his days are through.

But all too often in his sleep  
He finds himself 'midst swaying wheat  
And from his heart the pain does seep  
As once again, his wife he greets.

He won't believe it's something more  
Than his grieving heart's creation;  
E'en as he dreams this dream once more,  
All these years without cessation.

Still, even he can't help but smirk  
When he comes to the conclusion  
That hope alongside death must lurk,  
Be his dream truth or else delusion.

When at last his life is over,  
One of two fates he imagines;  
One's dark-silence, then what matter  
If grief and pain vanish with him?

The other is a wheat field  
And a dream made reality.  
Then his constant pain shall yield  
To her, throughout eternity.

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