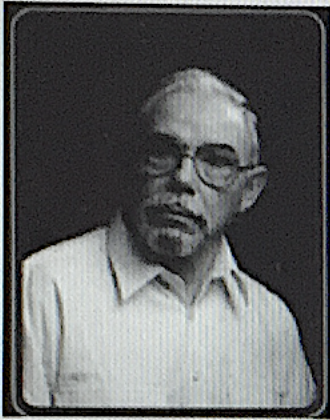


The Poet of Sad Words, Georg Mateos



I know, there's no death. The soul that dwells
above
Sits by God's side and is enshrined by love
The likes of which, in its terrestrial mold,
It never knew or fancied to behold.

The body festers under weight of dirt,
From dust to dust transitioning is short.
How can we ever our hearts command
To stop the weeping when we mourn the One?

A piece of flesh was ripped from heart in vain
To make it suffer even greater pain.
You, you alone could cure bleeding sore,
Alas, you're gone, departed, you're no more.

But wait, there's no death, my poet, you will live,
Your soul is free from agony and grief,
But still I weep for him who fled from pain,
It'll be a while before we meet again.