

Loss and Clipboards

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snap

Upon the board are papers clipped.
A date, a name, a note, no time.
For ticks passed by are one less breath,
to save their life from grasps of death.

snap

Brought comfort though the pain is great.
New orders written, bottles filled.
More papers added to the fold,
as fate begins to grab ahold.

snap

Amidst the fight we lost ourselves.
Caregivers with less to give.
There's haunted visions of an empty bed.
A few last papers are the words unsaid.

snap

Bold colors fade to white and grey.
No fight is left, the struggle lost.
The heart done through without a tap.
Empty clipboard, I heard its snap.