

The Waiting Dead

by Mark Edgemon

Happiness...is one misery away; for some, misery loves company,
To share in the pain and maybe guilt, if she can achieve it,
If she can project it, personifying it onto the next, sympathetic soul.
She cannot find him, protecting herself from that which is not;
On guard for he who does not care. No fools here! No waiting dead!

The End