

What Was Once, Is Gone

by Mark Edgemon

He knew her once and now, yet again.
However this day, she no longer bent to his will,
Quivered at his slightest touch,
Ached for his long, warm embrace.
She was his in body alone,
For her spirit had left their union.

But he was more satisfied now.

For he did not want her personality
To liven the environment they shared.
He did not want her words to pour over him.
He wanted not her thoughts or her fiery spark.
He only wanted her body to hold and to mold,
Which was fine now...cause she was dead!

The End