

What Now

by Carolann Grace Renaud

(This was written when I was asked to write something that might bring a tear, And I could only think of a woman I heard about who had recently and unexpectedly lost her husband of many years.)

What will I tell the sunlight, it looked for
you each morning,
To wake you with a kiss upon your cheek.
Will it give-up coming; Leaving me in the
night
Will it cease to seek?
What will I say to the garden,
when it looks for water and a song from
you?
Will it become saddened by your absence?

I can't even carry a tune.

What word to the carpenter tools,
For so long knew a master's embrace.

In silence, I will grieve with them
As we feel the pain of useless waste.
To myself, the noise of your being gone,
is so loud that I can't even think.

What and where the comfort then
when I'm so close to the brink?

Where will I go now?

I'll withdraw into my heart where you're
not gone from.