

Lament

Let me erase your pain.
You look at me as if my very sight
Injures your eyes—
How much has changed?

 This path I chose
 Rates hatred in your eyes,
 A hard cold metal
 I'm scared to touch

Hold me like before
I was young and hurt my knee
That was bad: you were there
This is good: where have you gone?

By Ariel Cohen