

the price of love

they say
the price we pay
for love
is terrible grief

and for so many
different reasons
life can be
such a sudden thief

now i thought that i *knew better*
growing older
closer to the back end
of *my folder*
i could outsmart any *Crim*

then one day it happened
the Love of my life
was lost to me
i was filled with terrible grieving
from outside and within

i have since given *this dilemma*
a considerable amount of thought
please find completed below
my full, comprehensive *report*

we are all made for loving
sharing and for touch
company and companionship
we crave and need so much
there's just no way around it
no easy, quick relief
by death or separation
the price
we always pay
for love
is terrible grief

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