

Our Patchworked Skeleton

Blood only pumps for so long.

Children only smile till death comes knocking.

His breathing reducing like a clock winding down,

Cancer laughing within a fractured skeleton.

Lungs weakening with sorrowful spasms...

Titanium replacing rotting bone.

His faith is shattered pieces.

Swaying on the jagged edge of dark precipices.

Cancer, a malicious villain propelling him over.

Goodbyes sorrowfully spoken-

In mourning we must lay to rest...

Our patchworked skeleton.