

Loss

*I shall not meet my dead again
as I remember them
alive, except in dreams and poems.
(‘In Memoriam H. P. F.’, Ruth Fainlight)*

Malachi Edwin Vethamani

***i
Death and I***

Death and I aren't
the best of friends.
He's taken away
those I love.

Their going is their
journey's end
while I traverse
on my own.

If they do journey on
I hope our paths cross
good fellows
much missed.

ii

Spring Snow

*(Just now I had a dream. I'll see you again.
I know it. Beneath the falls. - Yukio Mishima)*

For Teh Chee Seng

A sleep
with no awakening.
A short sweet life
only for the good,
they say.

A little more stretch
could show the true
strength of the cloth.
The beauty of an aging flower
withering in the fading light.

Why should the good
slip away
like that thief in the night?
Test their mettle
with an extended life.

Why should the good slip away?
Leaving an unbearable ache
a longing for another day.

iii

Broken Bud

For Ammos Praveen

Neither revenge
nor justice is
salve for
this pain
this sorrow.

The gangrene
spreads
and vipers thrive.
Innocent life snuffed.
Smirks on their faces.

The bud is broken
before it bloomed
beautiful boy
struck down
unkindly.

iv
We

You are gone
but still here.

A stranger passes by
I turn to see the smell
that was once you.

A message on my phone
I salivate to the sound
that was once you.

Your smile frozen on our photo
I hurt for the touch
that was once you.

You are gone
but still here.

v

I Died

#Orlando

(49 people were killed in Orlando, Florida on June 12, 2016
in the deadliest mass shooting in modern American history.
This was followed again with a call for gun control.)

Do not make my death
a clarion call
for a larger cause.

Do not make my death
a figure in a new record
for mass slaughter.

Do not make my murder
a reason
for more deaths.

Do not make my passing
a lyrical moment
set in your poetry.

I am just one
who lost my life
because someone
could not accept me
for who I am.

vi

Two Years On

MH370.8.3.2014

The days have rolled on.
The weariness of waiting
the hopelessness of hoping
loom and hover
while the hurt cuts deeper
with neither balm
nor solace in sight.

Every false news
every false sighting
every false hope
soars and sinks
into a deafening silence.

Now only
a fear for loved ones
lost in the skies
lost in the many lies
under the waves of untruth
and dissembling.