

POEM

Determined

Red ribbons cut by the blissful sliver,
One of many trying not to quiver,
A grizzled man with cold dead steel,
The stain of death closes the seal,

Inky blackness all consuming,
Only feeling is slowly moving,
Closer, but just out of reach,
Light is back, dark thoughts impeach,

Take this hand and we shall see,
If the lock is lost and we've found the key,
For all is nought without this grip,
So squeeze these fingers and pray; don't slip.

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