

Hospice Lullaby

Aden Sabin-White

And there was nothing more upon my tongue
And no more blood to bleed from my poor knees,
But a blessed love of the for-to-come.

A broken tune of a life that went wrong
(A dying voice can last a while, indeed)
And when it dies, it's not always so strong.

It's a fading candlelight; fire's prongs
Light up and make it lively again. To me,
It's music straight from Apollo's love songs.

The cherub told me that's what comes to pass
For a man who lived a life for which he never
asked.