

## My Life's Work

My life's work has gone.  
Every thought and every feeling, gone.  
Now, as I sit here writing this,  
My mind hits a blank.  
Where has my life gone?  
Wasted in tears and penned with ink for the rain to wash away.  
I look for a brighter day, and as winter draws close,  
Even that has gone.  
My life's work has gone.  
Perhaps now, so should I.