

Silent Farewells

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Poet & Translator

When things start leaving you
they dont say bye.
Silently, they leave in a row.

My dad did not say bye
when he died.
My mom did not say bye
when she died.

My house did not say bye
when it quietly collapsed.
My garden did not say bye
when it went under water.

Finally, my love my love
my love did not say bye
when she left
when she left.

When I left me
I left quietly
leaving no trail of good byes.
But I heard a violin from afar.