

## My So(u)le Slipped

I fell off a slick, wet roof.

An oscillating view

of black and blue,

'til the thud of the ground

made its cue.

Funny how things no longer pain,

when the mind's busy fighting for what life remains.

Fuzzy darkness invades.

My life's last pixel threatens to fade.

Blood slows for death's chains,

as a distant angel serenades.

A voice long before I've ascertained.

My wife, my love,

running to me with voice strained.

Panicked footsteps thud against the ground.

Death's dark veil seemingly overwhelmed

with the light of my love's

symphonious voice at my helm.

Now, two months later,

with a story to tell the throng,

of Death's night overcome by Love's song.