

Jake Hyland
Goodbye Freeverse

One Less World

While words would not withstand the absence's weight
that you—a planet's mass of emotion and soul, would leave,
I wish you only the best this weary ball of dirt and pain has to offer.

Words mount an imaginary assault up my arm. Out through the pen
they burst forth and spill ink like the blood of enemy combatants.
Worlds fervent with anger and sadness collide on the page—fingers guiding
tumultuous feeling in awkward lines; inevitable pauses as my soul chokes mid-word.

Without you, the world is halved—a shell lost in its own gravity.
Hands becoming heavier as more needs to be said. More needs to be known.
I wish you only the best for living, but all the worst for leaving.
The draining supply of words at my disposal further agonizes.
Everything needs to be said. More needs to be known.

Worlds can pass and come along again, but none will be the same
without you to inhabit them. Absence does not make the heart grow fonder.
The wind will blow through an empty husk—once populated,
now equal to ground zero. Don't mistake wanting for projecting guilt;
this trip is my own, down a beaten, lonely road.
One Less World exists for me to travel to.