

...and then she was gone...forever..



THE

BURDEN

OF A MAN

BOYGENE BORICE

Foreword

The words you are about to read.....

I hope they don't remind you of your past loves.

By Borice B

A Man and His Beliefs

I wake up every day in wee hours,
Sit at my doorstep,
I utter a prayer,
With a belief that she will come back,

Yet when I get back in the house,
I only see the ghosts of her absence,

Ah! Who will save me from this torture?

“Every time I looked at her, I fell in love all over again.”



Assumptions and Consequences

When my Mama, told me,
It hurts to lose the love of your life,
When my dad passed away,

I just thought, it was the grieving side of
her,
She will recover soon, I assumed.

Now, here I am,
Three years already gone,
Yet I can't find the pieces of my heart.

"Her smile was my favorite sunshine."



Chaos in Town

*My Love! My...Lo...
Are you okay sir?
She asked, politely,
I am sorry, Ma'am
I must have confused you,
With someone else.*

Ah! Poor soul, she whispered.

*"In her, I had found the love of my life and my closest,
truest friend."*



Deaf Indeed

I have chosen to be deaf to music,
Because everyone note I hear,
Reminds me of her confectionery voice;
An unending torture of her absence.

*"She was the source of my joy, the center of my world,
and the whole of my heart."*



Home and Love

I am now stuck between,
Going home where her grave resides,

Or stay still in town,
Where the ghosts of her absence,
Have taken me captive.

"When I was with her, I felt like I was home."



Hurt

I looked at her, smiling,
You are the most beautiful creation,
My eyes have ever seen, I complimented,
Son, are you okay? a tender voice asked,
worriedly,
This is a stone not a lady, son,
The voice continued.

I remained still,
Wondering what had become of me.

"Her love was my anchor, my shelter in the storm."



Lovers and Funny Moments

Yesterday, I saw two lovers quarreling,
I wanted to be mad at them,
Then I realized that sometimes,
Love is a spark of fire;
It burns.
Love is a fountain of water;
It puts out the burning fire.

I just laughed and walked away,
Imagining what Sarah would have done.

“Her laughter was a melodious symphony that filled my ears with pure joy.”



Of Endless Torture

I sat at the door on Thursday evening,
She is on the way! She is on the way!
Who is coming back, Gene?
Elder John asked, pitifully,
My woman is coming back, I responded

Son, he said, woefully,
She is already with the angels.

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