

Poets conjure the most dreadful things:

A rotting tree felled by disease,  
bile and gloom oozing from its trunk,  
staining the earth an inky darkness  
that emits a deathly miasmic air

The wolf howling alone, abandoned  
by its pack, filling the cold night  
with its mournful lonesomeness  
and piercing hunger

A mother's arms wrapped in an embrace,  
holding weakly for a moment longer  
before slipping away  
into silence

All things pitiful and hopeless,  
the pains and sorrows of the world  
come to all things and yet—

Hope resides within the poetic twist:

The rotted tree decays, decomposes,  
miasma turned to nutrients that feed  
a young sapling destined to grow  
and nurture the cycle of rebirth

A new pack hears the lone wolf's cry,  
understands its strife;  
they welcome the newcomer  
and feast together on a hunting bounty

The memory and love of dearly departed  
lasts longer than the pain;  
to remember each cherished moment  
makes life almost eternal

Solace and bittersweetness,  
mirth and tranquility  
found when poets dream  
that suffering is not infinite,  
that there is beauty in imperfect mortality.