

2020

The dead man, cold and zipped,
someone else's father, brother and son

cannot be touched now.

He died alone, drowning into an ocean of his own
loneliness.

His lungs, stiff as stone, his heart – scarred and
short of air
stuck onto his days that
walked up to his
end
with an extended, monotonous
gasp.

The doctor cried – yet another code
red.

It was dead, dead and dead – a
parade of human souls crossing

that line – again, but in
unison, yet
alone, in that
sudden, fateful
walk.

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~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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