

loss

he sits on his old recliner chair,

“relaxing”.

he stares through the rectangle shaped hole in the wall

and glares at her behind it,

lying on the wrinkled bed,

with no life in her eyes,

so ironically.

the news is on the television all day without stop.

“entertained”

it was all meaningless to what his problems were,

which was

having no ability

to save her,

from what she wanted more than anything.

he goes for short walks

to stretch out his well-worn body.

“exercising”

when he gets home he always sees the same thing.

a dull life that is forced,

and undesired by the owner.

he eats dinner,

gradually he feels less and less hungry.

“healthy”
again he observes that she
feels the equivalent,
but now,
she feels less and less hungry for growth.

and finally one day
he sits again.
staring through the rectangle shaped hole in the wall,
and sees an unwrinkled bed.
“loss”