

## **INCOMMUNICABILITY**

How was I going to tell her  
that I had killed her son?  
How was I going to tell anyone  
that I had killed my husband?  
How was I going to face my children?

I wasn't the one that killed him  
But who was going to believe me?  
I found his body,  
his blood was on my hands.  
I watched him draw his last breath;  
A perfect picture as his blood, red, bled on the carpet

He had just committed suicide.

No one could ever know  
that my husband, the strong man  
people saw him as  
couldn't take what life had to offer anymore

Just as he couldn't express his pain  
What he felt  
that caused him to take his life  
I wouldn't be able to express myself  
to tell anyone that I didn't kill the love of my life;  
That this life took his from him

I would have to live with the strange looks,  
get used to the stares  
from onlookers, from my peers  
And I would have to live with  
Myself.