

Mrs. O Neill by Richard Hill

Every evening
Before she went to bed
Mrs. O'Neill said
Goodnight
To that nice announcer
On her small TV
Because she was eighty
And very much alone.

And when she died
He never even went
To her funeral.

My verse inspired by Mrs.O Neill

Every morning
after getting up from bed
He kept thinking about the life he always had
Good morning darling
He whispered desperately
At the beautiful photo, making him weep
As an old man spending day by day on his own
In vain longing for his wife to come home

The day that he died was his last to be alone
Then finally combined on a stone
His wife's body lying next to his own

A lma