

I lost a friend a week ago...

...but just found out today.
Dead and buried, now he's gone,
While I went on my way
Oblivious to his poignant loss
As he might have been to mine,
Had our passing been inverted
In some other place and time.

He wasn't well—I knew that
And I knew he was to die,
But it happened, so, so quickly.
My God, but time does fly!
I should have gone and seen him,
There were many things to say.
An hour or two to reminisce,
Or better still, a day...

But he won't miss my absence,
No.....no longer, anyway.
Yet does he know I didn't go
Before he....he went away?
This fills my soul with sorrow
For there will be no tomorrow
In which to say I'm sorry,
I didn't.....didn't go.

I *am* sorry, you know.

But it's too late to voice regret.

I truly hope he's not upset