

# Gone Today

*By Akal Mohan*

When the sun moves across the sky, the clouds threaten to dark and  
in grim I see your eyes blink – we talk of the noises, some purring others screeching  
which you register as doors closing – you lift your head, arranging your expressions,  
perhaps to feign being well – but you are not, your eyes are empty, they are rheumy, they  
are teary. I know the end is here – your spirit is jolted and that one ritual is waiting – I see it come,  
my cries mingle with love and I am left in destitute. one more time, doors close and tomorrow is never.