Skin so pale, a bare lamination
to osseous matter, garbed in a hospital gown
Cadaverous, perhaps once someone

wearing a smile cemented
Stark now, a while ago perchance articulate
As ice was she, but not cold yet

For he stood beside her
Off the cuff, somber,
forever her buddy, paramour,

of decades now her husband
Breathing in torment
Warm was he, yet frozen.

A dead body
of a frail old lady
Saw we all, but he

As his youth, love and happiness,
dreams and fulfilled until the past hour promises,
everything called life, to him was she

the person, beneath the skin so pale, a bare lamination,
Transparent osseous matter garbed in a hospital gown
cadaverous, perhaps once someone!