Sonnet Jayna Bettesworth

My death will chase the sun out of my soul

The flowers wilt from gods in deep disgrace

We Dig the ground into a hollow hole

To only find More cries to go in place

Where nothing comes and nothing ever goes

I weep into the eye inside the storm

The sickness rich in sorrow wind will blow

It feels like all the bugs were here to swarm

But never did I know how hard is life

To live in past possessions all to wait

When all we do is keep on rolling dice

The light will shine through only passing hate

When people came to walk upon this earth

We’re meant to live the life how much were worth

