



## No Rainbows Here

Written by Roxanne Beetham

For Mike 26/04/1989 04/02/2008 (18yrs)

Gone are the days when life was simple and pure,  
The flowers have all faded to black against the landscape of my heart,  
Wailing walls are built in my mind,  
The counting continues ever downward, like the spirals of time,  
Grey colours my every waking move, no rainbows here.  
Nothing matters anymore eating, sleeping, drinking,  
That is for others, who have not been touched,  
By the Dark Angel of Death.  
My life and our lives will never be the same,  
Some days I want to die, and I always cry,  
Day after day, after day,  
It will never cease, never ending relentless pain.  
Who knew a person could endure so much emotional suffering?  
Without flooding out the house and grounds or even the town?  
I don't understand why everyone goes about their business,  
When my life ended the day you died!  
I will never be whole again; I will never be the same,  
For the day you left this earth you shattered my heart,  
It will never be mended or repaired; a large black hole lives there,  
Grey colours my every waking move, no rainbows here.