

Name of Author [not pseudonym or pen name]  
Address  
City, ST Zip Code  
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Phone #

14 lines

DEATH IN SMALL DOSES

by William Shakespeare

Each day I must face, death in small doses.  
Your parting has taken, kindness in life.  
I long for the end, when it all closes.  
For lost are the days, I call you my wife.  
Wish for the peace and want of the feeling --  
until my heart stills and frees me from you.  
Left forsaken, no comfort, no healing --  
shut out my mind and forget what I knew.  
And when it shall come, time of my dying --  
release of the burden, shall not reveal,  
no cheek for my tears, my woes, my crying --  
denying my fate, attempts to conceal.  
    Come hold me my lord, please hear my last plea.  
    For, death in small doses won't set me free.

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Date (Optional)