

## Mark Levy

### April is Not The Cruellest Month

April is not the cruelest month.  
The cruelest month begins  
When a love or loved one dies  
You gasp, inhale the starless void  
Where sparkling joy no longer breathes.

When it is closest to hand  
Grief overwhelms the soul,  
Occluding your frame of sight  
Blacking out the world. Leaving you bereft.  
Alone, with only clouds of pain,  
You endure you know not why.

Months end, but not mourning.  
As the earth moves in orbit  
Perspective creeps back,  
Light peeks in around the edges.  
But the black hole  
Is never gone for good.

Each year the heartless loss renews  
As memory betrays you once again  
Stabbing like lightning, blinding your eyes  
Until today turns black anew in mourning  
That held your hand when loss was keen—  
Sharp as summer sunshine, cruel as stars.

A recovering English Major, **Mark Levy** has written poetry for many decades. He only recently began to submit poems to journals in hopes of gaining an audience for his work. Levy's first submission was just accepted by *Oddball Magazine*. (<https://oddballmagazine.com/poem-by-mark-levy/>).