Echo

To lose a laughing woman  
Acquaints you with a silence  
That memory cannot fill  
Until… Until… Until…

To love a laughing woman  
Who’s suddenly taken from you  
That’s not the greatest loss (I know)  
Although… Although… Although…

Laughter can be manufactured  
Unlike happiness, that ghost  
Staring across infinity’s field  
Conceal… Conceal… Conceal…

To love a laughing woman  
Then to lose a laughing woman…  
Oh, she’d get tired of this song!  
“My, she’d get tired of this song!”

Frank Diamond has 30 years of writing and editing experience for newspapers, magazines, and television, and is currently the managing editor of Managed Care Magazine. His poem “Labor Day” was nominated for a Pushcart Prize Award. He has poetry published in Philadelphia Stories, Fox Chase Review, Deltona Howl, Artifact Nouveau, Black Bottom Review, and Feile-Festa.