**Death**

My father had vanished.

Without warning.

At the age of four

I was shocked

into the truth

of life.

Others, old and young

seemed unaware.

They kept on living

as if there were no end.

Their smiles were false

like TV commercials.

Darkness

found a home

in me.

I saw the emptiness

behind glossy surfaces,

the vacuum seal

of irony.

I learned to love

the predawn hours.

In the darkness

I found my star.

In its soil

sprouts

a mustard seed.