

## **Sense of Number [328,500]**

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I lost a friend tonight and then again tomorrow  
For 900 long years, every day I lost a friend  
Each died alone, no words of love, no tender hug  
As we grew numb, and number

Sirens careening in the streets; I heard a mourning dove  
Through silence in defeat, I knew that love  
Could only go so far when those who cared for those who died  
Were stranded high and dry, and held in disregard

I lost your number; were you five or fifty, the millionth or the first  
I can't remember, was it breath or fever, delirium or thirst  
That took you down, with only one goodbye  
From two kind eyes behind the hooded gown

Every day I got a call, every day that same ring  
Another gone, you know the one we loved  
Who brought the joy into the room, who was the glue  
Who held this world and knew the worth of every living thing