

## **RELEASE**

*To be read  
with a loved one in mind  
in privacy  
all at once  
and  
as many  
times  
as  
you  
need.*

I can't help but cry.

Memory is not enough.

It is not enough to not be able  
to see you  
when I want you  
or when I need you.

To not have your heart beating  
so close  
to mine.  
To not be able  
to look into each others' eyes  
and know things.

It is the absence of your being I cry for –  
the displacement  
of all your atoms from here,  
your special makeup of existence  
that I will never be able  
to touch.

I can't wrap my mind  
around the concept  
that you are gone.  
I cannot accept the reality in my heart  
that it will never encounter you again.

I close my eyes  
for the last imprinted image  
of your face,  
and it is not enough.

I only know,  
that while you are gone from me,  
you are somewhere.

I envision pieces of you in the flowers  
and the trees I notice.  
I look for parts of your personality  
in your descendants.

I imagine you,  
somewhere, thriving,  
somewhere running with great joy.

I quietly accept your absence  
with the knowledge that you don't deserve  
to be caged to only one existence –  
that you are  
so great  
you belong to  
so many.

For it is time for you to be born again.

And who am I to keep you  
selfishly and safely  
close to my body –  
to wish to have you forever  
frozen in this moment,  
and your existence aligned with mine  
in the same  
place, time and space.

How selfish am I  
to be angry that you cannot  
be near me always  
for my comfort.

It is unfair of me  
to think thoughts  
that your departure  
will never leave me  
whole  
again.

*(take a breath)*

So,  
behold love  
treasure love,  
claim it  
relish in it.

But never cling to it.  
Never cage it to your being.  
Because love does not belong  
to one person.  
No one being  
can take your love with it.

So thank it, bless it on its journey.  
Allow love to flow into your life,  
away from your life.

To leave you  
fresh  
and raw  
and solemn.  
To forever change you and carve into you.

I know you cannot even imagine this yet,  
or even accept it,  
and don't.

Be still  
in the breaking down  
of your being,  
in the loneliness of a lover gone.

Be privy to the tightness it leaves  
in your chest  
and suffocation  
in your throat –  
at the unbearable memory of what was.

Be patient  
as you drown yourself in  
the sorrow of reflection  
as the haunting reminder  
always surprises you –  
they are gone, you will not see them again.

Grief is tender.  
It is quiet  
it is  
a slow  
movement  
upon your being.

Do not hide it  
or stifle it  
or downplay it.

Let it move through  
your being.  
Let it take  
as long  
as it needs  
to process.

But know,  
love will find you again.

You will not know  
how  
or when  
or in what form.

If it will be  
a new love,  
or an old love.

If it will take you  
by storm  
or in soft comfort.

If it will  
surprise you,  
or if  
you will even see it.

But it is  
coming for you.

I know it.