

To My Beloved

Part of me has left  
She has gone somewhere I,  
Cannot enter.  
Half of me,  
She, was half of me.  
As one, we were a unit  
My thoughts hers  
And the words  
Of her beautiful mind  
I could find  
Through her eyes.  
We spoke of the deepest things  
I knew her,  
Better than she knew herself.  
My love for this precious woman,  
I knew,  
Would never cease  
This surety, begetting peace.  
The purest of joys  
I received  
When in the presence  
Of my love.  
My dove,  
Oh, how she could fly,  
To defy  
The familiar.  
I had grown comfortably accustomed  
To her definite presence.  
She was my everything  
An everything I considered eternal  
I always believed  
That I would be able to hold her  
Until my last breath,  
Until my death.

One moment,  
Then passed.  
I blinked into a dream.  
The one who was always there  
To share,  
Love and care  
Was pulled down under  
Wrenching me, to my knees,  
Down in grief.  
I cannot believe  
That in an instant,  
Consentless,  
My dearest was ripped away.  
My better half,  
Taken right out of my world.  
How am I to manage  
With this cavity of anguish  
Within my soul,  
Harrowing my conscience,  
Leaving my sanity to languish.  
I am blinded,  
Lost  
In my woe.  
Adrift in disorientation  
And inanition  
As I unravel.  
Her eyes contain nothing of the woman I knew,  
Not of life or thought,  
But the void of spirit.  
To my love of all loves:  
Dearest one,  
I have come undone.