

Lying in bed
Your thin knees jutting under these sheets
Like jagged peaks

A hundred thoughts
But only air escapes
What little actually gets said.

I could tell you-

All the times
I've cried.
No...cried is too gentle.

Wept. Ruddy-faced, cheeks flush
Sounds that don't feel like mine.

I could tell you-
all the times
On bended knee, on hands and face
Pressed into the floor- I've prayed-
Demanding someone to fix this.

But I won't.

Instead.
I will tell you this.

You burn inside me, a candle.
Cradling me, when I'm in darkness-
Bathing me in light.

And I am sure, am quite sure now.
Everything is different.
I know now.

All the ways this has changed me.

love letters to the lost

You come to me, all hours

Some that feel private- like those days that drifted lazily, lying in bed watching movies

In the mid-afternoon crisp sun

Something that would have been inconceivable for you-

A doer, before you started dying.

Other times you come in public, my ruddy face

Contorted, unable to keep you inside.

A scent, a line I attribute to you, a memory-

Playing back to me when I haven't asked for it-

You come, soft rain on a spring morning,

In the opaque dark of night, when you gone

Feels like a million pin pricks or when

I forcefully try to bury you underneath the weight

Of a crowded day.

No matter. You come anyways. Whether or not

I want to be found, whether or not

I am ready.

You come to remind me of the love you

Kept inside, for me, for us.

love letters to the lost

I'll find you in a tide pool
Sifting tiny hands
Through
Fine sand
Softly holding glossy shells

I'll find you high in the cherry tree
Face full of pale pink blooms
Scabbed knees reaching for the sky

I'll find you in that fort
At the dead end
That we hammered together
With all of dad's good wood

I'll find you in the sea
White caps crashing
Or maybe
Gentle waves
Skimming
The shore

I'll find you at that shop
The one with the pink dress
The one you always told mama you'd buy
And
She'd wear it
And twirl under the glow of the moon

I'll find you
Happy
And
Free
Eyes bright, light shining
All that goodness
Pouring out of you.

love letters to the lost

You used to take me outside
To show me all of the new growth
Right around this time
When warmth started to greet
Each morning.

You
Plantdrunk
Me
Bored
It happens every year, what's so thrilling?
Your weathered hands
Caressing each branch
Tender and green
You knew what each bud would grow to be
Tiger lilies
Irises
Bleeding heart
I thought you'd be around forever
To show me what spring had done to your
Garden

Now
It's just me.
But I go out
Every morning
To the little postage stamp
I touch the new growth
Wrap my hands around the leaves
Curled up tight, ready to burst
I don't know yet
What any of them will be
But I know
If you were here
You'd join me
In the tiny garden, that once was yours.
Now it's me
The one who is plantdrunk.

love letters to the lost

If it's up to me
And I guess
It is

I like to imagine you here
Sitting on the tiny porch at the cottage
Sipping coffee from the sun mug
Looking down below
Sending your love, like warm rays
Seeing us stumble and fall sometimes-
And whispering, light as a breeze;
Mama loves you.