

Talking to Julia
(Poems of Sorrow)

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2012

Tell me where you are
and I will come to you,
I don't mind the darkness of
death,
if it brings us together.

Tell me where you are
because I can't find you,
I keep reaching
keep reaching for your hand as I fall
into forgetfulness.

Your smile is ripping my heart
your voice present
the touch of your thigh a constant reminder
that you slipped through my fingers.

How did you do that?
How did you leave me?

May 2011

I lost my insides,
is what I said
when everyone came to say goodbye to you...
we did everything together;
we were one
not two
.....how can I be two now?

Nothing will be gained,
nothing healed
if...*sweet Jerry* ...is just a memory
I will just lose you,
again.

May 2011

I owe you this unbearable grief,
these tears that define me.
Your presence winds through me
And all I want is to say some stupid
everyday thing to you,
so we could talk again,
for just a little while.

Why should I take Ambien at night?
to forget you?
I will not let you go into
forgetfulness.

June 2011

Why do I feel more at home with the emptiness
we call death
while life,
with its noise and motions,
is unreal is me?

Am I married to death now, as well?
is that how I can have you?
I don't want to be pulled back
into living,
that means forgetting,
in little unnoticed ways,
until you are just my first wife,
my beloved Julia,
but
I had to move on.
I don't owe life my moving on.

I owe you my presence
even in the emptiness of death,
I owe you my grief,
my sorrow,
my wondering,
if I did all I should have.
I owe you more than memory;
I know that.
Why doesn't everyone?

June 2011

I went to Targets today,
Connie's advice.
I walked around with you.
She called,
good daughter that she is,
how are you dad,
which means I love you
and I am not letting you stay alone with your
grief.
But she also knows
I need my grief;
I cannot lose you to memory.

You would like Targets,
its clean, well organized and doesn't overwhelm
...I didn't expect as much.
I know you need me to be careful with our money.
I'm trying...
Where are you, my Julia?
Where are you?

June 2011

It been three days now, three days
since Paul held his Jonathan in his arms
& cried.

I don't know how to say to you, we have another
grandson
...delicate, six pounds, four,
here he is and you
are gone'
I don't want to tell you about him.

I found the Britta replacements you bought.
Why now?
You shelved them and when I found them
I knew, once more,
your care.

Everyone knows your care;
they keep reminding me.
is that why Paul was crying...not just for his son, but for
the love he wants to give
and
that he remembers?

When I rock Jonathan in my arms,
I remember my grief,
...by forgetting it.
Is that what everyone is saying to me?
Is that what you are saying, my Julia?
Is that moving on with life?

I feel this life thing pulling me
into its arms
but I still cry for you
I still grieve, Julia.
This is one battle life will not win.
Has everyone forgotten
that grief is life
as well?

June 2011

I cannot keep talking to you
like this,
outside me.
these words are finding you
and
I am shadowing you
inside,
with them

We have to talk
quietly for a while
a desperate quiet
if I continue to talk, I may lose you
once more.

Your loss is already too much
for me to bear.

June 2011

Last Monday morning my soul cried and I lost who I was, my memory, my fears, even Eric & Nicole were blotted from my mind. I cried out, over and over, where is Julia? I can't find her. Paul did not know I had lost who I was ...overwhelmed by his caring for Jonathan – un-slept, and yet still working. Connie had Tony come to make sure my body had not betrayed me... it had not. But from ten in the morning until about three in the afternoon, I was gone; as we ate pizza, Billy told me, I had forgotten you had left and he had to tell me, over and over, had to slip the information in, between my tears. When Paul and Connie came, tired, worried – the sight of them gave me back to myself; they took me to the Tully Center. I told the foreign speaking physician it was a little fugue, but he didn't know what I was saying. It was a cry from my wounded soul, a denial of myself, & of the world, as if that would bring you back to life, because you would have never left. It was my rage at death and turning my eyes away, if I cannot see it, it is no more. I remember, as if in a dream, desperately asking Paul and Connie... where were you, I had lost you ... But I do not, seems as if I cannot, remember doing so. They tell me, I did. I know the world has lost you and I am its messenger. Tell me you are somewhere, so I will not have to flee to unknowing. Somewhere inside I know its all not true, not true that you are gone.

June 2011

I met Dr. Barry this morning, for breakfast
at Greenwich Hospital
he told me, as if for the first time,
that you died of cancer
a cancer we cannot cure, yet, he said, not yet.

First it disorganizes the body and then
for its final victory
it disorganizes the mind.
But you fought it well, he said,
I know you did.
I know you did, how well I did not know
more than double the time.
And he showed me the cat scans, and all the tumors.
Why couldn't he have told me how many, before?
I don't know why...this is a battle he lost, he knew he would lose
but it blunted his telling me, just a little earlier,
...of all the tumors.

Its better knowing you died of cancer,
not from my missing whatever, whatever we miss, all the time.
You did not die from such things,
you died of cancer.
I think I am just beginning to understand that
my sweet Julia,
you died of cancer
and the world lost
its precious one.

June 2011

Tom came this week, finally, quiet as usual
and power-washed the house and fixed
the leak in our bedroom, small but noticeable.
The house looks great; I know you would like it
he didn't charge much, as usual.

I know you would argue with me because of the money,
but I had some men trim the trees over the pool and
clean up the front yard, the weary pines
needed some love and trimming.

Connie is away in Mexico, swimming with Eric and Nicole
and Tony's children, swimming with the dolphins.
I'm sorry, sweetheart; we never got there;
we should have...
I know the dolphins would know you.

I am living as if life is a cheeseboard
as if I am looking down on players, living roles
without memorizing their lines.
All I want is to talk with you, Julia, for just a moment,
I want to show you how nice everything is,
it was, I know, a mirror of the care we gave each other.

To never see you again, even for just a moment, weighs my soul
let me know that you are somewhere,
not just in my heart,
not just in my memories,
not just in everything around the house, you are in too many places.
I need you to live...
come home Julia, please come...
for just a moment, sweetheart, for just a moment.
I won't tell, anyone.

Its July 11 sweetheart
and I am still looking for you.

Each time I come home, I go into the
bedroom, maybe you are there
and while watching *Morning Joe*
I turn to ask you a question.

Sometimes I know you are still in
Greenwich hospital
I think, but then I stop, I will go
up to your room,
just to check.

You are life, my life.
how could you be gone and
everyone else be here?

Dave says you are here, that I
should look for you,
I'm looking...but my arms feel nothing.

We knew we were life to each other,
no metaphor ...
my soul is wounded...
tell me you are somewhere and
I will come to you, or, just
know that you are safe.

Tell me you are safe
as my eyes cloud over with tears,
and my mind goes adrift with disbelief.

July 13, 2011

Sweetheart, its two months, today, you left
I want you home again,
please.
I keep thinking you won't stay away any longer,
you know how much I need you.

Its not life without you, the house is clean
I've made the bed, with the pillow you like
I've done all the wash,
everything is ok, but you are not here.

Tell me where you are and
I will come to you,
you know I will,
just tell me where you are
sweetheart.

Its too dark here without you...
too quiet,
we lived our words together
there are no words now;
nothing means anything
come home now,
its been too long.

Come home now,
I miss you too much,
for you to be gone
any longer.

I was pushed back this morning
When I saw the Sun. Why was it shining?
Why was the air cool?
Why was the water, reflecting the leaves;
...while I was still looking for you?
How can the world act as if you are still here,
not bothering to notice that you
are not? How is that possible?

I saw two patients today.
They spoke of their lives and their
husbands and their spaces...and I knew
that somehow, I still don't understand,
we only had one space; along with all
the sometimes silly bickering we did;
we lived in one space, not two.

Now that space is gone, and I am busy,
and I am nowhere. If I stay here too long, sweetheart,
I will be no one. Because no one can be half
and I am half now. There is no joy in being half,
only tasks. But I do not want to be anywhere else.

I should clean your desk out now.
Why isn't the sun crying, as I am?
doesn't it know I can't find you?

I know, somewhere, that death just seals
all the other deaths we live through, it makes all
the others permanent, it stops our talking.

About our my first walk to the dance floor,
our marriage at *Embobuli*, on Second Avenue,
beautiful Paul, when we first looked into his dark eyes
& our Connie, yearning as you were
to find your lost mother.
I know all of these are dead; I cannot touch them,
just as I cannot touch you.

Why are we tied to this terrible awareness?
I spoke with Paul today, he is trying to help with his
words... that I do something, just for fun, for distraction
not just my tasks.
...but its been too short a time for me,
I will not let death win yet, its had too many
conquests,already.

When I talk to you like this sweetheart,
you are close like a jagged piece of glass
cutting open my now,
with an unnamable yearning.
And that is okay.
I owe myself no less,
I owe you more.

Vera and Sandy came by yesterday
we went to lunch and quiet Vera helped,
in a way she did not expect to...better that way,
no thought.

*I was so bewildered that she died so soon, she said, I couldn't say what
Should have been said at her ceremony....*

how you were the same with everyone, not intimidated
not intimidating, just open, friendly to everyone
you worked with and knew you...
I nodded my head,
everyone who knows you, knows the same
...and the world holds precious...

And then, in passing, she remarked
how when I was feeding you and helping to change you,
I said, so many times, ...
I love you, and you answered,
I know....
I have been tormenting myself that I did not tell you enough,
what you were to me ...

And forgetfulness was turned to tears
as I asked her to repeat what she heard,
...like the autumn wind forgetting its fallen leaves
so were those last days...
She told me again, and I heard her
and, for a moment,
I touched you again,
my Julia.

I hate what life is doing to me,
it's calling me back
to doing, to phoning, & cleaning the pool
to taking care of Zackary
& refilling the propane and
changing my ring size, since
I am switching our marriage sign
to my right hand.

And if it wins, sweetheart, you will just be
in my memories, not everywhere
as you are now.

I cried in the car today when I heard a
sentimental bluegrass singer,
you were besides me, and we were
happy and smiling.

I was holding you, while you left me
& you were here and you were gone
and, for a moment, life lost.
I wanted no more of it;
...just more of you.

Talking, even now, with Paul, or Connie
we are young again, as we were,
before the cancer
brought time...
to our lives.

When I sang my little tunes to them and they were small,
life was forever.
your smile and bright eyes,
even sometimes your anger,
was all I needed.

Now I know,
that was our Eden,
and I live
there,...
no longer.

August 6, 2011

All day sweetheart
I am screaming that you are not dead
not gone.
can you hear me?
How dare life treat you so carelessly?

No words from you of complaint,
just bewilderment.
Where are you, Julia?
I don't know where to look
anymore.

How can you be gone,
to what purpose?
why?
Its against the love
that life promises.
...

You lived with quiet bright eyes
and fierce listening
as I read my books
and read still,
trying to understand....
are we but memories,
yearning?

Sarah just left with Jonathan, sleeping more now,
Marie was here, with lunch, to meet him.
now she says she really never knew you
and is reading your articles,
which I posted.

And yes, sweetheart, everything is fine,
I know that Paul is grieving very deeply
in his very quiet way.

You are doing wonderfully
the house is clean and on and on
as if words could say that I have
come to terms with losing you.
But I have not.

I need to talk to you, as we always did,
about Jonathan and what we ate...
all the silly, necessary,
unimportant talk,
that was the backdrop of our lives.

No one is here, now
I am not here, either.

This is the life-space when you cannot be gone
when it has to be some terrible dream
or something like that.

I know we are together, but I don't hear your voice.
or your playful, loving eyes.
I cannot help you down the steps
and all I want to do
is to help you down the steps.

August 6, 2011

Went down to Connie's today to help
hang some pictures; she had her first floor
repainted, with an eye to color
that said she was your daughter.
& I was crazy, as usual, and spent too much time
getting everything just right and she
told me, lovingly, *ah, now I know how you
drove mom crazy...* and, of course,
I agreed.

What I haven't told you yet is that
Tony's mom passed away last night, so close in date to you.
Is she with you, in the deep nothing,
from which, I think, we all came?
I feel as if I am getting to know that darkness, if that is
what it is. I have a link there now, and I know if I get too
busy, if life invades me, as it keeps pushing to do
it will blot out where you are.

When the kids come just to eat or swim
I see them happy and that is good for you.
I am with them and somewhere else, all the time.
I just want time to stop.

Maybe if I sleep on your side of the bed I
will be able to touch you again
feel your warmth and remember how
you would fix the pillows for me, when I watched TV
or tell me to sleep on my side,
and how we were safe from the world, you and I
when we held hands, for just a minute or two, before
forgetfulness overcame us.

Sometimes when we talk like this,
I know that you
are gone and its too much for me, sweetheart,
I can't stop looking for you,
that's how I survive each day.

I don't know what happened
today.
I was driving to get the dry cleaners
listening,
distractedly
to Schubert's Rosamunde Overture
serious radio, told me
its name.

Usually it carries me along,
such strong cords
but today
it just brought your absent presence
to me
so present, that words fled.

And for a moment,
I knew,
what we should not know,
the terrible truth,
that death wins over life.

Tell me I am wrong
tell me your absence was a way
of touching me
tell me, before I lose any will to go on.

Tell me the world has not foolishly
let you go,
you are one of its triumphs.
There is a hole in my soul
slowly,
ripping me apart.
If you are gone forever
nothing will heal it.

August 16 2011

I went to our home in East Hampton last week.
its painted white now...I don't like it,
but the shrubbery looks very good,
the deer fence that I worked so hard to put up
is gone.

I kept looking for you,
while I was driving,
I knew you were home,
and I was about to see you, again .

It was all a dream - that you were gone,
and I though that maybe, somehow, I
was able to change it.

I don't like driving without you
doesn't feel right, feels as if I should be on my
way to pick you up, somewhere,
nearby.

When I went to Papas
the waitress remembered us and was sad
when I told her you were gone.

I don't want to tell anyone, anymore,
ever,
that you are gone.
come back Julia,
you're absence is too much for me.

You took my soul with you,
when you left.
Somewhere, deep inside me,
I am no longer alive.

August 24, 2011

Whatever I have learned and hold
is dust
before your death.
I no longer know how to be alive;
you taught me.
and if you are gone,

I am a lost breeze,
in the dark night.

I cleaned the yard after the hurricane,
I did it for you.
I know how upset you get with
nature's chaos.

I found it hard to rack and pick up the twigs
I kept looking for you through the
large window, into the kitchen, and
my eyes betrayed me,
you were not there.

And a quiet deep sadness took over.
I no longer wanted to do anything,
if you could not see it.

The basement flooded a bit, a few days after;
I forgot that that I had to keep
the portable generator going.
I keep forgetting things like that
which I never forgot before,
I only have half, now, of who I was.

I should probably get a large generator,
I know you would reluctantly say, okay.

Tasks surround me,
all the time,
& I want none of them.

I knew, we both knew, that you would die
that you had a very serious illness,
but I really didn't know that you would leave me,
and I know that you didn't think that you would
leave me grieving,
among the grieving.

I don't want to be here, don't want you gone,
don't want you dead, if that means that
you are not here. I know that I never
spoke of how brave and strong you handled
everything...I know that neither of us could speak of such
things;
such words meant you were marked and
I was not
and neither of us wanted to live that way.

You know that I am living in
a make-believe world now.
I understand death is real and life, the dream
– a momentary sparkle before a deep
darkness.

Don't be dead anymore, sweetheart, please...
I need to see you,
I need to hear your anger at politicians,
I need to know your worries about the children.
I need to feel your irritation with me
when I drive too fast.

I can no longer live in the silence
of your absence
it penetrates everything I see and do
it weights me down and robs each moment,
like the silent illness that took
you away.

September 14, 2011

I can't stand the silence any more

Julia

I can't.

Paul is busy with Jonathan and

Connie listens but is busy too

as they have to be, I know.

I do talk; I talk a lot

but the silence remains.

I need to talk with you.

Only you.

I'm supposed to be getting better

I'm supposed to be coming to accept

that you are no longer here.

No.

Not possible;

if you are not here

neither am I.

I am walking around,nowhere

I have to sell this house,

with its sun washed rooms

without you, it's only the place where I sleep and use my

computer

when you left, you took our home with you.

It makes no difference, now

where I rest my head

and yearn to hold your hand,

once more,

before we go to sleep.

Zvi called tonight
to tell me, with care,
that I had to get on with life,
that the quality of my grief was what mattered
not its quantity.
Well-meant thoughts, but I no longer care
for thoughts.

You were with me, again, in East Hampton
on Saturday. With me, with a quiet, untamed pain
that found me at each turn, each glance at all
the places we left our memories.
with me, by your absence.

Amagansett is the same; the waves come in on time,
the sun never forgets where to be.
All the while I saw myself driving home to you
driving home and telling you I had the
craziest daydream, or day mare, or whatever it was
about you dying of cancer
and my caring and my needing you.

No more, Julia, no more.
it shouldn't be. I no longer own my insides;
- my emotional touch with the world. -
that me, knows, I will see you,
soon;
knows, you are alive and well,
it is just ...that I cannot find you,
yet.

October 10, 2011

Its October 25, my mother's birthday,
I buried both of them, just yesterday, it seems.
but I did not know death, know its terrible
absence, until you left.
I don't want such knowledge;
it has made me empty, like death itself.

Mort called and said you would want me to go on,
to have a life.
How can I tell them that I don't want to go on?
How can I say that life is just living me,
I am not living it?

Like the deep absence I grew up with,
that absence you filled for me
if you become just a memory, I will go back
to living that nothing. You knew the nothing I was fleeing
all the time,
and your love allowed all the
crazy things I did.
We didn't have to speak of such things;
words were not necessary.
Is that why we are one?

I cannot be two.
I don't know how to be a separate self....
this bewildered yearning emptiness,
inside me, that I am calling my grief,
gives me a narrow passage to you.
& I am lost without it.

We were waltzing gently tonight in
The car, while listening to Strauss,
And, for the first time, grief didn't stop my steps,
Although tears found me.

I didn't tell you that I went to the IFPE conference
at Fort Lauderdale, last weekend;
with you beside me, all the time,
when they remembered you
at the dinner, and then
sang happy birthday to me
I tried to tell myself, with awareness,
that you were gone;
but all I heard was words.

I don't know what to do with your ashes,
sweetheart – the children tell me it's not an issue,
but for me, I don't know why, it is.
I know these ashes are but a memory...
should I give you back to seas?

Yesterday I turned to your books,
... gave some to the Stamford library, and others,
to forgetfulness.
as I paged them I knew you had paged them
as well...
and we touched, for a just a moment,
didn't we.

All the while my wounds seem to be healing – despite my desires;
just as your wounds increased, despite yours.
Why? Why did this have to be?
Life keeps throwing me ahead,
pushing my mourning behind me.
but I will not to let you become,
a fact, about my life.

November 18, 2011

It's another empty day, today,
Sunday – without you here,
to talk and watch MSNBC and
remember who we are by being
with each other.

Bea and Ernie came last night
and we went to dinner in Stamford.
when we came back,
and played our table games, I knew
you were resting in the bedroom,
and I would see you soon.

But I went to sleep alone, again.
an, - again, - that I cannot keep living with.

Maybe if I stay in this house, you will come
home,
I don't want to hear how much I loved you,
I want you.
Maybe you are just gone for a while,
in the hospital, once more,
or talking in the back room,
on the phone.

I can wait sweetheart,
I can wait –
just come home to me....
try,
Just come home.
I can't live with this emptiness,
anymore.

Nov. 27, 2011

I am nowhere again, sweetheart
my world is just make-believe.

I have an office, now, in the city
did I tell you that already?
I walk around 71st street and I want to
come home to you, and tell you, that we
have to go to Asia House, next week.

We need to talk,
- now that we are getting older -
we must move here, for our last years;
but you left this beautiful blue and green home.
I cannot bear to think of your sadness at leaving,
of your courage,
as your liver betrayed you.

I see you dying everyday, sweetheart,
it cuts my heart,
and twists my mind into a
yearning, I have no words for.

I need to touch you, Julia, - just once-
I have to hold your hand, again, please.
I don't want to be here – with a new life
looking at me – looking at me without you.

I want live where you are.
everywhere else
is just wind.

December 15, 2011

Its Friday night before New Year's Eve
& I will take care of Erik and Nicole
tomorrow night, in our home
so you are taking care
of them, as you did, so often,
when they came from the
great silence, where you are now.

I have been reading and I
understand more why we are so one-together.
We mirrored each other:
that we were loved;
you, I know, were more grounded
than I.

How can I live without you, without living
the love that pushed away
my sadness and aloneness?
You knew that I had lived
in such a land, and you joined me there and
changed my life.
Are you safe now, I need to know,
sweetheart, are you safe and okay?

I am trying to keep my desperate need of you
aside, ...I can,
if I know that you are safe.
The deadness of my early years is on the horizon,
as if it has been waiting, all this time, to
claim me, once again.

I'm sorry that I brought any injuries to you
I know I owed you more. My caring for you,
while you fought your cancer, was nothing
next to whatever absences, that encircled my
life-love for you.

Can't I see your holding eyes, just once,
sweetheart,
your smile that forgave the world its constant
injuries?

How can I remain standing, without you?
You are me.
When you left, you took me with you,
I know you didn't mean too....
I know I would have done the same.

You left the world you loved,
so carefully,
closed your eyes,
to our green and blue planet.
I cannot hold your sadness at leaving.
How did you do that, so well?

December 30, 2011

We are in the middle of January
last year snow, this year, rain
& I just think of you all day
although my words have been absent,
for a while.

I still need you not to be gone
....so you are away somewhere,
in my hope world,
but you would never do that to me.

I spoke with two psychics, this past week
yearning, as I am,
to know that you are safe.
But can I believe what I heard ?

Your death is like a quiet echo
inside me now. I don't want to think
about it, anymore.
I don't want the awareness.
Please.

Paul's birthday is next week and I got him a
tie and a shirt and a great little book about
dogs and racing.
Eric and Nicole miss you deeply &
quietly;
they are doing wonderfully in life and school.
I sign your name,
whenever I give them anything.

My poems have been published in a
little book called *Between Sessions*.
The article I wrote for *The Annual* is being
translated into Slovak,...isn't that odd
& you are not here to see the results of your
love for me.

And that makes no sense, at all.

I am angrier now
at death...very angry,
deep inside,
when I come home and you are gone.

I buy new shoes and cannot show you,
angry at the silence
that I live with, and which 'haunts
me like an open plain
stretching more than I can see.
angry with this murderer,
death.

Why isn't the sunlight sad, why are
melodies still dancing
on airwaves?
When I am driving, why are the roads dry?
Doesn't the world know it has lost some brightness?
some laughter; why doesn't it
know, what I know?

Death stole you from me,
& I am weak from the battle.
Maybe the world just needed you,
grabbed you for itself,
to make time's passing, less sad.

But you don't belong anywhere but here.
How can I leave this house,
these walls that held you in?
But I cannot stay here any longer,
without you.

Jan 26, 2012

It's the day before your birthday sweetheart
and I have not been able to talk to you
I don't know why.
Just came back from seeing Barbara Spitzer
her seventy-fifth birthday,
we looked at each other
and forty years were forgotten,
as tears filled us.

I went to see Bea and Ernie,
living with their loss,
Bea gives quietly, standing in for you.

Where are you when I walk brick laid paths
and tell myself,
that you cannot walk them, with me,
anymore?

Is that why I haven't written to you lately?
– Do I have to remember to find you
– in death,
to remember to talk?

I went to a gentle psychic,
about two weeks ago,
she knew nothing of me, but
said things ...
only you could know,
and I did not.
How I yearn to believe her.

February 11, 2012

I keep telling myself that I am alone now
that you are gone,
I don't believe it,
I just know it,
with a knowledge the weights
deeply.
Grief is having its way with me –
thrown into life.

Paul & Sarah have their house, finally....
I have been with him twice and told
him your joy, at this moment, and he
knows.
They love the table we gave them,
I had it refinished.

As we walked about the lawn,
I saw their life before me:
their growing & their work,
as age calls them to itself;
as if time forgot that I was not to know
such things.
Were you with me,
with that odd incident with the car?

I am taking Connie and the kids out
for her birthday, today.
signed both our names on her gift ...
she understands such things.... quiet, in her grief,
as she echoes your love for me.

I yearn for just one day
of their youth, with them & you,
before tears washed me, from this place
we called home.

March 11, 2012

Did it take your death
for me to remember
my father's leaving ?
... how we rushed to him and
told him it was okay
to go,
& you gently watched him leave
in my arms...
I have not remembered that in over twenty
years.
But you were with me yesterday
& so was he.

I still need you Julia, more than before.
the house and I are both lonely for you,
as grief grows deeper,
within me.

I am putting a stonewall in
front of the property – its all too barren
to be left
so alone.

I know how foolish this is,
doing what we always did together,
but now, for no one,
but you.
I need the make-believe,
I need the dream,
or whatever it is,
that you are just
away,
...coming home soon.
so we can enjoy the wall,
together.

April 2,2012

It has been one month since my last words
to you,
I don't know why.
I have to carry you inside me, now.
your loss haunts each moment,
I need you next to me
when I visit Paul or Connie,
I need to talk,
as we drive home
together.

I am tired of going places
alone,
of meeting people for lunch,
of saying no,
and saying yes
I don't want time
anymore.

I have to keep you
inside now,
in a quiet place
and sleep there with you.
live the rest of this thing we call life,
and act as if it means something.
I am wounded
and know
there is no healing.

I live each day with
eyes of absence and yearning.
as if I could put my hand through
this weighted place
and touch the emptiness
where you are.

Grief robs my words of comfort;
only silence ... consoles me. (May 2, 2012)

I am made dumb
with grief –
my mind grows weary.

When I look at Renoir
...all I see is paint.
Only when I hear a waltz,
...is death banished
and we are dancing
and all I want is to run away
with you
and flee this thing,
... the world calls death.

Somewhere,
we are still together,
laughing, caring
even fighting, a little
but I am lost and
cannot find my way...

Find me,
sweetheart,
I need to hold you.

May 15, 2012