

## *HOLDING IN THE QUIET*

You recognize the death in me  
as something interesting  
to treasure, examine, and explore  
and hold me  
until I no longer want to speak of it.

These tiny wanderers  
stolen from the base of your intellect  
trip over my hands  
I hold them up and in they flow  
straight up behind my stinging eyes  
wet with tears  
from watching you go.  
In my weakness, I let them fall  
away –and so cannot keep  
even these little morsels of you

I try, by holding in my breath,  
but then they dissipate  
and I struggle to hold fast  
the essence  
of life, your life, such little things  
are simply  
all.

And so by holding up my fingers  
I repeat  
the quiet dance we did  
where death  
examined,  
opened,  
vanished  
leaving wholly light to fade the dark  
gathering,  
reaching  
arching upward  
I want to leap forward  
and not look back  
yet savoring each place in time  
seems more precious than  
words to me now

Let it come  
in peace  
and time  
no matter where we are in the dark  
through death  
the light within blinds  
and binds

and need encompasses  
our reality

Scent  
in the mind  
replays the day  
and hope  
brings forth  
tomorrow.