

1992

## Changes

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# Changes

## **Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Spring' s arrival. Birdsongs wake me at sunrise. Dusk creeps in a bit later each day. Newness surrounds me. The freshness of life is a sharp contrast to your painful absence from my world. The summer is not far from reach, but you are. Bitterly, I wonder why I can't see you once more, why I can't go back..."

## **Cover Page Footnote**

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KRISTEN BASI

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## *Changes*

Spring's arrival. Birdsongs wake me at sunrise. Dusk creeps in a bit later each day. Newness surrounds me. The freshness of life is a sharp contrast to your painful absence from my world. The summer is not far from reach, but you are. Bitterly, I wonder why I can't see you once more, why I can't go back...

Summertimes past. A vision of you on the upstairs porch, smoking cigarettes in your favorite chair. Warning me not to get too close to the railing. I can smell the bowl of homemade soup that you set on the windowsill to cool. I can hear your clumsy guitar strumming. I think your song was the first I ever learned. You never really knew how to play, but to me, it sounded like music. Driving around in your convertible. I was too young to think those days could end. Now I wish for their return...and cry out in frustration, for I know those kinds of wishes are just wasted.

And in my real world, today, Spring is here. What a long winter it was for you. You lived for the times I would breeze through your door. I would try to fit so many hugs and kisses into each visit, as if each was to be our last. I wanted your final thoughts of me to be so sweet. I wanted to tell you that the world hasn't forgotten you, and I never will. I wanted to give you just a little more life. I always wanted to stay, but I had to go. Now I wonder: where was I rushing off to? I whispered a tearful *I love you* at our last visit. Did you hear me? How I prayed that you could stay.

I sadly realize I won't be visiting you this Summer. Nature doesn't stop for memories. We always knew there'd come a time. I'm grateful to someone, somewhere for giving me the sound of your laughter, ringing warmly in my ears. I can smile through my tears when I see your picture. Somehow, I've gathered a little peace and I know that you'll stay with me.

It is not Death that has taken you from me, it is Life. Life has a beginning and an end. In between we can create so much that when the ending comes, we can embrace it without fear. Memories are eternal. For this, there is no Death.

It's Spring. Birdsongs wake me at sunrise.