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Tragic Separation

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RACHEL KOOY

TRAGIC SEPARATION

Your arms so tightly hold and caress me
Warm breath at the nape of my neck
Your bare chest pressed firmly against my back
Fitting as one, fingers intertwined.
I dream of serenity
Where all is right with the world,
The heat of passion in your eyes
Delicate reminiscence of the flesh of your body,
Nostalgic wanting of your sweet embrace
Lips as tender as one’s heart could be.
Your seemingly devilish sandy eyes
Tell wonderful stories everyday—
The way your lips curl slightly at the edges
Whenever your eyes fall upon me.
Shaggy, wind whipped, sun bleached hair
Waving in the breeze
Shadows of us dancing ever so graceful
Against the sun setting sky.
I stir, a chill creeping down my spine
Like a spider on the prowl,
Buried memories brought back to life
In an instant with cold terror.
Awful and brutal that night was
Watching the blood seeping into your white shirt,
The frightening look in your eyes
As you slowly drift out of consciousness.
The bright, white lights of that night brought back to life here.
For days, I sat at your bedside
Among the flowers and cards and family
Waiting for you, waiting for you to open
Your vivacious eyes.
I never left your side, never stopped praying,
Thinking of your last real night down here,
instead of mine.
Now I lie here in bed, by myself
Missing everything about you—
Your warm embrace, smiling eyes, dancing heart.
As I look out into the horizon,
The sun setting so slowly,
I know you will be there when it is my turn
To dance me into the heavenly skies.