Torch

My Fictions

I miss your smell and your style and your pure abiding way
Miss your approach to life and your body in my bed
Miss your take on anything and the music you would play
Miss cracking up and wrestling our debriefs at end of day
These are things that I miss
These are not times for the weak of heart
These are the days of raw despondence
And I never dreamed I would have
To lay down my torch for you like this
I miss your neck and your gait and your sharing what you write
Miss you walking through the front door, documentaries in your hand
Miss traveling, our traveling and your fun and charming friends
Miss our Big Sur getaways and to watch you love my dogs
These are things that I miss

These are not times for the weak of heart
These are the days of raw despondence
And I never dreamed I would have
To lay down my torch for you like this
One step, one prayer, I soldier on
Simulating, moving on
I miss your warmth and the thought of us bringing up our kids
And the part of you that walks with your stick-tied handkerchief
These are things that I miss
These are not times for the weak of heart
These are the days of raw despondence
And I never dreamed I would have
To lay down my torch for you like this

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