

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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