

Three Months of Grief

I'm ashamed to admit
there are days
I no longer think of you
Where I continue existing
As if you never did
Burying your life in mine
There are other days
Where the thought of you
Cripples and renders me useless.
My bedroom smells stale
Of a burnt out Christmas candle
And Taco Bell bags litter my floor
Wrapped in five blankets
I try to remember
Your fading laugh
And the stories you used to tell
Your mumbling voice
Crackling over the phone
The one person who called me
With no invitation
Or reason
Old people make me cry.
While at work the other day
I told an old woman
A stranger
Her Mickey Mouse sweatshirt
Reminded me of you
She called me sweetie
And continued with her life
While mine was halted
And yours —
My mom called me this morning
Your pug pomeranian poodle
Had a seizure last night
Though she's fifteen years old
If anything happens to her
My grief will start all over.