

Geoffrey Gatza

words spoken movingly of loss

The word for ending  
is named: beginning.

Time ticks thinly forward

Expanding waves clang  
Change as bells do ring.

Circles radiate  
us father away

from the moment.

People  
have suffered,

families have  
been bereaved,

and we all seek  
our time to heal.

I'll be honest with you,  
I was shocked

There you were  
Lying, as if asleep.

Lifeless.

I looked at you  
and I thought,

Didn't we have a splendid life together?

I thought we had made a mistake  
But no, you were no longer there.

Here.

In the two weeks since you left  
I still call out to you, come home.

Spending sleepless  
nights summoning  
the dead, I wonder

where  
the other  
has gone

have  
gone

I am  
tired

Life is

exhausting  
without you

The towels  
are still  
under your  
pillow.

I smell  
them  
and  
imagine  
you  
are  
still  
here.

No area  
of our lives  
are unaffected  
by  
your  
death.

When I saw you lying there  
on the floor  
dead

and then in the morgue,

I remembered thinking  
that you would be cold

and that I should take you  
some warm clothes and a blanket.

When your remains were ready  
We walked to retrieve your ashes.

She opened the white linoleum desk door  
Under the countertop and pulled you out.

Inside a pine box placed inside a folded  
and stapled white paper bag.

I placed the bundle into my backpack  
And brought you back to our home.

When I can manage to gaze  
upon our many now disused  
cigarette trays and empty home

I cry  
for all  
of our  
yesterdays

I took the bagged lunch

that we prepared for that day

We froze it

it is still in the freezer today,

waiting

for something

for someone

for something

that even I am not sure of

to happen

to forget

waiting

You were the finest friend  
in every way; the finest  
and most decent of souls.

I loved you with all my heart  
you made me happier  
than anyone else  
in the world.

life was once vividly  
richly colored  
now all is splintered  
shards of black  
and white sparkle

We are devastated beyond all measure  
Nothing I can do or say can bring you back

undo the horror

the precariousness  
of life, almost instantly

death  
caused