

Grief Cycle

Before

my lovers come to me
like the notes I write to myself on scraps of paper
to combat this increasing forgetfulness.
Well intentioned, but disorganized,
And too often accidentally discarded.

When

Sometimes, when I look at you
my heart hurts
so
I must turn my face
In feigned indifference
to what this means to me.

Then

I rolled over this morning and smelled you,
on sheets and blankets,
your own peculiar scent of man and sleep.

But

His tennis shoes rest in the corner of my room,
Quietly contemplating their disuse.

And
Somes it subsumes me,
Riding fast and hard
 (and put up wet)
For catching my breath,
in its fierceness and anger
and missing
 (aching, even)
His quiet madness
in my stillness

 Reining in.

At the end, finally
love letters yellowed, and faded,
in unused drawers
and tattered boxes
but I keep them anyway,
Just to make him real.

I am done.