The Winter I Buried You

It was the winter when I buried you.
A funeral long overdue
Even my best friends stopped coming to the viewing
But I sat there waiting
For a flicker of recognition
In those eyes that
No longer saw me.

A heart shaped box, seemingly appropriate
Held all that was and was not
The cold ground fought me and I
Fought the urge to try once more
Issue that life-saving breath
Massage the heart in my hand

I breathed my anger into the hole
Making it yield and accept
That which I had to surrender.
Planted a kiss, pulled over the soil
And said goodbye to my sweetest love.

Now the process is complete.

Sharilyn Townsend