

My Chasm

Mount Eerie

I am a container of stories about you
And I bring you up repeatedly, uninvited to
Do the people around me want to keep hearing about my dead wife
?
Or does the room go silent when I mention you, shining alive?

I live with your absence and it's been two months since you died
I'll speak to your absence and carry our stories around my whole life
But when I'm in public I don't know what's that look in their eyes
I now wield the power to transform a grocery store aisle into a
canyon of pity and confusion, and mutual aching to leave

The loss in my life is a chasm I take into town, and I don't wanna close it
Look at me, death is real!