

Beside me you will always be, and I hear you speak when I say your name. I'm all alone here.
Nothing will ever be the same. But you were a poet too, and you knew what I knew. That the words
and songs of soul fed sentences could get us by in times where nothing again could ever be right.
We found a word on the bedside table that first morning and defined the meaning. Yimi.
The answer to everything.
Stronger than the sun, somehow I still shine. I might never be fine, but the world is holding me up,
through grace and kindness, strangers, smiles on faces and in the rainbows you paint for the eyes of
those who love you.
It is never going to be the world I knew, but I will never be anything but the man you love and more.
I've yet to say these words since you've been gone, as I'm too scared your voice will then fade.
But you now tell me behind closed eyes that it's ok to sleep. So here we go.
Goodnight my sweet girl.
Goodnight my Erica Lee.

Please recycle to a friend.

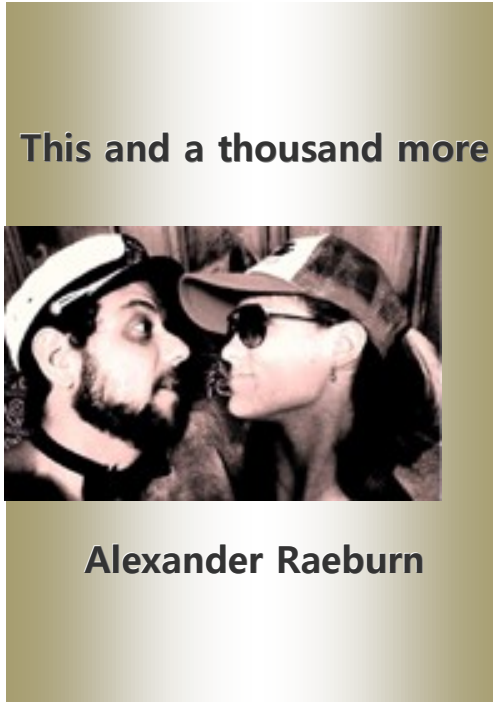
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Origami Poetry Project™

This and a thousand more

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This and a thousand more

Even the best at whispering with tip-toed steps will sound the creak of old wooden floors,
in a house with a sleeping baby and neighbors waking early to take on jobs and lives
that begin on this little street where there are yards and morning birds at sunrise, singing.

Distantly laid is the highway, out the window, just there, by the first yellow of the rising sun.
It talks with a silent hum then gurgles when a truck slows down. It's silent now. Maybe no one's
going anywhere, or maybe I just found out what happens, or can, because of a single pause in sound.

Lizards are hiding in cracks in bricks, still licking their lips from midnight crickets. The first goose just flew by
goosing with another beside. The sound of a dog smelling the grass. A woman's voice, not startled sounding,
but excited in tone. Good morning words are pouring out all around. Trains begin. The second coming seconds
after the first, but the first one went fast, and this one is just rolling.

It's all begun. Again we do not know what moments will find us or if we'll make it through. The truth beyond
that is freedom but often only in the beyond is that seen. I silently try to command the seconds that lie in wait,
dictating, as though possible, the moment I need. I breath deep and safe, warm.

Above, the clouds are white, and I haven't slept but I might. Gone of breath, a blanket, an open window,
the air, and the waking baby sounds his first hello as the door creaks and closes. Water running and a
little race car with bristles brushes his teeth by his mother's hand.
No one can hear me, I think, so I lay back in a bed of air, with pillows surrounding my head, leaning back,
holding nothing in, sighing, a tear. I miss you, I say. You left too soon and I can't yet do anything but hold on.
Too hard, I say, it's too hard, and you hum in my ear the songs we'd play. I hear you now, singing Etta James.
Now I'll say that there is magic, since I once saw you every night, in skin, as you held my hand, my face,
your hand flat upon my chest, mine flat on yours, as we would breath and get through our fear that life
might be bad and then worse, sad enough to cry at any time. And after would come laughter,
as we'd choke on some important sentence, or one of the gulls perched on the porch would squawk
wildly, reminding us it was morning, and there you were suddenly asleep.
Your head on my chest, my fingers softly in your hair. Watching you sleep was my favorite dream.