

## Waiting For the End

I had been sitting by her bedside all night  
The room only lit up by a small flicker of a sizzling candle  
The wax burning down to the last remaining rung  
Her breathing slowed and was getting more shallow  
Then at one point she gasped and then stopped breathing  
I remember thinking is she going to take another breath  
But clearly she was now gone  
My hands were numb and clammy from holding hers  
I don't remember what I last said or thought or even what I said afterwards  
My mind was running through past memories at a perplexing pace  
But there was nothing now  
Just a black curtain of darkness  
The candle had extinguished just like her  
She's gone she's gone she's gone

—*Whitney K. Taylor*