

The Finale

My mind slowed to that of a trickling stream along with my heart
How am I able to feel in such a way after something so emotionally exhausting
 Maybe it is because she is no longer in pain
 Then the tears began
 I cried uncontrollably for what seemed like an eternity
 Sleeping day in day out became my escape
 On occasion I had restless nights where sleep did not exist
I would sit in the old rocking chair in the room where she once laid staring at the
 wall
My mind playing memories like a 35mm film projector casting images through
 my brain
 Playing stopping replaying scenes we shared together
 I could see her in all her beauty
 Smell her sweet perfume
 Feel her warm embrace
 Hear her calming voice
Like a vacant old theater at a matinee on a Saturday afternoon
 The curtain came down and the theater darkened
 I walked home sad and alone
 Feeling that chill of the cold rain

—*Whitney K. Taylor*