

## GOD'S GIFT TO ME

My dearest Mary Anne,

I'm no more reconciled  
than I was three months ago.

You're everywhere I look---

from raincoats hangared  
in a closet to framed photographs  
to car keys for a car  
you never drove.

I sleep  
now on your side of the bed.

It helps, but still I wake

to find few public men  
or women worthy of respect,  
no shortage of military deaths  
bartered for affluence, no dearth  
of voters who believe that pistols  
holstered at the hip define  
democracy.

To say that other  
men have lost their wives  
is no relief.

Devastation  
stays particular and merciless  
if shared or not.

Longevity  
offers nothing but more

of the same or worse...

I miss

your face, your voice, your calm  
defiance in your final months,  
your last six words that will be  
mine alone forever.

Darling,

you were my life as surely  
as you are my life today  
and will be always.

We're close

as ever now but differently.

"Why do we have to die?"

you asked.

I had no answer.

My answer now is rage

and tears that sentence death  
to death each day I wake  
without but always with you.