

## ONE MORE YEAR, ONE YEAR LESS

Without you I am sentenced  
to myself.

The house we chose  
together has a past that's always  
present: Waterford glasses  
you treasured, sunflowers  
you brought from Cannes and vased,  
the sculpture Starchev gave you  
after you praised it.

They help me  
feel you're near.

In photographs  
you smile as my bride, my wife  
and our son's mother posing  
with his family on our fiftieth.  
Never forced or false, your smile  
was everywhere and always  
*you*.

Each day for more  
than sixty years that smile  
saved me.

And saves me still.