

Ode to Annie

Her Smile

From across the floor
a warmth engulfed me
from a distant smile.
The smile neared,
The warmth grew.
I flushed, then stiffened.
From the smile a hand extended.
The touch connected and
stayed forever as
Two souls became one.

She made me feel

warm when I felt cold.
wanted when I felt alone.
excited when I felt dull.
proud when I felt insecure.
rich when I felt poor.
strong when I felt weak.
There was a magic in her spirit.

Her final breath

She lie unmoving.
Her face taut and pale.
Her breath- barely.
Her eyes closed- unseeing.
I don't know if she hears me
or the soft music she loves.
I think of her beauty and warmth.
My heart beats of fondness.
My eyes flow with sadness.
Her pulse slows, then stops.
Her spirit leaves.
I am alone.

Her Spirit

in soundless night I
 Sleep.
Then hear the soft step
 Creak.
Is she coming in to
 Sleep?
I wait.....
 Then
into my pillow
 I weep.