

Hours

by Nancy

Heart echoes

All that's left

No

Not all

Through the hours

Feelings

Hers

Consolation

May it be sufficient

For now

Forever

She will not return

I cannot go to her

These feelings

All that is left

And memories

Memories of hours

With her

Shall I forget her sigh
A tiny grimace of pain
The early fears
Left to fade

She trusted
Me
Rested
Healed
In my bed

I gave her all I had
All I could give
Then
In those *together hours*

Would it be so different
Other gifts to offer
Now

Living these new hours
I realize a new truth

I love her

for you, Hank, always love