

LETTING GO

P-F

When next I wake, I know.

No more the soothing sounds of morning rain
On roof and windowpane,
Or splendor of the Milky Way
On crisp and moonless nights,
Or sour-sweet scent of new-mown grass,
Or innocence of bashful smiles.
Behind me now, I'm grateful that
They linger in my memory.

I hear her quiet voice,
Asking am I comfortable,
Assuring me that she is there,
That she always will be there.
I feel the resting of her hand on mine
And know she isn't going to let it go.
So I know that I can—
Let go.