

Always

by sweetflag

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Chapter 1 of 1

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My heart, once warm, now lies shattered.
My feelings, once bountiful, now scattered.
I see the aching future without him there,
And I wonder if I dare to once more care.
I can't feel as I want—that depth of pain—
My unshed tears cannot fall as rain.
My arms should never have learnt
To hold him, so I would never have yearned.
I cannot bring myself to weep, to feel,
Because I do not have the skill to heal.
And I find that, living in this wasted hope,
It's all I can do to lift my head and cope.
The days still cruelly break and unfold,
And I wither from the lack of his warm hold.
Nothing nourishes me; nothing, no more.
I starve, as little fulfils me as he did before.
I am tethered to him; he cannot sever

That part which still links us two together.
He may squirm and deny all that we had,
Flee and hide from all that made us glad.
But I know, even as I write this and cry,
That I will love and recall 'til the day I die
The wonder that he created, that he shared,
And that he sustained me and cared.
My eye shall forever be drawn to see
If my friend should ever look back for me.
I shall glance back at my footprints in the sand
To see where we stood and revelled hand in hand.
Perhaps he feels as I do somewhere out there.
Perhaps we have parted and yet, we still care.
I shall not weaken what I have carefully kept,
I shall not dishonour it, even if I have wept.
I finish here with my heart warm and whole.
My feelings now burn again to ignite my soul.
He has gone, I can no longer deny it or regret.
Instead, I find that I rejoice that we met.
He gave so much—why was I so blind?
He gave me a strength of heart and mind
That I shall carry with me now, 'til the end.
I love him and always will; my guide, my friend.