

A Life

I am writing this poem
to remind us of the beauty of loss.

The sanctity of the earthly-gone person
floats aimlessly in the memories of the past.

The deep agonizing closeness when
he is no longer touchable.

The intimate, courageous conversations
filled with smiles and honesty.

The longing to start anew.

Gifts of remembrance
are nourishment for the soul.

Bernie Saunders
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