

THE THINGS THAT YOU WERE

I wander pensively
in your garden, leaving
the hospital where you died.

Here beside your roses
and deer statues
you are alive.

I feel your character
growing in a pot
of chicken-n-hen cactus.

The blades on your windmill
are silent now but I know
you are here.

I look lovingly at
the oft-worn straw hat
and feel you pulsating me.

Remembered things
weave your spirit
square-knotted to mine.

I smile, cradling memories.
So familiar and strong
is your presence.

For months hence
I will startle when I feel
you in the things that you were.

I round the curve beyond
the courthouse where our divorce
was final & startle seeing a red pick-up.

Instantly the truck-bed
is packed with living
snapshots of you.

And you ride beside me
in the passenger seat
—an unwelcome hitchhiker.

When will I see,
without seeing you
my love?

—Bonnie Raingruber