

## Remembrance:

“Don’t forget to bring a shovel!” I remind you.  
“It’s snowing, how will you find the gravestone?”  
“Done this before...I think I can sight the location by the trees” you say.  
It’s her birthday,  
Time for yellow tulips, once the snow is removed.  
Each year more of her emerges,  
A newly found photo, a memory that still brings laughter,  
along with your sadness that never goes away.  
Still, I don’t go with you; she is yours, your story,  
your wife, and  
I have my own journey.  
So,  
in time,  
I will go to visit my husband  
at a different cemetery,  
Bringing forth hidden memories  
that I stashed somewhere.  
I will tell him about the new baby on the way. What our kids are doing.  
He’d be so happy! I picture his ear-to-ear grin that  
people still talk about all these years later.  
The simplicity of the heart,  
his heart,  
I imagine, whispers approval.  
And now,  
when the day is nearly done, you have returned from her grave.  
Dinner is over and dishes are washed,  
We meet with a tender touch.  
Born out of our mutual pain.  
  
Forging ahead, as if we had a choice.