

*The first few lines of this effort flowed effortlessly in my mind as I awoke from a sound sleep on January 22, 1999.*

She died, and part of me died with her.

I try to forget, but memories flood the basement—then the living room—of my mind. Unbidden fragments of our lives together bob to the surface, float distractingly, and then are gone; to be replaced quickly by another and yet another, until the kaleidoscope of sodden memories drive sleep from me—and desire—and ambition.

My thinker tries to think, but it cannot, my think-tank is too cluttered. My mind, once occupied with thoughtful purpose, goes begging. I try to decide, but cannot . . . my decider has gone fishing.

I am full of want; but short on will.

I try to paint, or sculpt, or write, or build—anything to create a something where nothing dwells—but it is useless effort, nothing works. And even as I try, my fingers move mechanically.

I know she would want me to go right on as if nothing had happened—and I try—but this empty shell simply does not fill celestial shoes that well.

Except for God, I would be with her.