

Time

His smile,
Peaceful and happy,
Has always been there.
The way she whistles under her breath.
I love his sense of humour.
I love her approach to life.
How strong she is,
How beautiful,
Caring,
Kind,
Thoughtful.

I hold his hands:
It feels nice,
Familiar,
But slightly solemn,
A tinge of sadness.
I feel lucky
For this time together
But angry at the same time
Because of illness
Because of time,
Because he feels so much pain.

I cook for him,
Drive him around
Take him to places he enjoys.
I comb her hair
Because she loves it

And I'm filled with
An overwhelming feeling
Of love.

I help her to smile,
To keep him comfortable.
I talk to him
And help him talk
About the past events of his life
And it feels joyous
Listening to the stories roll.

We walk together
In joy, love and friendship,
We talk about family and I make sure
All that he loves is around him.

I am lucky:
He also cares for me
Connects me to life,
Brings me meaning and purpose.

I am thinking of him now
Sleeping in bed
Because he is my husband
And I love him –

His enthusiasm for life,
His smile, his voice....
But everything,
Everything,