

Renee died in May 2007.

These poems were written

During the 8 month period that followed

--Denise Rushing

February 2008

Poems
of Grief

To Renee . . .

I miss you even still,

I will love you forever

Your Shoes

Your shoes surprised me today

There

Right where you left them.

Did they know

you would not be back?

Your feet are dust

And you

Will soon be scattered

In the warm south wind.

The Note

Baby did you know when you wrote that note

That I would find it

On a day when I needed to hear

“You mean the whole world to me”

?

Busy

I fill my days
So perhaps I will not pause.
Perhaps I will not notice
The heaviness in my eyes,

Or realize
The traces of you are disappearing
one by one.

Holding on

I go through the motions
Like a normal day
Wondering if I will ever know
that part of who I was
When you were here.

I wish I could say that I remember
Everything about you
All beyond reach now
Held in my body
Too tightly
Each recollection buried there
Just in case
You might really be gone.

Shout

I want the world to shout out:

She's Gone! She's GONE!

So many cried at losing you

For at least a day

or two.

Am I the only one who still remembers?

For, I knew you the best,

And loved you the most.

I am the lucky one.

If only...

Today my heart yearns
for your sweet laugh.
I remember
And wish I were there once again.
But it is said that to pine for the past is to lose the present,
And I have done enough of that.

If I could relive all those minutes,
I would live them better,
Drinking in the whole experience of you,
Until you threw me out
For loving you too much.

As it is,
I may never recover
From the life we had.
I wonder if it were all a dream...

And I do not know who I am without you...
Adrift in a world that cries out for hope.

I used to dream I could offer hope to the world
Because I had you
Holding me up.
Now I am just like all the others
Who dream big dreams

In your name

This is what you wanted, right?
To leave without a trace?
As if you had never been born?

You said, "I do not want to be remembered at all"
Like an old forgotten barn
Left to weather and fall into the landscape
As if you had never loved
This much.

You are not so lucky, I think,
Because...

I remember you.

I commissioned a water well,
honoring you,
and our Bruce built a sturdy pumphouse above it.
I planted one tree,
And may plant a hundred more
These will grow healthy and tall on the water from your well,
Shading generations of children.

I may even
build a garden wall
or labyrinth nearby.
And in a million years
The pottery stones
will still bear your name.