

# A Piece of Him

*by* Bill Yarrow

People who lose a leg to a battle  
or disease often describe the feeling  
of having a phantom appendage,  
experiencing the sensation  
of still feeling the absent limb.

When I lost you, I lost a piece  
of myself. I haven't felt whole  
since that day. It's not that I can't  
go on; I can. It's not that I can't  
think straight; I can. It's not that  
I can't focus; I can. It's that the  
future is now incomplete. It's  
that with your radical vanishing,  
the dignity of infinity is diminished.

