

Aftermath

by Félix Saparelli

Oh sweet, sweet morning light
you remind me I have to sleep sometime.
I have to sleep.
But not at night.
Night reminds me of her
hair brushing my face at night.

It's been five months and even my friends have given up on me; I am high all day from the coffee I take to keep awake and down all night from the memories I recall to keep her alive in here in my head in my mind; to keep her features from fading, her voice from quieting, her scent from flying away, the feeling of her fingers on my skin, her grumpiness in the morning, her smile turning up my day.

Oh sweet, sweet morning light
you remind me of that dawn again.
When she stopped living.
Just as the sun came up.
Next to me smiling
as she lost
her last battle.

