



## undiluted

she flew ragdoll through tempered glass  
still lively and full of momentum  
dead-stopped in under a heartbeat  
just seconds passed,  
    just an entire life  
her last movements, last breaths  
motioned and mumbled  
to an uncaring asphalt.

red pools still stain my dreams  
    if I can call them that.

she never called me by name  
never complained and truth be told  
my heart skipped every “Hello handsome”  
    her voice caressing my ears like  
waves gently lapping a thirsty shore.

do they ultimately find peace?  
rising up, forming only to fall and break  
dissolve back into sea, sky and scape.

still I try to rest, the not-yet-fallen  
wake to a less mournful morning  
but the pillows, clothes, everything  
we touched still wears her scent  
    undiluted by tears.

even the sunset wears her smile  
    undiluted by years.

mostly I miss her eyes  
how they felt like home.