

7/27/23

FOOT FALL

As I wait for sleep, this opening unto the unconscious, I say my prayers. I pray to Mary, Mother of Heaven to hold you in Her arms, to bless you. To tell you how much you are loved- how much I miss you.

I ask Blessed Jesus to do the same. I envision you in His graceful and loving arms, being held so close- so dear in my mind's eye. You are shining, whole and beautiful.

The dark is my only companion. I hope that sleep will not be hard for me to find tonight, for it is in my dreams that I ask for you to be with me. But so seldom does that ever occur.

As I wait, with the blackness of night around me, I reach over to the side of the bed where you used to sleep. For all those many years, I felt you breathing next to me. Your warmth on my hand. The softness of your fur as I stroked you. Oh, how I told myself to remember these sensations- this feeling on my fingertips... remember, remember.

No. No, there is nothing there. Only space, only empty space, the sheet that covers where you used to be. I am alone. And only my tears remind me that I am still alive.

But as I hold myself still, the smallest indentation seems to catch my attention. Yes, as if someone or something has pressed a tiny insignificant bit of weight upon the mattress. It might not come again.

My tears make me think that you have heard my prayers, all these many, many months since you have been gone. And you came to show me you remember as well how much love there was here- when you were with me.

A tender paw, a foot fall touched your side of the bed,

as if to say,

“I love you too, and always will...”