

I remembered the taste of when
Smudge died;

tension in the tongue and saliva
sweet, with the bitter of tears
gently pacing down a cheek.

Before he left, he sat down with
mother, curling his head into her
touch and purring softly as a
lullaby, telling her, "it will be
okay without me," and as he sat he
stared out the window, into the
blue and white above, he mapped
out where he would sit in heaven
so he could forever shine down
upon all that he loved, and all
that loved him.

The glow of him began to fade into
a light grey, yet he became no
less beautiful as he was in his
bloom.

And so, subtly, in silence, in
love, and in relief, he left.

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by Minnesota (Miso) Shapiro

