

Past Life by DM Denton

A Reflection on Lost Love

The snow is freshly fallen, connecting this place to every other, blending past and present, enfolding me in the company of one who has come and gone. The colorless shapes through my window are as haunting as my heartache.

I cannot offer an explanation to anyone but the moon. Remember when I wrote:

*I told the moon tonight—
the moon so full and bright—
what I wanted to tell you.
It was as though I had,
for you are like the moon,
as constant and changing,
as out of reach.*

Others mourn you better. They were a part of your everyday and everywhere. They created memories for sharing without suspicion. I was but a reminder of what had passed, like a whisper, between us.

How could I lose the one I never had?

Romantic love has never made a home with me, has never stayed long enough to unpack its plans and rest assured. It becomes a habit, one life to another, this living with what is undeclared, like a smuggler of illegal hopes.

Now you are gone from this world. The lives you touched are left unresolved and may've already begun to move on. I have nowhere to go if you are not with me, even if I have to backtrack a little. Surely, memories haven't any consequence: a meeting that wasn't the first; a beautiful wife for you and sister for me; a voice that caressed even as it called me 'contentious'; a kiss that just missed my mouth for my cheek; a chair that still rocked after sailing the seas for you; a cat that let you spin it into embarrassment; a bump to my head you seemed genuinely concerned about; a song no one knew was just for me.

*You stole my heart
hundreds of years ago;
only now can I gladly let you have it;
only now
in the space time makes
before
and after
can I know what I was missing.*

I turned from you. I know that is why we never were. If I had been braver we might've spoiled everything. I was afraid that the noose of loving you might strangle me again, unless I wrote a different version of the story.

Although, I still talk to the sky as if that is where you are.

*No one can take the moon
from me;
the dark sky can conceal its varying
brightness and
watchfulness
and mockery,
but cannot convince me
it is gone.*