

The Final Squeeze

She, sweet Alice, and I
Stepped out of bed to grasp for
The inevitable thing -
- it was so hard to reach, and
grasping so, we felt it give way before
us.

So, we sat back down upon
The wrinkled covers, guarding the
Wrinkled sheets, and she took
My hand and gave it a gentle
Squeeze as if to say:
Don't be afraid. It will not harm thee.

But I was.

I was afraid.

Afraid to see, to touch, to catch the
Scent in my nostrils and swallow it
Whole.

She pulled the guilt up over
My nose, and I snuggled
Down back into the warmth.

Safe again.

For awhile.

