

Midnight

A poem for Pilar, by Sonia Ramos Rossi

The house is quiet and cold, empty of all my dreams.
The furniture still stays,
Your neatly ironed and folded clothes are there,
Your books remain,
But my home is deserted.

Our fridge still holds the food I bought for two,
Too much now.
It will be spoiled,
Like everything else we were to share.

Our common dream,
Like a bubble burst,
Has disappeared
As if it never was.

I lie alone in winter, listening to my breath;
In this midnight hour it's all that's left.
My mortal part persists, but
unfilled,
void.

The life that once was lived for you,
With you,
In you,
Is gone.

I feel my lonely heart still beats, but not for you.
There's another rhythm now,
A stranger one,
No longer meshed with yours in rhyme,
But solitary,
Stronger too.

And when the morning comes, as it surely will,
I'll wash the sheets where still sticks your smell and hang them out to dry.

© Sonia Ramos Rossi 2009