

going home

Erica Womer

I.

a spotlight on me kneeling on the softened grass  
and a quiet engine hum in the background as a soundtrack.  
the dusk turned evening surrounds me and I'm alone –  
it's ecstasy and tragedy together.  
a year's worth of memories all unearthed again tonight  
and they watch – they can do nothing and wouldn't know what to do  
even if they could.  
but that's fine – and it's not fine,  
but this moment is mine, not theirs.  
mine and hers.  
and that engraving is how I'll remember,  
how I'll still know the times we shared together were real,  
not some drawn out false hope that died on impact with her.  
if that were true –  
i'd be lost.  
i already am.  
am i to find comfort in granite, a home-town tribute that could never,  
will never be as fitting as it should be?

II.

a place where i'll be remembered.  
should i sit and count how many come to pass the time?  
or does that matter?  
i don't remember if it ever did –  
a year is such a long time to have been away.  
i know i would ask, i would ask if you have forgotten,  
already knowing that i'm in your thoughts every day...  
i haunt you.  
like a phantom that can't find its way home –  
but i am home.  
you just won't let me be.  
i know you too well – you hate being alone,  
so i'll oblige,  
and spend the long hours of eternity  
lying back on the softening grass with you...