

Distant Words

I can see her but she can't see me. I can hear her but she can't hear me. I can hold her but she can't hold me. But I can love her and she can love me.

I'm waiting for my turn to speak, I can almost communicate.

Small room, the couch holds the body of my woman and the chair across holds my translator.

I patiently wait while the translator explains the process. Finally, she lifts the pen and I grab hold of her hand to assist it to the paper.

I write my words for her. . .

"I am okay. Not your fault, supposed to happen. My lulu, forgive yourself." As my translator begins to read the words I write aloud, my woman erupts with tears.

"Does that mean anything to you?" the translator said.

Struggling to speak my woman responds, "Yes, my husband calls me - used to call me - lulu. It was the nickname he gave me the first time we met."

"Okay, so he has a message for you. What do you want to say to Lily?"

I write more for the translator to reveal. . .

"You can not feel you are responsible. You could not save me, no hope. Heart stopped first, too long. Head bleeding, brain damage too much. Car destroyed, but light of love brought me here."

"Wow how, how did you know all of that? You couldn't have known all of those details," Lily said.

"I don't know, your husband is writing and I am just relaying the words to you. It seems he wants you to know there was nothing you could have done to save him and you need to try to forgive yourself for what you feel you should have done," the translator said.

Her eyes show her trying to make sense of this moment but she knows I am present. As I stand more invisible than ever I long for her to understand my words. The words I write but can not say. The words I guide my translator to inscribe. The words that will help her to grieve my death with more ease.

I feel a pull towards my higher being, a few last words for now will suffice. . .

"Beauty of this world does not die, live for me but without me. Lulu, love always for the world is beauty to not miss. Mourn briefly, I will not be an evanescent memory. Farewell, my woman"

Despite belief, life was not taken from me but life was given to me. I am not grounded but, I am higher than ever. Momentarily separated on a different path. I am not dead, I have just started my life and the hemisphere is beautiful. A sight so sensational I feel it in my lungs. Breathing is no concern but I feel my breath is struggling yet so light. One day she will see the beauty that I see. A magnificent sight, if only I did not have to die to see it.