

Support

By Tracy M

I find small
solace, this first
Christmas and
New Year without
you.
holed up in the
house, I start
some bulbs-
paper whites and
blue hyacinths-
something to look
forward to
in the cold months.
I feed the birds
Giving something
life, some small
thing I can give,
there is comfort.
I can't control
That you are gone;
Your absence is
huge.
It sometimes fills
me with its great
emptiness.
But I can
watch the
green shoots
push up to
the light,
the hungry sparrows
horde takes flight.

Small comfort.