

Memories of those that have left
me with sadness tugging at my lips,
And pieces of my heart sitting
heavy in my stomach.
I will give them away,
just as soon as I'm able
to lift them.

Our happiest moments
play through my mind,
making me wish you hadn't left;
Hadn't gone onto what they call
a better place.

I will hang
onto these memories.
Preserve them
and you in
the only way I know how;
The only way my hands will let me.

Magnolia, thread, nylon, soil.
Specificity is key.
Giving breath to a color,
red, orange, green, maroon.
Direct ties to
the memory;
the love.

You created with
your hands.
I will follow
your lead.
Stitching my love,
your existence,
into being.

In the hope one day,
I will be able
to lift the weight
You left behind.