

Lights Out

The familiar aroma of her cigarette smoke,
no longer lingers on your clothes.
His umbrella no longer sits by the door.
The chimes hanging in the porch,
no longer sing in the wind.
The photographs of grandchildren,
no longer hang in the hall.
The greeting as you walk through the door,
no longer graces your ears.
The comforting sight of two souls,
no longer warms your heart.
The habitual embrace from them both,
no longer calms your soul.
The gentle scent of their perfumes,
no longer revives your childhood.
The ancient sofa, no longer invites you to sit.
The collected crystal ornaments,
no longer glisten in the mirrored cabinet.
The seasonal bunch of flowers,
no longer blooms happily on the window sill.
The sound of the midday news,
no longer provides background noise.
The atmosphere full of love and laughter,
no longer fills the silence.

For now there is silence.
Silence and memories.

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