

I'm Not Sure When It Happened

by Christine Ross

I'm not sure when it happened
But I do know that it's real.
Somewhere between then and now
Something changed the way I feel.

I don't cry every single day
But these eyes of mine still cry.
And I don't have a need to ask
That same old question, "Why?"

To know he lived a good life
Has given me some peace.
And I've accepted that he died
But his spirit never ceased.

Passing years erased the anger
Of losing what was mine
By receiving lots of comfort
Knowing that...it was his time.'

The nights have been more gentle.
The dawn has turned to day.
I've finally embraced this pain
That will never go away.

Realizing I can't change things
I have buried all my guilt.
I've forgiven all the others
That didn't know the way I felt.

I've learned to live without him,
Just because I've had no choice.
His pictures bring me happiness
Just like the memory of his voice.

I've heard his laughter in my own
Although I thought I never would.
I've seen his smile in my own smile
Although I thought I never could.

That stabbing pain within my heart
Has turned into a dulling ache.
The breath I used to gasp for
Has quieted to a slower pace.

Those deep dark thoughts that haunted me,
The ones of death and fear and time,
Have found a special place to hide
In the corners of my mind.

I don't know when it happened
But I know I'm glad it did.
I have found the 'peace in knowing'
That he died, but that ... HE LIVED!

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In memory of Lucas Christopher Ross 1979-2001