

Boxes On The Shelf

By Gina Hickman

I dreamed of you last night.
And even though I couldn't make out your beautiful face.
Only a vague hazy image of your eyes.
I knew it was you.

I only knew because of that feeling of connection I've always felt around you.
That feeling of secure sister devotion.
That draw that only blood can share.
That divine mental connection.

And, although the feeling in my dream was one of sadness.
I was as content just to see a glimpse of you again.
To know that you were also thinking of me.

I walked out of my dream door with tears in my eyes.
My face wet with the same tears when I entered into reality.
Something forcing me to walk away from you.
Knowing I might never see you again.

I tend to forget what you look like, the exact features of your face.
The exact color of your eyes.
Without looking at your photograph, which I do daily.

As we are now, miles apart, this is the only thing that comforts me.
We know we love each other.
And we don't need to see each other to confirm it.

I carry you with me every day.
In my soul and in my heart.
And occasionally, we have a brief visit in a dream.
But, my heart yearns for the sound of your voice.

I can't not, Sister.
I can't take a breath.
I can't have a thought.
I can't live my life.
Without knowing you are out there.
Somewhere.
Thinking about me in the same respect.

As long as I know you are all right.
And you know that I am.

And we're still walking the same earth.
I can breathe.

So, Sister.
Let's put this one in a box.
And put it on a shelf.
Until we see each other again.
Someday.

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