

## The Ghost of You and Me

In sleep, I watch you  
innocent, vulnerable, small.  
Choking on regret,  
knowing you will go, tomorrow,  
leaving me empty of all but  
the crushing weight of my sorrow  
and your blame, aching in my chest.  
I wrapped my arms around you,  
held you the whole night through  
far too little, far too few.  
I turned my back to you, but felt  
your presence like rain on a summer night,  
your feet entwined with mine  
ghost feet, now, spectres that pervade my dreams.  
I remember waking in the night,  
haunted by demons you woke to keep at bay.  
But they were coming for us anyway.  
I feel the presence of what we once were  
everywhere in this house that was once ours,  
in everything I do, for I dance always  
with the ghost of you  
and me.  
Your voice, so like my own,  
hardly anything but a faded memory now.  
We were once two women in love.  
We were once united against a world that told us  
that love was wrong.  
We were once one being: breathing, living  
through and for one another.  
Now the words don't come out right,  
and we can't find common ground.  
I'm losing you, and it's easier than falling in love  
and harder than staying together might have been  
...if we'd tried.