Softly

Everything I see returns to you —
ice melting down muddy worn footpaths

as gray April days slip their way into May,
the goldfinch arriving after a season of sleep.

I breathe out winter's forgotten dreams,
still see your eyes in the flowers.

Bittersweet is all that's left since you decided
it would be sunnier on the other side.

There is no getting over, no moving on.
There is nothing to be fixed, only to be carried.

I'll carry you like I am learning to carry myself —
softly, one day at a time.