

A Piece of Him

by Bill Yarrow

People who lose a leg to a battle
or disease often describe the feeling
of having a phantom appendage,
experiencing the sensation
of still feeling the absent limb.

When I lost you, I lost a piece
of myself. I haven't felt whole
since that day. It's not that I can't
go on; I can. It's not that I can't
think straight; I can. It's not that
I can't focus; I can. It's that the
future is now incomplete. It's
that with your radical vanishing,
the dignity of infinity is diminished.

