

...On Tuesday I got the call, that damn phone call I'd been bracing for all week.

No, don't say it. I watched her crawl in bed with you,  
I watched her wet your lips and couldn't do a God damned thing,

I watched you shake, I watched our hearts break,  
I couldn't wrap my fingers around your spine and shake it loose  
from the bone,

I couldn't fight against the loss, I never set fire to your bed  
,

I never burnt the bed sores, I never ate the flame, or drank the sweat,

but if it burns me up I won't char half as much as I'll keep warm.

Life goes on because it has to, these things, they never leave,

they stay with you, the smell of the viewing, your friends singing your praises,

the flower bed that never bloomed until we lost you,

the first Christmas we suffered through, room 211, kissing your head,

the last look into your eyes, not having the words to say thank you, say goodbye.