Above, the clouds are white, and I haven't slept but I might. Gone of breath, a blanket, an open window, the air, and the waking baby sounds his first hello as the door creaks and closes. Water running and a little race car with bristles brushes his teeth by his mother's hand.

No one can hear me, I think, so I lay back in a bed of air, with pillows surrounding my head, leaning back, holding nothing in, sighing, a tear. I miss you, I say. You left too soon and I can't yet do anything but hold on. Too hard, I say, it's too hard, and you hum in my ear the songs we'd play. I hear you now, singing Etta James. Now I'll say that there is magic, since I once saw you every night, in skin, as you held my hand, my face, your hand flat upon my chest, mine flat on yours, as we would breathe and get through our fear that life might be bad and then worse, sad enough to cry at any time. And after would come laughter, as we'd choke on some important sentence. One of the gulls perched on the porch would squawk wildly, reminding us it was morning, and there you were, asleep.

Your head on my chest, my fingers softly in your hair. Watching you sleep was my favorite dream. Beside me you will always be, and I hear you speak when I say your name. I'm all alone here.

Nothing will ever be the same. But you were a poet too, and you knew what I knew. That the words and songs of soul fed sentences could get us by in times where nothing again could ever be right.

The answer to everything. Yimi. Stronger than the sun, somehow I still shine. I might never be fine, but the world is holding me up, through grace and kindness, strangers, smiles on faces and in the rainbows you paint for the eye of those who love you.

It is never quiet in the world I know, but I will never be anything that the man you love and more, that is never quiet in the world I know, but I will never be anything that the man you love and more, will be, forever unquiet until you come back together.

Goodnight my sweet Lee.

Goodnight my Erica Lee.