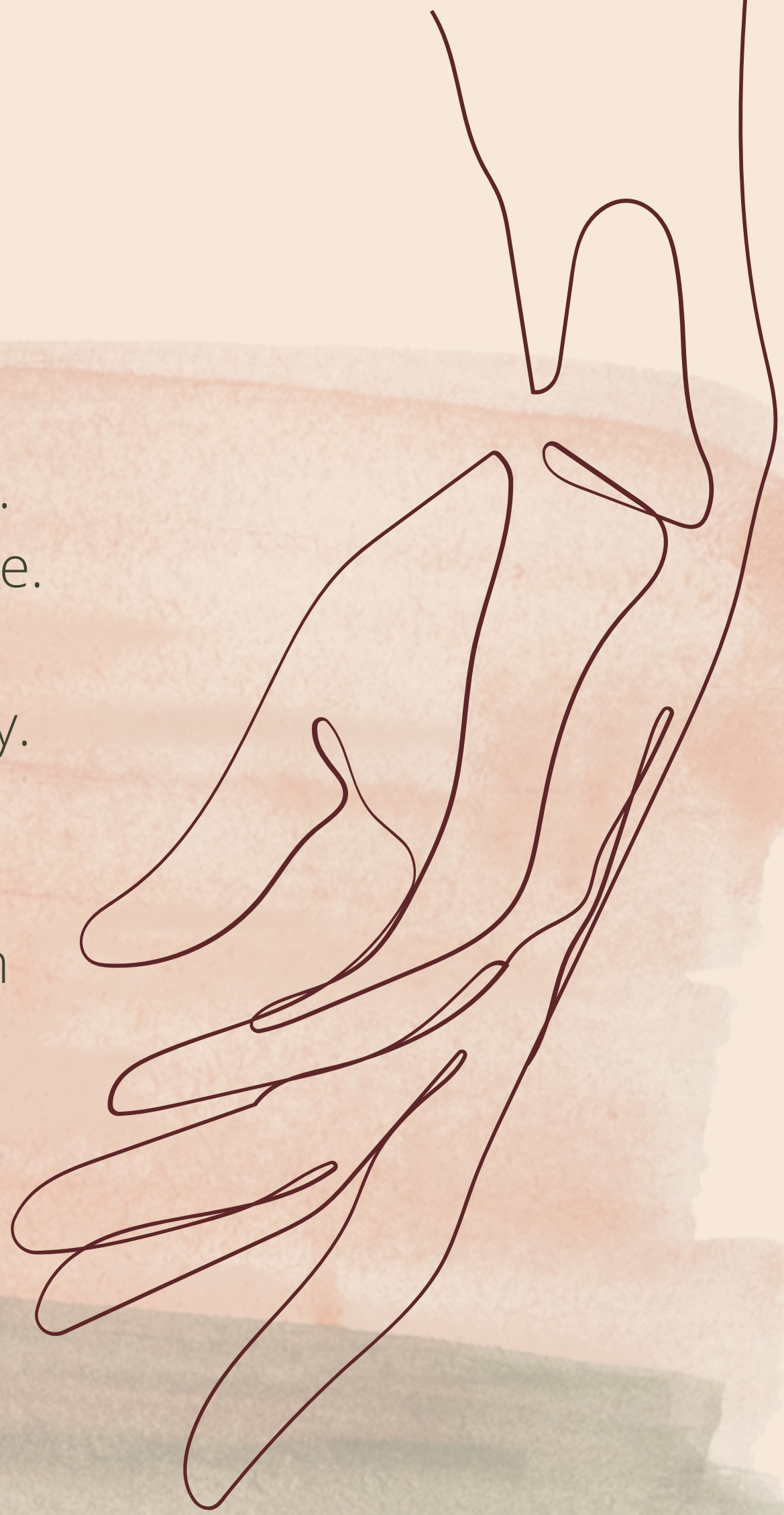


I sit cross legged to meditate.  
Your warm weight settles against my thigh.  
My arm rests on your back.  
Your paw in my palm.  
You are not alone.

I am bereft, bereaved and you are not yet left.  
How heavy my heart is, while you are leaving me.  
How heavier it will be when you are gone.  
Without words silently you love, unconditionally.  
Sad, I remember each moment when I have  
betrayed this love.  
A cross word, an angry refusal, it is easy when  
you return, unrecriminating.



There is no reprieve for the agony of  
losing you.  
You will remain etched forever in  
my heart,  
My soul aches in anticipation of  
your absence.  
All you ever wanted from me was  
more time and attention.  
Now all I want is more time with you,  
to give you my attention.

Reluctantly, gratefully, I accept what is.  
You have earned your rest.

*Legacy of Love*  
by Susan Diane

