

**Separation**  
**by Marianne Micros**

he woke up    saw me standing there  
silently    beside the bed  
saw another me    sleeping beside him  
the me standing there    did not move  
he got up    turned on the light  
she was still there  
slowly    fading  
back into my body

I look for him    beside the bed  
he is not standing there

my dream of his death come true  
the phone call    the voice saying  
he is gone    never to walk with me  
again    never to sleep beside me

his spirit moved on    never returned

separation    this time    forever  
soul leaves body    does not stand there  
watching    goes    somewhere else

stillness of the dead    body a puppet  
no one moves the strings of life  
the body in repose  
spark missing    no one can light  
the fire

I am wooden    stiff  
my soul stands outside my body  
watching me move    through days  
through weeks    without thought  
or flame

she watches me sleep  
slowly re-enters  
a leg an arm a twitch of the lip  
sharp pinches of pain of joy  
arms ache legs swell heart  
speeds up beats a rhythm  
not regular off beat

I buy a dress with buttons from top to  
bottom teach my fingers to push  
tiny buttons through holes

a slow dress hard to take off  
hard to put back on