

Loss

I thought of our Amish stool,
the one with our names and wedding date painted on top,
and I cried,
shook and keened as the sobs wrenched from my depths.

I'm in mourning. But for what?

42 years ago, we vowed to cherish and support.
How were we so wise when so young,
to know that they were the big vows?
The ones that encompass everything I hoped for
and wanted to give...but didn't get.

He, addict and narcissist that he is,
mainly cherished and supported himself
while avoiding me.

I, codependent that I am,
tried but fell so short,
not only cherishing and supporting,
but judging and berating and begging for his love and care,
while losing myself.

I knew loneliness in togetherness,
And sadness, always there under the surface.
I just didn't know why I knew all that
until I finally discovered who I married all those years ago
and what I'd become in response.

He keeps saying it wasn't all bad,
there were good times and good feelings.
Yes there were, but they were all tainted
by the rot of his addiction, his deceit,
and his inability to love anyone, even himself.

So now we are ending us. My call.
Unravelling two lives knit together by vows and time,
Shared experiences, and shared children.

Ironically, I am less sad and lonely than when we were together.
But, I am also deeply in grief.
Mourning, not my loss of him, because I never had him...not really.
No, I am grieving the loss of the life
I wanted and deluded myself into thinking I had.