

## Home

Their love for him implanted in my heart and  
their grief became my grief,  
their loss became my loss  
as I sat present in the fullness of the ache  
that spread around the room like the shots of tequila  
ritualizing the loss that could not be softened by  
any amount of alcohol.

He reached for me then  
honoring me as the source of his comfort.  
I could feel my heart expanding  
further than even I would have believed possible  
just yesterday.

His grief continues in waves of loss and  
he shows it freely with not one shred of shame or discomfort.  
He is open in his suffering then  
I open in his suffering and

Together We Are Opened.

Something so fine and precious is born through the sadness that  
sequences through the long night and day.  
I am acutely aware that it is within these moments that  
seed blossomed to full bloom.  
It's as if all the love that was housed in his friend who passed  
was passed into me,  
and he became midwife to the vastness of  
the lovingness that is in me  
in him  
who's watering eyes my heart now swims in.

I will not tell him yet that his tears  
might be the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. that  
this is the moment  
when me shifted to we  
and my heart committed of it's own volition.

Instead, I will softly hold silence until  
he finds his own way through his grief to arrive  
here  
where Home awaits him.