

Roy's Poem for Heather

I can deal with death as a bystander,
Someone that touches it through a gloved hand
But there is no barrier here - no protection
No Soap to wash away this dejection

I lie awake at 3 am feeling for your body,
And look for you in the messages of my dream.
I scream and scream and cry and in the morning glare
Can I see you? –shadows? -glimpses on a chair.

In the dark, I feel your light touch on my hand,
a stroke of my back, your breath whispers on my lips.
And I worry that in the dawn these will fade
My eyes open to lose you into the shade.

I regret the many plans together unfulfilled
My life not reflected back through your eyes
I fear the loss of our intertwined memories
Ebbing away with you into the flowing seas

So I thank our friends and family who offer me their
memories
Offer me their songs, and offer me their poetry
And together,celebrating, our laughter preserved
This is Heather's journey, a life, a love so much
deserved.

I stand with Dylan which means “by the sea”
A vision and creation of Heather and me, and from
The poet who was part reason for the name of our son
To us gathered, we offer ‘Death shall have no dominion’