

**Wilderness House Literary Review 13/3**

*Christie Lambert*  
**Whole Note Rest**

You'd craved nothing for so long  
but you asked for an Icee;  
the spoon shook in my hand  
as I lifted it to your lips.

Your voice of deep thunder  
was scratched-worn vinyl,  
faded and scuffed;  
an unforeseen decrescendo of years.

You held my hand like a love letter;  
you had never held it like that  
when time was still between us

but your eyes were the same.  
They still knew everything.

You let me speak  
but there were no words to unwind regret,  
to make what had never been enough  
now sustain.

You fell asleep  
with fingers fixed around mine;  
I would have sat there forever.

My hand understood empty  
when it let yours go.

I drove west into the sunset  
while you walked out of sight.

I never said goodbye.