The Simple Things

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The Simple Things

I never met you, but I heard that we would have loved each other. You were old fashioned and logical, intellectual and passionate. We could have gone to the ballpark and talked politics. Shared jokes and read the newspaper. The simple things would satisfy and make our days full of joy.

But once a year, with my dad and grandmother, I only see your plaque. I envision you in your gray suit, grandkids on your lap, cigarette clutched in hand, radio whispering from behind. I hear the story of calling your sister drunk off blackberry brandy, confessing your fabricated love. All these things help recreate your being. I want to love you but I can’t. Everyone else loved you, so why can’t I?

Shouldn’t I miss you? Cry at night, wait to hear your unrecognizable voice? Your ghost lingers upstairs, briefcase in hand. But I’ve never seen you.

You fell out of my invisible hands, underneath the earth. There’s no way to relate. There are only stories and few pictures, and your plaque. That’s all I have.

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