

The last time I had adventures was when you were alive.

You always knew where I'd be, your willing partner in crime.
You'd walk by, saving me from a boring lecture;
I'd slip out, eager to go missing with you.

The forest was ours, a secret safe enclave
lacking from our everyday lives.
We'd walk silently, catching glimpses of animals who also understood that the world couldn't be trusted.

You'd take my hand, your sweatshirt too long, the fabric engulfing our embrace.
(If only I'd known how few times I had left to touch you.)
Your fingers would wrap around mine, a gentle protectiveness that was so foreign to me,
and we would explore, looking for hidden, forgotten things.

Everything was magic under your attention;
uneven branches to swing from, small slugs in the undergrowth,
rays of sunshine that broke through into disregarded places.
(I'll never forget how a single beam shone through falling snow onto your grave as we buried you.)
You made the world more beautiful by being in it.

I will never learn to recover from the sudden amputation of you.

The adventure I wish I could have now is to be able to go back in time;
relive all the fleeting moments, redeem everything that's been lost.

(Maybe then I could finally forgive myself for not being there for you at your last.)