

Goodbye

I saw your name on caller ID, but it was your sister's voice instead. She told me that you're gone. She said you left a few months ago, sometime before Christmas. I wish I could've said goodbye or at least cried on time. I had only wanted to tell you about a leaky faucet. I wish all those years we had talked more about you and less about pipes.

I know it was getting hard for you to breathe down here. I know you're a lot more comfortable now. But I'm not. My world isn't nearly as friendly as it was before I answered the phone.

You were so much like Lil, and Lil was so much like home. Now you're both gone, and I'm here trying to get used to it.