Like slow molasses on a chilly spring day

I held my breath

I knew it was coming

There was no escaping

He’s made his choice

I am no longer

The most important person

In his life.

He grabs me around my neck,

“You know this doesn’t mean I don’t love you.

But you’ve got to let me live my life.”

I watch them drive away

I return to my room

Collapse on the bed

I limit the pitch of my tears

In the hot feathers of my pillow

My son is gone

This stage of my life

Is over.

Beth Montieth

3.22.23