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Love, Loss, Longing

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Cover Page Footnote
N/A
Haiku

Cottonwood shimmers
Shaking down sweet memories
Rooted in pure gold

First Light

On my walk down from the mesa,
I saw saxifrage splitting rock
and I thought of you.

A cottontail jumped onto my path,
startling me to attention
(yes, some silly fears still remain).

Remember when we set out
one morning speaking hard words
as we made our way in the darkness?

A rabbit appeared that time, too,
standing in a circle of street light
as you took a piss near a tree.

It was October, our breath
co-mingled in a mist before us
as we re-traced our steps in silence.

Feathers, Crystals, Shells, Stones

I found you in the Rockies,
At the base of the mountain,
The same one my dapple grey
Carried me upon to its summit,
Where beauty stole my breath.

Warmed by the sun, soft and
Smooth, round and ruddy-brown,
I carried you deep in my pocket;
You were there when I heard
My first moose bugle at dawn.
There when I sat for forever,
An elk herd blocking the road
Like majestic statues breathing
Milky mist through rarified air,
Where nature trumps everything.

At home I unwrapped you from
The white tissue, bits of powdery Earth visible in your tiny creases;
I placed you inside my travel bag,
A constant reminder: remember this.

Twenty-one years you were lost,
Casualty of curiosities of a child,
Or victim of overdue spring cleaning;
I prayed for a sign, should I go back
In summer to fulfill another dream?

Your resurfacing elevates you from
Back of junk drawer to sacred altar.
Where you will stay for the remainder
Of my days, in the good company of Feathers, crystals, shells and stones.

**Agape**

In a darkened room
my crossed hands,
two hummingbirds,
vibrating joy across strings of long ago,
when gold ran through us like rivers.

Aware only of my skin touching my own skin, and yours,
pressing hard against mine
from the back of the darkened room.
Sustenance

In an empty banquet hall you peer at me from above those horn-rimmed readers, in starched white shirt looking professorial as ever.

Strangers join me at the table where I wait for your words to be delivered on delicate porcelain, like some exquisite appetizer.

I watch you enjoy your meal, you notice me noticing, smile back big and toothy, not to the guests gathered, but to me, reverently.

An old knowing spills over me stirring memories of another time, when I cooked your favorite fish and you scraped the smallest flake from your plate to honor me.

I still love a man who loves my food.

Sacred Space

Your middle finger and thumb Encircle my small wrist, Measuring for the thick Silver bracelet I will wear Only inside our imaginings.

Within your holy sanctuary My painting hangs, constant Reminder of my ephemeral Yet solid presence amidst chaos: Two cupped hands shielding Your ember from the wind.
People of the Red Tail Hawk

My love,
I'll never forget
When I first saw you
Cast in bronze
On Museum Hill
In the foothills
Of Sangre de Cristo.

My dream,
Your broken wing,
Nursing you back to flight,
Our anguished parting.
I can still feel the
Whoosh of you as
Your body met black sky.

But you returned at first light,
Refusing to leave my side.

My father
Made a leather sleeve
And you perched there
As we rode the high desert.
Now your body spans my back
Wing tip to wing tip, your gaze
 Warns all who walk behind.

I still carry you in my chest,
Your heart and my heart
Beating out a fearsome rhythm.

Betrayed by Morning

Our clothes we shed,
tiptoe barefoot both
outside in the cool
dark October night.

Moon so huge, full shining on the dirt path to the ancient oak tree, the one planted by the crow when our far back people lived here.

You gather twigs to build a small fire and we dance to crickets, skin on skin, nothing and no one to stop us save the morning light.

**Faux Choice**

We endured another grey morning, like hundreds of others we have shared; today you tempered it with a sweet suggestion to go to the greenhouse—scope out flowers for the garden. The gesture is an invitation to forget how we have neglected one another, overlooking weeds until they nearly choke the life out of both of us. Yet, I see you as a child-man picking your way through a blur of color, enough to warm the still-too-cold earth. I suggest a miniature indigo beauty leaves dark emerald, shiny perfect. You pretend not to hear, keep surveying, mumble that my choice is too tiny. I try again, this time a tall silvery stalk, soft as foxglove. You shake your head, definitely too tall.
I pivot and move in the opposite direction,  
a warrior marching through fallow fields  
dreaming of tender new shoots,  
perfect for planting, perfect for me.

March 9, 2015

Forty years ago today, Daddy,  
You watched your last sunrise.  
How many have I witnessed  
Without you? 14,600 to be exact.  
Each one missing the warmth  
Of your love, covering my life  
With goodness and mercy.

You never met your two grands,  
But I felt you squeezing my  
Clammy hands in the delivery  
Room with my firstborn.  
Your three great-grands would  
Have adored you, Papoo,  
Just like the three blessed  
With just a little of your time.

I turned sixty this year, Daddy,  
And I’ve travelled this earth  
Twice as long without you  
As with…searching, searching.  
Time bends, you are somber,  
Standing tall, walking me down  
The aisle, eyes straight ahead,  
Hoping I would not see you  
Fighting back the tears.