

Missing You

If dreams could come true, I'd walk each night with you
on the beach
to watch the sun go down.

We would hold hands and walk in silence,
sharing our love through our senses alone.

We would sit on the sand, so close
Our bodies touching
My head resting on your strong shoulder
as our thoughts transfer, one to another

I would tell how much I miss you every moment of every waking day.
You would reply by telling me to focus on living.
Reminding me that if I live each day, we can meet each night to reaffirm
our bond.

If dreams could come true, I would wrap my arms around you,
pulling you close, keeping you safe, never ever letting you go.

You would listen silently - then gently, lovingly, loosen your hold, subtly
suggesting that if we want to move forward, to experience what life has
to offer
Then we need to let go of our grip on what has been. It has passed.

You quietly remind me that for a toddler to learn to walk, we have to trust
and let go of their hand, allowing them take their first steps towards
independence.

If dreams could come true, I'd walk each night with you
on the beach
to watch the sun go down

and there we would stay, together until the skies glowed with the sun's
awaking, for all eternity.