

# Valentine's Lament

I will love you more because you are gone.

I will love you more now that the annoyances and irritations and frustrations that shrouded more kindly thoughts have disappeared as surely as the dawn mist on the window evaporates in the morning sun.

I will love you more as the greyness from the incessant down-pourings that has enveloped us for so long, give way to cheer. I watch from the kitchen window, the red breasted robins help themselves to breakfast from the bird feeder, and notice that the sky is bluer, the grass stronger and greener.

I will love you more now that I have the space to breathe.

Five minutes each day to collect the newspaper - the only relief from your ever presence.

I will love you more because I can fill the dishwasher without you standing over me telling me I am doing it wrong. How ever did I manage to bring up three children on my own, study and reach the top of my profession while doing so many things 'the wrong way'?

I will love you more now my arguments will no longer be "spurious" - even those backed with my Summa cum Laude PhD thesis. "You don't know that". I do actually.

I will love you more because I can take back control of the remote control and press the off button - and I will especially love you more because I will never have to watch incessant football again.

I will love you more when I am reading, writing, thinking - without interruption from your childish demands for instant attention.

I will love you more now that I am no longer woken at 3am every night when you come noisily to bed, unable to return to my slumber, disturbed by your open-mouthed snoring loudly on your back.

I will love you more with distance between us

And I will love you more now that I am free.

I will always be there for you as you will be for me.

When I think of you it will be of the best version of you.

You are never more present in my thoughts now you are absent.

I will love you more now you are gone.