

LUCAS

I held you in a frame,
fixed in the amber of a moment—
a laugh, a glance,
a silhouette caught in the golden light
of who I thought you were.

But time, unyielding,
wears the edges of that image,
as the tide of absence pulls me deeper
into the quiet ache of your departure.

Then they came—voices I had never known,
carrying fragments of you,
like shards of glass catching the sun,
each reflecting a piece of your life
I had never fully seen.

They painted you in colors
I have only dreamed of,
a mosaic of moments,
woven from the lives you touched,
the hearts you changed.

And so, you grew again—
not in the flesh,
but in the whispers of memory
shared like a secret between strangers,
uniting us in the echo of you.



Even in death,
you are not still,
your essence reaching past the veil
to expand, evolve,
transform in the spaces we carry you.

And I wonder,
did I ever truly know you?
Or were you always a constellation
of moments,
a story only complete
when told by all who loved you?