

Cottage By The Sea

Russ... just what shall I do without you by my side?
How I miss you: my pilot, my soul mate... my guide.
Still... I talk to you always... as if you are here;
There are moments I'm certain your presence is near.

Many times, I have asked you – if it's meant to be –
To please find me a cottage quite close to the sea.
Someplace cozy: conducive to writing and thought...
That will help me fulfill what, together, we sought.

Filled with thousands of books – all of yours, all of mine –
A piano, some Gershwin and Beethoven's Nine...
With a floor made for dance, on which you would have spun...
I'll be moving for two... though I'm dancing as one.

There'll be long runs by day and star-gazing at night...
Crashing waves upon rocks... and the sea birds in flight.
Often, I will do nothing; no pressures of time
Will disturb my keen sense of sheer awe and sublime.

At my leisure, I'll write and create... and I'll sing.
I'll awaken with joy for what each day will bring.
As I follow my passion to do what I love,
You'll be my inspiration: my genius above.

In your effort to shield me from Earth's fear and tension,
You've performed Divine Magic, from your new dimension.
You have set into motion my perfect life plan
So that I can complete that which we, two, began.

Thanks for placing me here, at this spot on the coast,
Where I'm your Mrs. Muir... you're my Captain, my Ghost.
Our reunion awaits – I'm forever your wife.
'Til then, Russ... in your honor... I'll live a good life.

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Judi Paparelli.  
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