

Annus horribilis, that's what she said  
I heard it on tv or maybe I just read  
Never had a clue what it all entailed  
Until last June when my world was derailed  
I've lived my days with a racing heart  
Artificially fuelled or stressed apart  
Now trying to elevate its beat  
Seems to be an impossible feat  
I miss our life  
Love, anger and frustration  
Our crazy interaction  
Don't think it was my imagination  
Nothing eases the pain, the sorrow, or the realisation  
We have no tomorrow  
Each and every day I agonise  
Through held back tears and muted cries  
Apparently, so I'm told, time will help  
With the healing  
Though up until now my memories  
Its just stealing  
I fill my time with situations  
I hope will replace  
Those overwhelming feelings of love  
On seeing your handsome face  
The hole your death has left  
I could drive a bus through  
What I'm trying to say my beautiful son  
*I'll always love you*