

Six Months Later

Sheryl Roadcap

It is fall once again; a beautiful time of the year.

Normally I eagerly welcome the autumn leaves' warm hue, but this year it is different...in place of anticipation is dread.

As I look out my window, I see the yellow, orange and brown leaves speckle the roadway, and a lump develops in my throat.

I feel so small as I sit here...

People go about their lives: decorating, anticipating...smiling, laughing and being...

It occurs to me that life continues to unfold regardless...

I am walking alone without you...

Even if I sit in the corner, or all balled up there, nothing changes unless you say it does.