

Poem

by Lori Ruhlman

FTD is missing someone who is sitting right next to you.
It is aching with a loss but not being able to show your tears.
It is watching someone walk away ever so slowly ... knowing you've
already lost the chance to say goodbye and yet knowing it is too
soon to say goodbye.
It is trying so so hard to hold on to a vision of the person you love,
but having that vision grow fuzzy and fade right before your eyes.
It is feeling you have failed to preserve the vision; it is fearing you
might never get it back.
FTD is missing someone who is sitting right next to you.
It is feeling guilty for the longing of what was before, for the
forgetting, for the frustration.
It is trying to be nice and kind and loving even when you feel
annoyed.
It is feeling false when you are loving and kind because your
actions are not as genuine, honest and spontaneous as before.
It is the knowledge that you must appreciate the moment, the
now; because today is the best it will ever be.
It is wanting and wanting to talk, to reach out, to delve deeper but
knowing that the distance is already too great.
FTD is missing someone who is sitting right next to you.