

## What comes.....

In dreams....in life....tomorrow.....

You don't know....

I don't know lots...mostly myself anymore.....

This is the first day I've cried in a long time....and that means I've been doing plenty of faking it.....I'm tired.....

A friend of mine talked to me about a widow the other day....not knowing what to tell this young lady who lost her husband 7 months ago....I've had to talk it over with a few widows lately.....it's not easy.....

The girl is lost....she doesn't know if she can go on...she questions life....

What do I have to tell her.....it will get better, you will be less hurt.....no.....you will get used to that.....it will become normal and you will live with it.....

You will question life less.....you will accept that it will be harder.....you will not consider driving into oncoming traffic.....as much.....

you will spend days talking to yourself out loud....months discussing things with yourself in your mind.....

Some days will be impossible....others will be fabulous, offering you moments of redemption.....times when you do not constantly consider what you have lost....who is missing....how you are feeling.....

Things will get better.....

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I've sat down to write the man blog a few times....I start....my thoughts sit here saved forever....or until I share or delete them.....

Today I purge more things from the basement....I have once again been forced to look at 10 thousand photos. I see pictures of Ev and her high school friends and imagine scanning them and sharing....but there are too many.....Ev saved so many memories.....I now have to go through them to make sure that no memento that the children would love doesn't get tossed while old cheque stubs do....receipts from fill ups on the highway....a poker chip from the day we were married....tiny

notes Ev wrote.....so many things.....

This so that I might get this basement finished....why....to attempt to get my house in order?  
Hoping that will make more light in my life?

It's hard.....it seems to be getting harder.....

Ya, at 7 months things are really bad, I was lost at 7 months....it was terrible. Looking back there is a bit of a fog at 7 months, there was for me....the future could not be considered....I believe I focused on getting through every day at 7 months....every minute.....

### **The Quote of The Day**

**What interests me is whatever it is that allows the heart to continue to yearn for something the intelligence knows is impossible to have: a lost love, a shelter from life's blows, the return of a time past, even a connection to the dead. ~Alice McDermott**

I thought to myself today while going through boxes....if I could only hear her voice again....I may have said it.....

what else.....I said these things....

.....To fight one more time

.....I'd have her back to tell me to go away

.....How will I do this with you gone

In fact, I said I couldn't do it.....I've said I've had enough....I ....do ....not ....want ....to ....feel ....like  
....this ....anymore

I will though....for thousands of days.....I'll be faking it forever.....

Babe.....fuk.....