

the yellow beetle

Elle Dromgool

i wrote you a poem with the same title sometime ago, however
i never gave it to you.
the yellow beetle was my comfort place.

i knew you would always inhabit it.

it seems a little bittersweet that the car we spent every free
moment in.
was the same in which you drew your last breath.

i am lost without you.

i feel as though i am a chrysalis, left alone to wither away.
knowing that the butterfly once inhabiting me has now left.

will this feeling forever last?

a car pulls into my driveway.
i run down the hallway.

except it is never you.

the day before the crash you asked me if i still wanted
matching tattoos.
i was silent.

will i ever forgive myself?

i still sleep with your teddies on my bed.
and think about you when i hear the music we used to listen
to.

you are my first thought when i wake, and the last when i fall
asleep.

you once said if i had experienced love by the time you were
ready to be wed i would be able to officiate your wedding.

i know now i have.

love in its truest form
til death do us part.