

# FOR WHO IS ME, WITHOUT WE

What will happen to you  
When words cannot be formed  
And stories go unshared  
When your children go unrecognized  
And the voices of your kids' kids' kids are no longer music

I keep searching for you  
You come to me in flashes  
So bright, then so blurred  
As if I, a passenger and you, the town  
Here one moment, gone the next

What will happen to you  
When Pickles does not inspire a chuckle  
And the pages of books turn to dust  
When Gunsmoke is no longer a trusty steed  
And your cards lay unshuffled

I keep searching for you  
Behind your eyes that have lost their twinkle  
In your hands, once calloused from cutting stone and sowing seed  
But you're now a phantom  
Something, someone other than he  
Whose presence can be felt, but reality no longer touched

What will happen to you  
When you cannot recite poetry  
Or drive your old pickup along the hillsides  
What will happen to us  
What will happen to me

I keep searching for you  
And I promise I will not tire  
You cannot be hard to find!  
A force so strong, you carried the world  
Or perhaps, was my world

What will happen to you, I wonder  
So, I keep searching  
Searching for you  
Searching for us  
Searching for me  
For who is me, without we

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