A TOUCHING MOMENT

Dedicated to Thomas Steinbeck

Yesterday, my friend, I sat beside you,
as you entered your transition.

My eyes fixed on your frown,
I wondered what you wanted from me
and *if* you even knew.

Your forehead grayed,
I put my hand on it,
to calm you.

You let out a sigh of recognition,
and I waited a few moments,
then moved to your hairline,
and then skull, and another sigh.

I asked permission to continue,
but how could I do that now—
in your muted state?

"Hello, it's me, Diana."
"I love you and will always love you."
Your eyes opened and then
quickly shut again… forever.

The hospice nurse rolled up
a small towel under your chin.

You needed to hear from me.