



Vita et Amissio: A Collection of Works on Life & Loss

Description

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Author's Memo

Through all of the things that separate us, race, geography, religion, politics, economics, there is one universal experience that transcends all barriers, that breaks through all that works to separate us as a collective species: love.

Familial love, romantic love, platonic love, unrequited love, lost love, secret love. Every human being has likely felt love in some capacity at some point in their lives, and with the privilege of loving someone or something comes the inevitable consequences of loss, heartbreak, and grief. The beauty of love is not in its loud proclamations of togetherness, security, nor in the grandiose romantic gestures often seen fictionalized in nearly every love story written or viewed on screen. The beauty of love is in its briefness, its temporariness; in the fact that, one day, it will be gone. Perhaps it will fade, perhaps it will go unreturned, perhaps it will pass away, perhaps it was never truly there at all. In those brief moments where humans are lucky enough to share love with someone, there exists an invisible connection between everyone, everyone who has ever loved at all.

There exists, in the world today, such a need to find something different, something to scoff at, turn a nose up at, or rebuff, when there should exist a longing for sameness, for similarity, for something shared between two strangers that bridges the gap between enemy and friends, stranger and acquaintance, friend and foe. Love, loss, heartbreak, grief, are all feelings felt universally at one point or another. Find the common ground, seek out the stories others have to tell, offer an ear to someone who needs it, and perhaps the world won't always feel so small.





By Christopher Beloch for Unsplash

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Poetry/Prose

Work 1-Haunted House

I can still smell you

Coffee and apples and newspaper ink
I can still feel you
Callused fingertips and soft palms
The way your touch faltered
Ever so briefly
Floating over scars that were here before you
Leaving invisible scars in new places
The crook of my neck
The curve of my spine
The jut of my collarbone
I can still hear you
The way you said my name in the morning
The way you whispered it at night
Like a secret
Like a dream
I can still sense you
Your warm breath at the back of my neck
Your fingertips counting the notches of my spine
Arms and legs and thick air and damp bed sheets
Your mouth making promises your eyes couldn't keep
I can still see you
Furrowed brow and cracked knuckles
Crooked smiles and hollow eyes
But the room is empty
The absence of you hangs in the air

Like a vapor
A noxious cloud
A humid Georgia summer
It is dense and heavy
But you are gone
You who took everything
You who gave nothing
And I look around and see all traces of you
Pieces left behind
Like keepsakes in a hurricane
But you are a ghost
An echo in an empty room
Storm clouds after the rain
A mirage in the desert
When all I needed
Was water

Work 2-Morning Coffee

Shadows of memories dance on the walls
Their incandescent condescension
Mingling with the peeling wallpaper
Stained with cigarette smoke
And unspoken words
Shadows of memories that we yearn to remember
But wish we could forget
You sit across from me

Reading the paper
Or just looking at it
I can never tell anymore
Your mouth is a straight line
Cracked with lines thick and deep
Pursed lips hide words I won't ever hear
The silence stretches between us
A captain lost at sea
A wife marooned on an island
Ships passing in a storm
Dark, waves roaring, but we stand still
We've grown to live in the darkness
To prosper in the silence
I forgot to butter your toast
But you don't notice
Or maybe you do
But you stay silent, your face unchanging
Your tie is crooked
I would have fixed that for you
Some time ago
Ask you how your morning is
And pretend not to miss the days when you would answer
"Wonderful, dear," "Brilliant, dear"
With a smile
But now I watch you sit in your resolute quietness

As you suck in a sigh of complacency
Of defeat
And I pour the cream into my coffee
Watch as it floats on top
One last fruitless chance for escape
Before it sinks down to the bottom
Leaving nothing
Nothing but black

Work 3-I Have Never Seen the Snow

I have never seen the snow
Never stuck my tongue out to taste its tears
Never felt winters cold fingers
Leave traces of whispers
At the back of my neck
Never drawn in the smell of her
So pure and clean
Untouched
Untainted
I have never seen the snow
And I wonder
What it is I've been living for
All these years



The AutoEthnographer



The AutoEthnographer

Tirza Van Dijk for Unsplash

Three Little Pills

i take two pills at night

And one in the morning

Just to be able to think straight

And it's in those moments

Between the second pill and the third

When i wonder

If You ever loved me at all

Or if i just misread

Every signal

Or maybe there were no signals

And i just read into every

Single little thing You did

To convince myself

That somewhere deep down

You loved me back

Because if You don't love me

How am i supposed to

Love me

And i toss and turn

Take in the absence of You

Like an alcoholic

With no drink

A gambler with

An empty hand
And it's in those moments
When the darkness takes over
And the silence is too loud
When i lay awake waiting for morning
But i don't know why
Because i don't want it to be morning
That i wonder
If anyone will ever love me
The way that i thought you
Loved me
Or am i destined to lay here
In the darkness
In the silence
Stretching on like an endless
Sea of want and need and misery
And hope and loss
Waiting
Wishing
Hoping
For the pills to kick in

The AutoEthnographer

Credits

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