



## 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

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

**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 itâ??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 donâ??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 itâ??s in those moments  
When the darkness takes over  
And the silence is too loud  
When i lay awake waiting for morning  
But i donâ??t know why  
Because i donâ??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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