

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

Description

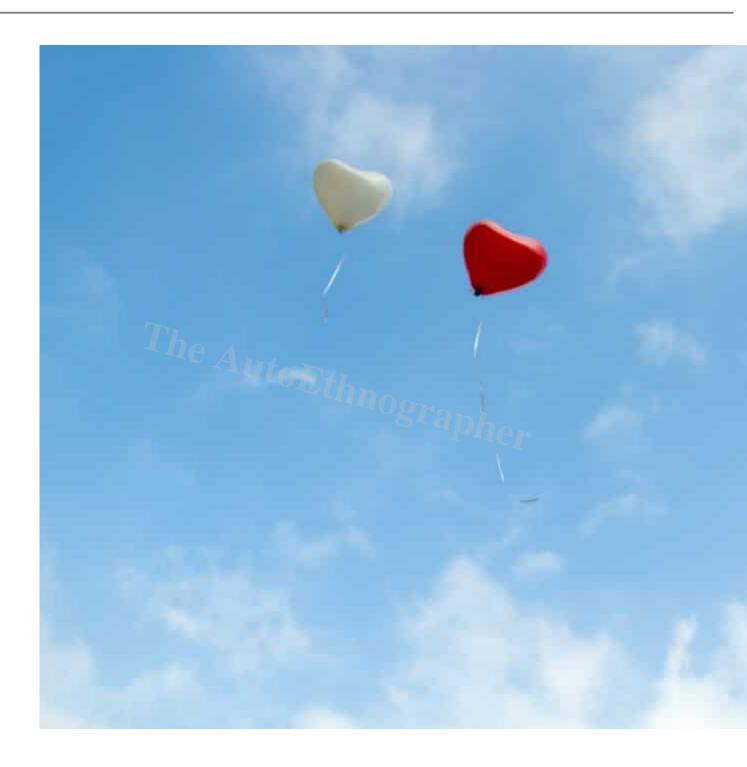
Vita et Amissio: A Collection of Works on Life & Loss

Authorâ??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 wonâ??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 AutoEthnographer 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 couldnâ??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 wonâ??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

Weâ??ve grown to live in the darkness AutoEthnographer

To prosper in the silence

I forgot to butter your toast

But you donâ??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

â??Wonderful, dear,â?• â??Brilliant, dearâ?•

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

e AutoEthnographer Never drawn in the smell of her

So pure and clean

Untouched

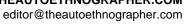
Untainted

I have never seen the snow

And I wonder

What it is lâ??ve been living for

All these years







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

he AutoEthnographer 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 dona??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 he AutoEthnographer 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

Credits

For the pills to kick in

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Heart Balloons by Christopher Beloch for Unsplash

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Category

- 1. All Content
- The AutoEthnographer 2. Autoethnographic Poetry
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