

## Loving Her

I had a patient who,  
for years  
after his wife of many years  
died,  
went to her grave daily.

He didn't go there to visit her  
and then get on with his day.  
Visiting her was his day,  
and he spent it sitting in a chair  
near her,  
or what was left of her,  
in the ground  
and in his heart.

He must have spoken to her  
throughout the day—  
would that be monologue or soliloquy?  
I'm sure to him it was a conversation.

Why did he do it?  
I never asked,  
perhaps assuming I understood.  
Whatever his reasons,  
he described his days contentedly.

Clinical concerns aside,  
loving you as I do,  
I was happy for him.

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