



Illustration by Steve Derrick

The space between us

I kissed you at the altar
Like I did at our wedding.
This time everyone
Wore black.
I went back home
And slipped my foot
Into your Sperrys.
They're too big,
Like the engagement ring
When you proposed.
But there is no time
Nor any way to fix this,
Even if it doesn't fit.
The house looks bigger
With your things gone.
But I can't get enough air.
The irony of downsizing

Is that I don't want the space.
I don't want the whole bed. It's a full size,
So named like how I felt
Lying next to you.
But now that feeling is gone.
I don't need my own blanket.
Now I'm cold either way.
The soup you made last month
Is still in the fridge.
I can't throw it. Because each
Time I just create more space.
And it's just more empty.
And god, My Love,
No Matter in what corner I look,
There is less of you there,
And so I miss you every time.

—Natalie Moreno, MD