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Illustration by Eleeza Palmer.

Earl

A life lost

We don't know exactly where it went

An eternal sleep, another world, a better place

But is that to say it's not gone?

It has simply moved, on vacation from the turmoil of our lives

We didn't misplace it

We know exactly where we had it

At the dinner table, playing soccer in the backyard, even grabbing
milk at the grocery store

If we can identify every place it has been, how can it be lost?

But it is lost to the deceased. Have they lost the game of life?

What have they won? What have they gained?

More love and less to do

For a life that is lost can always find its way home

We just have to think of the hugs and the brownies and the

Uno cards

A life that lives in memories. Never to be misplaced.

—Jane Buell