

Solitude

By Sarah Grennon

I watch two crimson orbs slowly fade into the dusty Sunday sky as you drive away with my joy, leaving me restless.

We have carried on this way for years but every goodbye stings like the first as we look forward to the last.

This life is a whirlwind, in which we could not be more entangled and still so disengaged.

Most days I feel like a widow, mourning my empty bed until the weekend when you come home to remind me that this sacrifice is noble and our love is strong enough to span this distance.

Tell me, my husband, that the tears are not in vain and the heartache of this insufferable loneliness will pass quickly.

Tell me that we are mere miles, and not worlds apart.

Tell me that the dust will settle when I can be called both wife and doctor.

My Northern Star

By Michelle Miller

To my North Star,
For all my years to come.
Whilst variations may be eminent,
Tho' not predictable,
I will hold your charts closest to my heart
During high seas and clear skies alike,
Whether in uncharted territory or well-traveled routes,
I will look to you,
For the guidance you have bestowed to me
Unwavering and true.

Paintings By: Jennifer Miller

