

Love Note to Me by Jodi Girouard

Dear Jo: I miss you madly, as sadly I can't find the kind of soul you used to be.

I see you in the photos clipped, tripped over in the attic's accumulation.

The explanation that you went to hide as I tried to stop you.

I knew you were scared, unprepared, but I couldn't hold onto your hand.

I still understand why you hid, the bidding of voices,

the choices ungiven, the forgiven attempt of living unkempt.

I just didn't think I'd lose you, Jo. I so want to uplift your gifted spirit.

I want to raise you to it, into the living, giving more than you dream.

It seems you struggle in a sad state, waiting for a chance to shine.

I will fill up with your desires, the fires that claim you,

the goodwill left to do.

Perhaps what to do is to go back to the hill spent sculpting your capability.

To see you are so, so near to the roots before you changed,

where it suited you to arrange dances, chances of making another smile.

Oh. I assume, to resume, it will be tough for a while.

Your trials seem to consume, to resume the pattern of holding you back.

I will signal the attack!

I will surge to the hill, upwards, towards your words heard.

I will gather the ones you have aided, the ones never faded from your mind.

In kind together, we will hold you up on your feet, bid you not retreat,

to stand, to face, to defeat the bad moment dealt.

Oh, I've knelt but have felt all that made us small. I don't want us to fall.

I want us to keep building bridges, fine ridges of beautiful views

that inspire walking, talking, to conspire within strength

Through the hard lengths of living.

Deliver me to you, renew the you you just can't see yet.

Settle in a savored rest between the pines.

Between seasons and divine hope spreading amid the wild shoots pursuit to live.

Give yourself a sunset to slip behind the waters filled with ships,

The tips of mountains burning in yellow light, the marking of time still to be before night.

*I give you your sight back to before the hurt and shame, on that fantasy hill spilling
blossoms of names collected and set free to keep being bravely me*

Love, yourself.