At Watch

Pamela Trosino

You were, you are my human,
my person
I wait longingly for you as I have so many times
When you left me Forever!
I was sure it was forever.

My heart opened to you from the first
as yours to me
you loved my velvety ears and puppyness
marveled at the knowingness in my eyes
I reveled in your warmth
snuggling safely into you
newness and familiarity all at once.
We were as lovers reunited across great
distance and time separated but never falling out of love.
We each knew the other beyond earthly understanding.

Humans. For all of your wonders
you so underestimate us
creatures of different species.
Even you.
Confined awareness of the me that is fully me
purposed with complete thoughts
brilliant sentences
knowledge of ancient light and sound invisible, inaudible
I breath fragments from civilizations yet undiscovered.
I am tuned to the nuances of language
sensitive to tone of voice - especially yours,
as a finely-tuned instrument
crafted by ancient hands I am tuned to you
to your frequency the measures of your heartbeat
every molecule that is you.

I remember each look - subtle and not
cast toward me
read and remember their love or disapproval
I responded with my pure voice
silent to all but angels and spirit beings
as if muzzled by a dark enchantment
human ears hearing only
cracks of sound.
But sometimes when you trusted,
you knew
that I knew.

I am your Winona
your first born
I wait
with the patience of
eternity
as you make your crossing.
For me the crossing was easy
I – running, running
so full of joy and you.
Laughing my wild-as-my-ancestors' laugh
on a sun-washed day with such beauty
it could break your heart.
And then –
I was an object crashing
sound barriers,
Hurtled into a space unknown.
You weren't there.
In the midst of so much beauty here
a tiny piece of my heart is missing.
You have it. I know.

No measure of time here
So – when the stars align in exact, predictable formation
I come to the iron gate forged beyond reach of memory.
I wait for you.
Your approach known long before you come into view.
Your scent as distinct and singular
as each star burned into its exact shape.

I wait and watch.
Patiently.
Your Winona.
To welcome you home.