

# Terminal

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When I told you your wife was dying, I was thinking of  
chairs.

Wooden ones.

Like the ones in my college dorm room.

Hours to days

maybe days to weeks,

that's what I told you.

Because doctors are notoriously bad at predicting.

A week later when your wife stopped  
waking up, you cried in front of me.

My chin trembled,

but the chairs were there

so phenomenally ordinary, mundane even.

I wish I had better news,

I said.

I wish statements we call them

because saying you're sorry implies culpability.

Two weeks in, I sat with you and looked  
through every photo on your phone.

I saw your wedding, your dog.

She was beautiful.

Is. She is beautiful.

And so it goes that soon every day I wake  
up to her and

go to sleep to her.

And my friends are asking

if this is healthy, if it's ok.

And I try to find my chairs.

Wooden ones.

Like the ones in my college dorm room.

But instead you are there

and she is there

and the tears are there.

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