

## ME AND YOU

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

You left a hole in my heart  
when you went away.  
You changed my life  
with what you didn't say.

I loved you deeply,  
more than words can convey.  
That love will last forever,  
day after day.

Nothing can replace you,  
only memories now stay.  
Pictures of you,  
That will never fade.

Dreams of you  
when you were a babe.  
Laughing and smiling,  
nothing to do but play.

When you used that gun,  
you blew my life away.  
Pain and hurt,  
follow me every day.

Surreal is your passing  
and to you I pray,  
Please be at peace now  
or its all for nay.

## DID YOU KNOW

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Did you know how much you were loved?  
Did you know how often you were thought  
of?

Did you know how much I prayed for  
you?

Did you know how much I wanted to save  
you?

Did you know much I cared?

Did you know how often I dared?

Did you know how often I dreamed?

Did you know how your life seemed?

Did you know that you were my special  
one?

Did you know any of this when you picked  
up that gun?

Did you think of me before you pulled the  
trigger?

Did you ask for forgiveness from your life-  
giver?

Did you cry silently like I do now?

Did you really want to live, but did not  
know how?

## YOUR BROTHER

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Lost and alone,  
betrayed by your decision.  
Red hot anger,  
his only transition.

A lifestyle revved up  
to blunt his emotions.  
Sleep not forthcoming,  
not even with potions.

Joy not found anywhere,  
except on the river.  
Fishing is his solace,  
peace just a sliver.

Hard on the throttle,  
almost face painting he says.  
Companions look out  
for that reckless caress.

A job that is empty,  
where once he took pride.  
Days off work,  
If only he'd cry.

Your brother still loves you,  
walking alone in his head.  
Wishing you were here  
and not now dead.

## THAT GUN

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Evil is the only word you can use  
to describe a tool that makes everyone  
lose.

Illegal they're supposed to be,  
But you can get them almost for free.

Underground with no licence,  
stored away for the thrill.  
But what makes you think,  
that its only furry things they kill?

If I'd known how you felt,  
your intentions to use,  
that tool that you bought  
to destroy that long burning fuse.

Hair trigger they say,  
one flex of a muscle.  
There goes your life  
and we now start to struggle.

Polished and cleaned,  
ready to play.  
Not for hunting though,  
but for that devastating day.

Put away that gun  
and come to me,  
I want you to be happy,  
laughing and free.



## INTUBATION

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

One flick of a switch,  
one turn of a knob.  
Remove the tube,  
can you hear me sob?

Adrenaline for your blood pressure,  
when I said to you,  
Your brother and sister  
are nearly due.

Your head was bandaged  
around that bullet hole.  
Your face was swollen,  
but I could still feel your soul.

You were still breathing  
when I arrived.  
I touched every part of you,  
but for life you could not strive.

Your beautiful body,  
so perfect and still.  
No blood, no gore,  
no more unreachable hill.

The machine turned off,  
you're gone an hour later.  
My beautiful son,  
no more will you falter.

## MINE

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Headaches and high blood pressure,  
hair loss and weight gain.  
This and more I suffer  
because your passing is causing me pain.

Bizarre behaviour and erratic dreams,  
manic episodes and pictures of the past.  
All make my brain dizzy,  
How long will this last?

Sunday morning I wake at 3,  
that phone call I try to forget.  
The picture of you on the riverbank  
when death and yourself met.

My sweet boy, I love you so,  
my pain is nothing compared to yours.  
Please be at peace now  
and let your soul soar.



# BLACK DOG

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Your life was one big party,  
or at least that's what they thought.  
Your dad and I knew better though,  
depression is what you caught.

Money you gave to all your mates,  
you could never keep it all.  
I've lost my phone, one of them said,  
"cheers mate, I'll get you one, just make  
sure you call".

You loved a beer on weekends,  
but drunk is how you'd stay.  
You'd stumble home blind as a bat,  
happy for those two days.

You gave up the pot for more than a year,  
found a hatred for what it did.  
You looked at your life and stood firm,  
but just replaced it with more beer.

Your dad and I would talk about you,  
worry and concern our fear.  
We knew you'd come undone one day,  
but we didn't think you'd not ever be here.

You wrote your car off one weekend,  
that beautiful blue ute.  
White upholstery, sparkly paint,  
you thought that car was beaut.

5am on a dirt road,  
grog and pot on board.  
Ashley in the passenger's seat,  
down the road you soared.

Around a corner and into a tree,  
we nearly lost you then.  
Your dad and I could always see  
your life was just a whim.

We hoped and prayed you'd make it  
through,  
a grown man we wanted.  
Our darling son to beat his demons,  
the black dog to be hunted.

You lost your licence at 2am  
on a drive that was just stupid.  
5 times over the legal limit,  
we could not believe you could do it.

We always loved you dearly,  
still do and always will.  
But our son we will not see again  
till it's our turn to walk that hill.

# ANGEL

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

I wonder where you are now,  
I wonder if you're free.  
I pray that you're at peace now,  
I pray that you can see.

I hope that you're okay now,  
I hope that you can love.  
I dream that you're an angel,  
I dream that you're above.

I wish that you walk beside me,  
I wish that you can hear.  
I wish that you can see me,  
I wish you hold me dear.

I love you very much my son,  
I love you with all my heart.  
I love you till the end of time,  
One day we will not be apart.

## PSYCHICS

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

On a quest to find him,  
to hear his messages from the grave.  
Where is he now, what does he feel?  
For these answers I crave.

The first one said you were sorry  
for that stupid act you did.  
I did not seek her comments,  
you spoke to her ad lib.

The second one said you were angry,  
that your brother may be hurt.  
The sound system up high flew off the  
wall,  
Scotty's dope plant gone in a spurt.

The third one was the weirdest,  
she said you had beautiful eyes.  
For 250 dollars,  
she could fill my head with lies.

The fourth one was the best,  
made me feel more at peace.  
I won her reading at auction,  
the internet a beast.

She said you told her I was beautiful,  
particularly when I smiled.  
Not much chance to do that,  
since you travelled a million miles.

You see me sit and think,  
she said it makes you sad.  
That my life is at a standstill,  
God, I feel so bad.

My son, I know you're with me,  
a psychic I don't need.  
To feel your love and presence,  
your ghostly comfort that I heed.

## SUICIDE

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

What were you thinking  
on the riverbank that night?  
So alone in your life,  
nothing but fright.

Did you weigh up your choices  
or care not at all?  
Did you see nothing good,  
nothing left but to fall?

Did the pain in your soul  
drive you to your death?  
Or was it the grog  
that took your last breath?

Did you make a plan  
to say your goodbyes?  
Or was it spur of the moment  
that took the light from your eyes?

Are you still in anguish,  
that's what I want to know?  
Or are you at peace  
no more so low?

# FUTURE

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Your death has left me shaken,  
my nerves badly affected.  
Tremors in my legs and hands  
Cannot be corrected.

I jump at every turn,  
Every noise seems so loud.  
How can I give a needle?  
How can I ever be so proud?

Nursing was my desire,  
But I couldn't save my son.  
I question my ability,  
the work no longer fun.

Caring seems to be gone for now,  
will I get it back?  
Patience is lost as well,  
how do I get back on track?

Time will not heal this wound,  
I forever mourn your loss.  
Acceptance i will never grace,  
sadness my only boss.

A reclusive beach house is what I crave,  
with rain and wind and thunder.  
To be alone with my memories,  
my heart torn asunder.

Intentions can be honest and good  
for a heart that is not broken.  
But mine is now in pieces,  
my desire just a token.

I cannot stand the attitude  
that nurses sometimes have.  
They bitch and whinge about each other,  
speak to patients really bad.

I get too emotional  
with the triggers and the flashbacks.  
The hospital floor is not my intent,  
with its kindness that it lacks.

Tranquility, peace and love  
is what I look for now.  
Temporary solitude might take me there  
but still I question how.

I know that its not right  
to shut myself away.  
Isolate myself completely,  
is not the way to stay.

Mental Health was what I wanted,  
but god what a joke.  
You are gone my son forever,  
bad thoughts were your cloak.

I knew that you suffered,  
I knew that you tried.  
My desire to see you happy  
was always my drive.

My future is in doubt now,  
my dreams are all shattered.  
Where is that person I once was  
where everything always mattered?



## MY BOY

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

When you were a babe,  
you were soft and sweet.  
Your curly dark hair,  
a mothers treat.

Your beautiful brown eyes  
showed your curiosity about life.  
Everywhere you went,  
adventure and strife.

You were quiet and peaceful,  
your dads little mate.  
You followed him everywhere,  
so true, so straight.

On bikes and horseback,  
in jeeps full of hay,  
In your gumboots and hard hat,  
with your toolbelt you'd stay.

Always full of mischief,  
you'd pull everything apart.  
A tradesman you were,  
right from the start.

Cuts and bruises,  
stitches and chopped toes,  
Fingers slammed really hard  
in the windows you tried to close.

Cowboys and Indians,  
spears made from pipe.  
That wound on your nose  
caused a lot of hype.

At school on the chair  
that swivelled around,  
wheeled straight into a corner  
and your ear hit the ground.

Up the pine tree,  
60 feet in the sky.  
Your dad thought you were clever,  
I thought I would die.

The skate park you loved,  
no matter the pain.  
The fractures and breaks,  
but still your domain.

You were proud of your scars,  
a young life fully lived.  
My son the daredevil,  
Your mothers kid.



## DONT LEAVE IT UNSPOKEN

November 4, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

No more do I pray  
to god above,  
No more do I say  
send them my love.

I pick up the phone  
a lot more than I used to.  
Not leaving it to chance  
to say that I love you.

No more do I ask,  
goddess keep them safe.  
I talk to them often  
so I know they're in the right place.

Texts and multimedia  
I use everyday.  
I must know that my kids  
won't go away.

No doubt I annoy them  
quite regularly,  
But at least they know  
they can talk to me.

The death of their brother  
has shaken their souls,  
Broken their hearts,  
They are still not whole.

Communication is the key,  
do not leave them alone.  
Support is whats needed  
to bring them home.

Ask them specifically  
whats going on in their head,  
Do you need any help?  
Do you sleep when you go to bed?

Is there anything I can do  
to help you along?  
Any act, any words  
that will help make you strong?

Are you eating enough?  
Can you concentrate?  
Are you getting through this  
or on your mind, is it still all Jake?

Don't leave words unspoken,  
talk straight from your heart.  
Don't leave it to chance,  
Make that start.





## Snakebite

November 5, 2012 by [Christine Cole](#)

You saved your brother's life one day  
Pulled him from the river, applied first  
aid.

You wrapped the snakebites, got the water  
from his lungs

Yelling and screaming, you thought he  
was done.

Scotty and Torren and Josh and Lee

Assisted you in this emergency.

Blood bubbling from his mouth, from the  
pores of his skin

That snake got him twice, a vein straight  
in.

You did everything that you were taught  
and brought him back from certain death

As he watched you from up high, his spirit  
floating while you gave him breath.

A litre and a half of antivenom destroyed  
the snake's venom and made his blood  
clean.

You were badly shaken  
couldn't believe this happened.

Your role as his rescuer never forgotten.

When the Bravery Award was given to  
you all

We stood there proud, we stood there tall.

We looked at our son and watched you  
smile

As the Governor General pinned that  
badge and gave you style.

My brother, my son, my friend and mate

A hero, a saviour, a soldier of fate.

## The Moon is Not My Friend Anymore

November 5, 2012 by [Christine Cole](#)

The moon is not my friend anymore,  
it's eerie light peeping through the door.  
The wonder I had for that beautiful ball  
chills my bones, no longer does it call.  
The colour it glows, so silvery and bright  
makes me sad, deep in the night.

I think of you, under its spell,  
on the riverbank alone; if only it could tell.

You took your life when it was full,  
that's what I now think of when I feel its  
pull.

It was once a joy to look at and admire  
to dream, fantasize and inspire.

You knew how much I loved the moon,  
you'd ring me late and we'd both croon.  
On the phone with each other, looking in  
joy,

gazing in wonder; you were truly my boy.

You pulled that trigger bathed in its light,  
no longer can I look at it with delight.

# LIVE

November 5, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

For you my friend,  
I hope and pray,  
that on this plane  
you will stay.

Don't give up,  
don't give in.  
Cherish the love  
you have within.

They all really love you,  
They all really care.  
They don't want to see you  
naked and bare.

Keep the flame going,  
don't let it go out.  
Try really hard,  
do not doubt.

Your life is precious,  
only once this time round.  
It is all so final  
when you're in the ground.

Reach out to someone  
when you're in pain,  
pick up the phone  
and shout again.

Someone will listen,  
someone will stop.  
There are lots of us out there  
to be your rock.

Never doubt for a moment  
that you're not alone.  
My friend, I am here,  
always close to that phone.



## TRUE FRIENDS

November 5, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

I helped you with your assignments  
and listened to your problems.  
I did your drug calcs happily,  
but you used me up miss madame.

Your uni days are nearly over,  
your subjects almost complete.  
And you my friend should be happy  
that you no longer have to compete.

Where were you when I needed you,  
how come you did not see,  
the pain I felt, how alone I was  
when my son abandoned me?

Suicide is taboo I know  
but couldn't you have called  
or a simple text to show me,  
that you still cared all the more.

And what about you, that I've known for 4  
years,  
all those classes that we sat?  
Where were you when I couldn't get up,  
when my mind was just a trap?

My old friend of 30 years  
no longer do you call.  
I think of you quite often,  
but now don't need you at all.

Your true colours you've shown  
and your avoidance has maimed,  
Of your deliberate actions  
you should be ashamed.

I was there when you needed me  
at midnight when you phoned.  
Your life was a shambles,  
But my love kept you at home.

When you scored a high grade or couldn't  
reference,  
it was to me you turned.  
I cheered and laughed and burnt myself  
out,  
but really, what have you learned?

To turn your back on your friend  
with cold, uncaring avoidance.  
At least I have loving memories  
of my son, who can see your conscience.

Nurses you may think you are,  
better than others you act.  
Just remember how far down I was  
when you did nothing to help me get back.



# RYAN

November 6, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

My son,  
so tall, so brave,  
still so young.

My boy,  
so true, so straight,  
still so much joy.

My child,  
so confused, so hurt,  
still so alive.

My love,  
so honest, so good,  
still not above.

My baby,  
so big, so grown,  
still so much maybe.

My kid,  
so playful, so funny,  
still my billylid.

My offspring,  
so loving, so loyal,  
still like a king.

My Ryan,  
My one and only,  
My miracle.



# YOUR GOODBYE

November 7, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Your favourite jeans and best jacket,  
a bottle of Joop and tobacco in a packet.

A lighter and a bottle of beer,  
all went with you to bring you cheer.

Your game controller and Call of Duty,  
The guitar I bought you, which was a  
beauty.

Placed at your feet, which wore your  
favourite boots,  
your latest belt buckle completed your suit.

I cried when I ironed your best blue shirt,  
pain and heartbreak, so much hurt.

We put a lot of thought into this,  
We were all agreed on these last gifts.

They did your hair, so they said,  
product and style to bring the curls around  
your head.

They told us that you looked really good,  
the coffin could've been open, but no, firm  
I stood.

They placed you at the top of the hall,  
the casket matched your Fender, seen by  
all.

Ashley and Blake strummed their guitars  
for you,  
soft music, a lullabye, everyone so blue.

3 dozen roses, all yellow and red,  
flowers from friends all by your bed.  
2 ministers, the headmaster, your brother  
and mates,  
stood up to speak as you walked through  
that gate.

Pictures of you on the screen behind,  
Green Day playing, forever now in my  
mind.

The song that you sang at your sister's  
wedding,  
that special night you gave her your  
blessing.

Forever Young, the words rang out  
as they showed your adult face and pout.

Photos I'd never seen before  
from your friends, who were crying in the  
hall.

Snaps of you playing and laughing,  
clowning around, your life passing.

I couldn't take my eyes away,  
through the tears and sobbing, I had to  
stay.

The boys who received the Bravery  
Awards  
came home to go with you, gave you one  
last reward.

They were all so sad, so numb and in  
shock,  
they loved you greatly, their lives now in  
hock.

Over 500 people were gathered that day  
for you my son, cos you went away.  
The room was full, they were out on the  
street.

All I could see was one thousand feet.

Family and friends, colleagues and mates,  
all were there, none were late.

I helped your grandmother through the  
crowd,  
we were actually jostled, bounced around.

I think they were close so that we would  
not fall,  
people were genuine, were concerned for  
us all.

Looks of love, looks of pity,  
thank god it's not my son; wouldn't happen  
in a city.

That small country town where you were born,  
every kid you knew, played on every lawn.  
The mothers, I call them, watched over you,  
your little mates and schoolfriends; I did too.

Your last drive in a car, your dad's old ute,  
a police escort no least, to help the mourners commute.  
Your brother and Mick and your best mates  
sat with you in the back, numb at your fate.

20 minutes it took for all to arrive,  
1 mile away, the length of the drive.  
It went on forever, in your brothers arms I stayed,  
while the people walked by you, messages relayed.

A feather from John, fly free mate he said.  
In the Arms of The Angels playing in my head.  
Your brother stood firm, your sister cried,  
we stayed for a long time by your side.

A cross with your name now on the riverbank,  
always a beer there, your mates you can thank.  
Your dad goes to sit there, to think of you,  
a quiet place to pay his due.

My boy you are gone now, forever no more.  
Memories will last, our love will soar.  
You cannot come back, don't think I didn't ask,  
for life to be reversed, to go back to the past.



# RETURNING

November 11, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Life is for the living,  
it's time to move on.  
It's permission that I'm giving  
not to be so undone.

Your death will always sadden me,  
that burden forever I carry.  
But I must join humanity  
and leave all the worry.

I want to be alive again,  
to feel joy, peace and love.  
To be amongst society,  
to be productive and fun.

I cannot sit in this kitchen  
enduring all this pain.  
Staring at your pictures  
is driving me insane.

You have surely broken me,  
crippled me and more.  
But I feel the pieces returning,  
much like a jigsaw.

Slowly and surely,  
my soul is coming back.  
Creeping like a little mouse  
on a rock strewn track.

Day by day is the journey,  
one step at a time.  
One foot in front of the other,  
a slow awakening is mine.

Hope is peeping through the door  
for a life to be happy.  
No longer will I slam it shut,  
forever feeling crappy.

My son, you will never know  
just how much pain you've caused.  
You might have an inkling  
or you might not know at all.  
You have changed my foundation,  
my beliefs and my core.  
Life will never be the same,  
of that I am sure.  
But I must come away now  
from the endless tears I cry.  
I need to join the living  
and not lay down and die.



## RYAN AND CARLY

November 11, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Ryan and Carly,  
in so much pain.  
3 days of fighting  
to make any gain.

Talking didn't get you far,  
in tears it would end.  
Punching walls and silence,  
never on the mend.

You tried to save him,  
you certainly did your best.  
Worry and concern for him,  
mixed with all your love no less.

You don't want to lose her  
but you can't see your way out.  
Your thoughts are dark and blocked,  
in your heart you want to shout.

You love each other dearly,  
your lives forever entwined.  
This nightmare that you've lived together  
has broken both your minds.

I felt so very sad for you,  
there was nothing I could do.  
You had to reach this point  
to be able to move through.

You finally reached a bargain  
when I took matters in hand.  
To give each other space to breath,  
to live on separate land.

Thank you Carly for what you've done,  
it will never be forgotten.  
Your precious love for Ryan,  
our son, so downtrodden.

He clung to you ferociously  
when his brother died.  
You kept him close and loved him,  
your sweet way, by his side.

He loves you all the more for that,  
for being there for him.  
But now he needs to think and heal,  
a journey that is grim.

Don't go far, don't go away,  
he still needs and wants you now.  
He'll come to you when he's ready,  
when his heart and soul know how.

Remember my son how lovely she is  
and what she did for you.  
That cold, dark night when your brother  
died,  
how much she helped you through.  
Don't go far, don't go away,  
both of you need to heal.  
But love you both intently,  
is how I really feel.





# TRY

November 13, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Oh how I try  
to get my life back on track.  
2 steps forward,  
10 steps back.

Do you understand  
how awkward I feel,  
or out of control  
my world now seems?

My resolve is gone,  
my nerves are shot,  
my mind is a blank,  
This is my lot.

Self talk does nothing,  
guided imagery too.  
Flashbacks surround me,  
those pictures of you.

I shake and I tremble,  
try to devise a plan,  
but go back to bed,  
not thinking that I can.

I push myself  
just to leave the house  
and feel very lucky  
that I don't live with my spouse.

I know this is wrong,  
know it's not forever.  
My life at the moment  
seems never to get better.

Of the future I'm scared  
for what it doesn't say.  
No control or desire,  
just a hobo's way.

This moment will pass  
and I will rally.  
Start packing boxes  
for the removalists tally.

To my daughter I go,  
to Brisbane no least.  
To begin a new life,  
to find my peace.



## PILLS AND POTIONS

November 13, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Pills and potions will not do it,  
will not ease your pain.

You have to go through the motions  
to feel again, for you to make any gain.

Let the tears flow, fall on your knees,  
yell and scream and shout.

Don't bottle it up, don't internalize,  
you have to let it all out.

Fee as bad as you need, think there's no  
coming back,  
you might feel like your insane.  
If you keep it inside and don't go through  
it,  
you will spiral once again.

Don't numb your pain with medication,  
it will not do you any good.  
A rocky road is what you'll find,  
too many obstacles on the hood.

Psychotherapy might help you,  
prescription drugs, definitely not.  
Be kind to yourself and forgiving,  
this will not always be your lot.

Talk and talk and talk some more,  
find a friend who really cares.  
Thank you Robyn, for all you've done,  
for really being there.

Think things through, show your grief,  
tears are healing, so they say.  
Cry bucket loads, feel your pain,  
hoping one day it might go away.

Don't put it off, don't lock it up,  
let it out for all to see.  
You loved that person that went away,  
you have every right to grieve.

One day will be good, the next will be bad,  
minute by minute you will change.

But this is okay, expect no less,  
life's journey will never be the same.

You're allowed to cry, to be really sad,  
take as much time as you need.

Be yourself, know yourself,  
look out for triggers and take heed.

Grief is an individual path,  
no recipe to follow.  
No precedent, no blueprint,  
yours alone and not very mellow.

Work it out in your head, feel your heart  
break,  
go down any path you need.  
But watch out for the drugs and the  
alcohol,  
they will not do you a good deed.

# CHANGE

November 15, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

On a fishing boat you go  
out deep into the sea.  
You're excited I know  
for where it may lead.

Does your heart skip a beat  
when you think about this?  
Do you think you might meet  
King Neptune at least?

Let the water wash over you  
and the sun make you shine.  
Let your happiness come anew  
and your heartache recline.

Look for dolphins to escort you  
to a new peace of mind,  
their colours of blue  
twinkling in the sunshine.


Watch the stars at night  
and gaze at their beauty.  
Their silvery light  
is heaven's duty.

Find solace in that solitude,  
find your life's reason.  
Find joy again my son,  
let it be your season.



## YOUR MUSIC

November 19, 2012 by [christine cole](#)



My son, my son,  
where would you be?  
Right in front of me,  
can't you see.

I look and look  
and you're not there.  
My lovely boy  
with the curly hair.

You're gone, you're gone  
but please come back.  
I need to hear you,  
your music I lack.

Sing me a song,  
beautiful son,  
play your guitar  
to make my heart strong.

Sing me to sleep  
like you used to do.  
Everynight through the wall  
I'd listen to you.

Play gently that acoustic,  
make my dreams sweet.  
Delight and joy  
your music a treat.

I miss you my love  
and your music too.  
Are you strumming with angels?  
Are they enchanted by you?

Sing Ring of Fire  
one more time.  
Just for me,  
your music sublime.

I can still hear you,  
soft, gentle and sweet.  
The music you make,  
drifting off to sleep.  
Come back, come back  
in my dreams to me.

Play me a song  
cos your music is heavenly.

# BAD DAY

November 21, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

I'm hanging on by a thread  
cos your now dead.  
Pictures of you  
going through my head.

My heart skips a beat,  
your belongings lead my feet.  
I look at your stuff  
and know that I'm not so tough

My breathing is shallow,  
my mind is hollow.  
My eyes tear up  
and I feel like crap.

This day will be bad,  
a day to be mad.  
Crazy and lost,  
my heart filled with frost.

Hours of sadness,  
finding no gladness,  
for me to be here,  
not feeling cheer.

No sleep tonight,  
emotions too tight.  
The hours to pass  
waiting in the dark

I cringe and I shake  
cos you will never wake.  
Your death is too real,  
too recent, too cruel.

I can't say goodbye,  
I just want to say hi,  
to see you once more  
walk through my door.

## SECRETS

December 10, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

You're laid bare  
and so am I.  
This is what happens  
when you die.

Secrets are exposed,  
lies are revealed.  
Life's many moments  
will be peeled.

Live with integrity,  
Do right by your loved ones.  
Live with honesty,  
Hide nothing from anyone.

Be upfront and honest,  
be powerful and strong.  
In death you will see  
everything that belongs.

Don't listen to bullshit,  
remember the good times.  
Accept and forgive  
your loved ones crimes.

Don't doubt their love,  
be faithful and free.  
Don't play their games  
and truth you will see.

Death has a way  
of opening your door.  
Your life an open book  
of that you can be sure.

## HUSBAND

December 11, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Husband,  
where did you go?  
I'm all alone now  
Do you know?

You were the tree trunk  
that our family grew from.  
Strength and wisdom,  
you're light always on.

Father,  
our children were loved.  
Their dreams and successes,  
you always put them above.

You were our light  
in stormy, rough seas.  
A beacon of hope  
to help us believe.

Friend,  
to very many folk.  
Your jokes and laughter,  
their fires you'd stoke.

Charm and kindness,  
you would always show.  
Help always there,  
you'd never say no.

Husband,  
I will miss you forever.  
Look after our son,  
I can see you together.



## DEAR JAKE

December 11, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Dear Jake,

There is no blame,  
we still love you.  
Please be assured  
we still pay our due.

There is no anger  
towards you my son.  
There is no love lost  
cos of what you've done.

There is no dissent  
amongst the three of us.  
We are still united  
in the gift of love.

There is no shame,  
our heads are high.  
You're still our loved one  
no reason to hide.

We still miss you  
everyday of our lives.  
We still pray  
that you can thrive.

Your boots are there  
at my front door.  
Where they'll stay  
forever more.

Your photos and shrines  
all over my house.  
They'll always be there  
don't ever doubt.

Our pain is still harsh  
because you're gone.  
Never to see you  
cos you're now beyond.

We think of you  
every single day.  
Sending prayers and much love  
your way.  
You're still our precious angel,  
we couldn't love you any more.  
Everyday we grieve  
we still hope you soar.

## RAIN

December 11, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

It's raining outside,  
a reflection of my soul.  
Dull and dismal  
but clean and whole.

Like my teardrops  
that make a track.  
A permanent tattoo  
if you look back.

Wash away  
the dirt and grime.  
Tears are healing  
but not all the time.

Rain is wholesome,  
refreshing and cool.  
I relax into it  
peace in a pool.

The birds are singing  
their homes now clean.  
Comfort I feel  
no temperatures extreme.

Love me please  
from the grave.  
I feel your presence  
in the rain.

A moment in time,  
forgotten tomorrow.  
The rain will be gone  
but there'll be more sorrow.



## SLEEP

December 12, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Up and down,  
smoking and eating.  
A good night's sleep  
always fleeting.

Drifting off  
into peaceful oblivion.  
Pictures and memories  
come unbidden.

Instantly awake  
with a feeling of dread.  
Can't believe  
that you're both dead.

Flashbacks too real  
to close my eyes.  
What ifs and whys  
lie in a pile.

TV on, TV off  
trying hard not to think.  
In comes my cat  
and on my shoulder he sleeps.

Waking at dawn  
after a brief 4 hours.  
Tired all day  
running low on power.

Coffee alone  
thinking of you.  
Trying to be strong  
but always blue.

## DAUGHTER

December 12, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

You called her bones  
when she was little.  
Small and petite  
our girly petal.

Not of your making,  
you met her at three.  
An instant connection,  
not much room for me.

Her Fathers Day cards  
you've kept all these years.  
We found them everywhere,  
read through our tears.

The only father  
she has ever known.  
The only father  
she wanted to own.

She was 25  
when she made you Poppy.  
Her baby so beautiful,  
made you so happy.

Your daughter you loved,  
"just brilliant" you'd say,  
"couldn't find a better person",  
You made her that way.

I'm so glad you loved her  
right from the start.  
You gave her spirit  
She captured your heart.

Your loss to her  
has broken her soul.  
Her only father  
her mate, her goal.



## MEDITATION

December 12, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Meditation and incense,  
guitar softly strumming.

In my mind  
a peaceful humming.

My thoughts are gone  
for a little while at least.  
Relaxation I hope for  
to give me peace.

Sri Mataji's picture  
in front of me,  
a candle burning  
flicks in the breeze.

A gentle feeling  
washing over me.  
Body and soul  
trying to be free.

My day begins  
after I calm myself.  
My spirit floats  
all by itself.

This saves my mind  
from anguish and pain.  
The only way  
I make any gain.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

December 17, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

*Christmas day is looming  
and my thoughts are very gloomy.*

*Your presence I will miss  
along with your always beautiful gifts.*

*A cheery bright smile from you  
no longer a delight to view.*

*Hugs not felt from your strong arms,  
nor coercion from your many charms.*

*Kisses from your funny lips  
will be very sorely missed.*

*There'll be no "merry Christmas Chrissy",  
it's quite enough to make me dizzy.*

*Your granddaughter will laugh and play,  
"where's Poppy?", she will say.*

*The turkey that you always cooked  
I think, this year, will be overlooked.*

*Our first Christmas with you not there  
will break my heart, will make me swear.*

*Our family now feels incomplete,  
I hope you'll watch and help us meet.*



## LONELY

December 18, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

I am so lonely without you,  
I don't really know what to do.

I can't think, I can't sleep,  
I can't dream and I can't weep.

I miss you more everyday,  
I long for all your funny ways.

I feel lost and sad,  
empty and mad.

You were my rock,  
the key for my lock.

We would talk till it was right,  
morning, noon and night.

You'd tell me to stay calm,  
my emotions you'd balm.

You were gentle and kind,  
soothing my mind.

I wish you were here  
bringing me some cheer.

# EVERLASTING FATE

December 19, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Where has the time gone  
since we first met?  
Yesterday it seems  
when we were wed.

24 long years  
of knowing each other;  
building a family,  
becoming closer.

Laughing and fighting,  
planning and playing.  
Very often it was  
rocky sailing.

21 years  
of wedded bliss.  
In my opinion  
it was hit and miss.

It took our son's death,  
our beautiful Jake,  
to bring us closer,  
an understanding to make.

After all those years,  
we got it right.  
In the end, we were partners  
in our daily plight.

We struggled together  
to make sense of it all.  
We cried with each other,  
tried hard not to fall.

We had just caught our breath,  
finding a new normal.  
Beginning to believe  
there'd be no more turmoil.

You've always been there  
ready and able.  
Through bad times and good,  
our family's strong cable.

Our saviour, our lifeline,  
you always helped out.  
Ready and willing,  
we were never without.

My provider and protector,  
my friend and mate,  
my partner and husband,  
my everlasting fate.



## SIMPLY ME

December 18, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Awake again  
at 3 am.  
Drinking coffee,  
looking for me.

Hair a mess,  
barely dressed.  
Thinking of you  
and Jake too.

My soul aches,  
as my heart breaks.  
My lost men,  
will I see you again?

To accept the fact  
you'll never be back.  
Can't you see  
it's hard for me.

How do I find  
peace of mind?  
How long will it take  
for my own sake?

What do I do  
to be without you?  
How can I be  
simply me?

To begin again,  
like I said.  
There are parts gone,  
the machine is all wrong.

I have to find  
a way to be kind.  
Not twisted and bitter,  
to leave loving litter.

I want to be free,  
to be a happy me.  
To find my place  
with a smiling face.

I will keep trying  
to stop crying.  
I will get back up  
and stay on top.

Looking for me,  
to simply be.  
I hope and I pray  
it will happen one day.



# NIGHTMARES FROM THE PAST

December 20, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

The nightmares are coming now,  
making me cringe in the morning.  
I'm yelling and screaming abuse  
at strangers that have no calling.

I'm seeing the children when they were  
young,  
you and I and our endless fights.  
That time I told you I was leaving,  
you took a gun and went off into the night.

Blame, guilt and shame are knocking loud,  
loud enough to stop me from sleeping.  
If I could turn back the hands of time  
I would definitely stop you from leaving.

It's all mixed up and entwined,  
knotted together in many fibres.  
Our son's depression and your bad health,  
fault climbing my door like a spider.

This burden I have to carry alone,  
I have no-one to talk it through with.  
You were always my dream diary,  
together our dreams we would sift.

But I've never dreamt of these things  
before,  
never felt this heavy of heart.  
The pain of your being gone  
is forcing memories right from the start.

How many times did we come and go?  
Too many to be healthy.  
How many problems did we cause our  
kids?  
Too many, and it became deadly.

If I could live my life over again  
I would fight for a happy family.  
Force a compromise and find a solution;  
love, being my idea of wealthy.

I will ask for dreams of peace now,  
not nightmares from the past.  
I will ask for your forgiveness too  
of my behaviour that broke the mast.

I am sorry for all the things I did  
that tore our family apart.  
I know that all the guilt is not mine,  
that you too played a part.

But you have left me alone now,  
alone to carry this guilt.  
You're not here to justify this  
and I alone must remember what we built.

# "PARANERI"

December 21, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

I sit here and crave  
for the life we once had.  
Raising our children  
on the farm, which was mad.

We had so much fun,  
you and me and the kids.  
With our miniature zoo,  
nature, our gift.

Chickens and turkeys,  
guinea fowl and peacocks.  
They were all your babies,  
without them you'd be lost.

That time when you decided  
to teach me a lesson.  
My rings you took away;  
their return was a blessing.

You taught the kids to ride  
on horseback and bike.  
Into the river she'd jump  
from her pony's side.

My silly cousin  
galloping across the paddock.  
"hi ho silver" she yelled,  
the horse in a panic.

The many barbeques we had,  
friends all around.  
Food in abundance,  
laughter surrounds.

The rat trap went off,  
Jake's big toe in it's claws.  
He yelled and screamed,  
you laughed in applause.

When Jake was two  
he stuck a knife in a powerpoint.  
Thank god for the cut off switch,  
it didn't disappoint.

That old wood stove  
where I'd sit and rock the pram.  
The days were freezing then  
and you'd be drinking a dram.

Our Sunday roast lunches  
after you'd been for a long ride.  
All around the table  
you'd tell tales to make us smile.

The many birthday parties  
for our little kids.  
Usually just us,  
our family, our bliss.

Dozens of nappies  
on the line everyday.  
I dyed them blue and green  
cos the river went grey.

We played and explored;  
our lives so much fun.  
Our kids were so loved  
when we were young.

If I could freeze time  
I'd chose that moment.  
Forever young we'd stay,  
all together and golden.



# SAFE FOR ME

December 31, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

The chronic pain,  
caused by your death,  
is wearing away  
with every breath.

Sleep is now coming  
in longer blocks.  
No more am I awake  
through the night in shock.

I'm still sad at your leaving,  
still can't believe,  
I won't see you again,  
I won't feel you breathe.

The problems are still there,  
fiscal in nature.  
I should return to work  
to fill that empty crater.

Our son still concerns me,  
but he now looks forward.  
He is making plans  
for a life to reward.

Our daughter takes delight  
in her new family.  
Merlin the Great Dane  
and Star the pink birdy.

We are starting to function,  
no longer so crippled.  
Starting to re-group,  
not quite so tipped.

There are 3 of us now  
where once there were 5.  
Yourself and Jake  
up above in the sky.

Please always be there,  
we still need you around.  
Watch over us with love,  
keep our feet on the ground.

Help us to live  
productive lives.  
Help us get through this,  
make us survive.

We don't need any more loss;  
could not take more pain.  
Keep us healthy,  
help us make gain.

The new year is coming  
and with it comes hope.  
Hope that we live;  
that we can all cope.

The last time we thought  
that we could catch our breath;  
you died and left us.  
Again, another death.

But not this time, I pray;  
we have started to climb  
to ascend into hope,  
to find new peace of mind.

Don't let anything happen  
to my small family.  
Keep them alive,  
keep them all safe for me.

## VICKI

December 31, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Hey Vicki, start that bike up,  
pull the throttle and let it roar.  
Shake the earth and wake the neighbours,  
down the highway you must soar.

Wear your leathers and your mask  
put your boots on and your vest.  
Don't forget your pink dilly bag,  
they must know you're a girl by this.

Ride fast and hard and homewards,  
your beautiful family is missing you a lot.  
Thanks for coming to visit me,  
for making my Christmas a trot.

Girlfriend you've been a tremendous help,  
you'll never know really just how much.  
For making me laugh and forget my woes,  
for taking me back in time as such.

Get on that Superglide and ride,  
enjoy the rumble and the roar.  
Take care my friend, ride safe  
cos I love you all the more.

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

### JAKE

December 31, 2012 by [christine cole](#)

Happy New Year  
my lovely boy.  
I wish we could celebrate,  
I'd wish you joy.

If we were together,  
if you were here,  
we could party like mad  
to bring in the new year.

Drink a toast  
for what is to come.  
Wishful thinking  
for our lives to be fun.

Sing Auld Lang Syne  
at 1 minute past midnight,  
laughing and cheering,  
happiness in sight.

I will think of you  
on New Years Day,  
exactly 6 months  
since you went away.

## FIREWORKS

January 2, 2013 by [christine cole](#)

New Years night went off with a bang,  
fireworks exploding all around.  
Colours of the rainbow high in the sky;  
a distraction for me, new sight and sound.

New Years day brought a new spark,  
an idea was born into my heart.  
Passion returning to make something new,  
to put on paper, forever to view.

A new interest in pictures I have found,  
crisp, clear images in my mind.  
A macro lens to really see  
all the little things that truly shine.

A picture that captures a moment in time;  
an explosion of colour on a black  
background.  
Sparkling beauty tickling the stars,  
leaping forward and dropping down.

Thank you Darryn for sharing with me,  
for waking my creativity.  
To remember beauty and ecstasy  
is to truly be living free.



## I WISH

January 4, 2013 by [christine cole](#)

I wish one day  
that we could laugh and play,  
sing songs and dance in a circle,  
hold hands and smile,  
walk a mile,  
tell secrets  
and be cheerful.

Across green fields  
on our beautiful steeds,  
galloping for all we're worth.  
Wind in our faces,  
a storm behind us,  
riding hard,  
hoofbeats pounding the earth.

A lake so cool  
to refresh and soothe,  
floating next to you.  
Your hand reaches out,  
our fingers entwine;  
an electric spark  
gives a loving que.

Bright yellow flowers  
with happiness powers,  
we're lying amongst them all.  
The sun's shining down,  
there's a gentle breeze,  
they're swaying,  
and on us, their petals fall.

I wish we could play  
just one more day,  
there's so much that we could do.  
I could sing you a love song,  
touch you gently,  
say thanks,  
for just being you.

## LEGALITIES

January 5, 2013 by [christine cole](#)

Complicated dealings with your legal affairs,  
makes me sad; does anyone really care?

Solicitors, accountants and your bank;  
all the same agenda, its money they thank.

Hours on the phone to cut off yours;  
stay calm, unemotional; pretend tears don't  
pour.

Why should I have to suffer and go through  
this?

Can't they see, it's simply you I miss?

You should be here, still be alive;  
not make me deal with this stinging beehive.

Pouring through your bookwork; looking for  
what?

It doesn't make sense; a mess is all I've got.

My own life has stopped, put on hold.  
I have to sort yours out; pretend to be bold.

This is difficult, very, very hard;  
to shut your life down; your existence marred.

And it's not only yours, but Jake's as well.  
Why couldn't you have finished it before you  
fell?

To pack his belongings that you left in your  
house,  
tore me apart, my dearest spouse.

This is making me sick; hard to breathe.  
My mind rebels; why did you leave?

I never ever thought, never realized  
what death encompasses; this I despise.

Two estates now, both deceased;  
my son, my husband; rest in peace.

# MY FRIEND ROBYN

January 6, 2013 by [christine cole](#)

Thank god for my friend Robyn,  
she's small and tough and proud.  
The only one who's cared enough  
to keep me from going to ground.

She rings me every couple of days  
to make sure that I'm okay;  
and listens to me when I need to talk,  
let's me rant and rave.

The only one who'll invite me out  
for coffee, lunch or a walk.  
To sit on the beach and ponder life,  
a true friend, of that I'm sure.

My friend who's had her dance with death,  
her illness she has beat.  
But its left it's mark, made her wise;  
left humility at her feet.

The only person that I will miss  
when I leave this ageing town.  
The only one to stay in contact with  
because she didn't bring me down.

She came flying to me rescue  
when I had to quickly go away,  
making sure that my cat Max  
was fed and did not stray.

Gentle now, not robust anymore,  
life has dealt her a few bad decks.  
We have travelled these roads together,  
have rebounded and not become wrecks.

When we first met it was a lightening bolt  
piercing the ground before us.  
Two warrior women on the job,  
our personalities together, like battling  
walrus.

But respect for our clients, our knowledge  
and strength  
brought us together as a team.  
We would go into battle and support each  
other  
in our advocacy we were mean.

I have learnt to fight a lot harder  
for my clients and their significant others.  
To see what's wrong in aged care,  
to argue and advocate; generally be a  
bother.

I have watched my friend, over the years,  
collect oldies like they're her pets.  
The only one I've ever known  
to become friends with them till their  
deaths.

I will miss you Robyn when I leave,  
you'd better stay in touch with me.  
Don't go off into this large land,  
loosing contact and not be seen.





## CHANVRE

January 7, 2013 by [christine cole](#)

Seeds popping out everywhere,  
left, right and centre.  
Your garden is truly full.

I miss you Jake,  
more than you would have realized.  
Your love, to me, was always  
just, plainly, idolicized.

Heavy day for me,  
missing you so bad.  
So much so that I can't write;  
can't tell you just how sad.

I know I shouldn't do it;  
that which you always fought.  
But my love, it's hard to exist;  
exist within my thoughts.

Your face in front of me,  
76 pages of photos;  
it's just all of you,  
and right now, that's all I know.

# NEW PLACE

January 8, 2013 by [christine cole](#)

A cautious fresh start  
and a new place.  
No longer will I see  
your lovely face.

Sitting at my kitchen table,  
I remember both of you.  
Walking through the back door;  
the memories are still so true.

Mowing my back lawn  
and checking my little car;  
watching you drive down my street,  
not going very far.

Lying on my lounge,  
engrossed in a game.  
"Hey Jake, let's do something",  
"Later Mum, I'm still playing".

Our late night conversations,  
the last one I remember well.  
Christmas night 2011,  
on spirituality we did dwell.

I cannot begin to fathom  
a house without you there.  
I still see your faces,  
your presence everywhere.

I have re-lived our whole lives,  
from marriage through to death,  
sitting at this table,  
feeling your ghostly breath.

I have remembered all those times  
when you both came to visit.  
Every house I've ever lived in,  
you've always been in it.

This new house is looming now  
and I feel rather sad.  
It will not have those memories  
of my husband or my lad.

