

I saw him pull up  
in his police car  
I'd wondered where you were  
and why you hadn't sent me a text.

He came to the door  
his badge gleaming  
a gun at his waist and  
a hat in his hand.

He asked for me, and I  
didn't understand why?  
Did I do something wrong?

*I'd never thought you'd die...*

He gave a sad smile and turned his head away  
It made me weary, and I began to sway  
he opened his mouth  
but I heard no words

"We are sorry for you but, *he* is no more."

This couldn't be?  
He wasn't dead,  
not the love of my life  
he was the only one I had!

I let out a cry and stumbled to my knees  
I knew something was wrong,  
it just couldn't be!

"he was distracted," he began,  
"A cell phone is his hand, spelling out:  
'I'm on my way'."