

# Autopilot Off, Friday Mourning

A desperate breath inhaled, then it leaves you.  
Hollowed out, and you struggle to feel something.  
Abandoned eyes that drowned in the disbelief and  
doubt, when you woke up Friday morning.  
It still seems so surreal.  
These scars should slowly heal.  
I remember when you kneeled, you didn't say goodbye.  
You knew she wasn't gone.  
You whispered,  
"Until we meet again, you'll be  
watching me, I know.  
Please save a place for me and when I'm finally  
called back home, I'll see you smiling there."  
The angels in your bedroom softly sing her name.  
It's getting easier to sleep now.  
So you feel some comfort, but still it's not the same.  
But it's better than the twisted silence.

You woke up Friday morning.