

## **MISSING NONNO**

I miss my grandfather.  
His hugs and kisses and smiles.  
I saw him the other day through the window  
but the distance might as well have been miles.

It's not easy to feel like  
you are a danger to the ones you love,  
never able to share their space  
for fear of sharing too much.

Our grief is turned upside down.  
We grieve the ones we cannot have  
while they live.