

Samara lubin  
2-3-25  
Mr.reich

Slowly fading

My room is quiet, the air smells sweet,

Lavender drifts where memories meet.

Sunflowers glow in the evening light,

Her laugh still lingers in the night.

This room is my refuge, where I can be,

Surrounded by memories that comfort me.

The soft decrescendo of life feels near,

Fading gently, but still, she's here.

I still talk about her because it still hurts,

Even when I pretend it doesn't.

All I can remember are the sweet, happy moments,

The ones I miss the most.

But knowing she's gone, nothing feels the same.

Family events feel like a song missing its chord,

Broken, incomplete—like the harmony left with her.

It's like my family went with her,

Not physically, but mentally, emotionally

Everything feels off-key.

Most days, I feel numb.

Other days, I feel like I'm not even here.

How do I scream for help without anyone hearing me?

It's like a silent elegy, playing on repeat,

A song only I can hear.

Her presence was a crescendo,

Filling the room with warmth and love.

Now, everything is quiet, too soft, too empty.

And I'm left trying to hold onto a melody

That keeps slipping away.