**Missing Love**

How did I end up here? I mean I always thought I would be different, yet I’m just practically watching myself waist away. Well elderly ladies are hardly thought of to be running marathons their all supposed to have dodgy hips, but I just thought I could have at least gone for a walk a couple of times a week but I just sit here in this dusty old armchair watching daytime television. You loved going out for walks didn’t you but when you got to the age of around sixty the hobby faded. It’s funny that, how people can change over time. I remember how you were the first time we met, always running fuelled by the trilling thought of inheriting the farm. I didn’t work in that time, I was taught the running’s of a family home and how that was to be my occupation and purpose. Yet when I met you I couldn’t have been happier. Our relationship progressed quickly and within six months we were due to be married, people thought we were stupid but we knew, we were in love and that’s all that mattered. When it came round we didn’t want anything fancy for the wedding, nothing too expensive or flamboyant. Although now I think about it I do remember a deep royal blue cropping up in few places, so I suppose you could have called that a theme, but it was by no means intended. I recall my dress to be a gorgeous shade of cool ivory, a small train and it was synched in at the waist with a white ribbon, it was very simplistic nothing expensive but it made the day ever more perfect. There weren’t very many people there but then again you were never close to your family so naturally I never really got to know them. Yet that didn’t matter for when you said “I do” my heart skipped a beat and I knew it was a day I will never and never want to forget. Oh and then there was Julie, she was her father’s daughter you two spent every second together, you even took her to the occasional football game, that was one thing I missed out on although we were a family and share plenty of happy memories together like that time we went to Orkney, Lizzie was born by then, she came to visit the other day you know, we spoke about you. It brought back so many memories, some rather tearful. The day of your funeral, I dread each moment I think of it and to be honest am dreading the future without you, it is twelve years ago today, the day is dragging on slowly as I remember it at each passing glance. Now all I have left is your deteriorating armchair by my side, people say I should get rid of it, it might give me a sense of closure but to me it keeps me strong, it’s as if it’s a part of you I can open up to or even just talk about my day. What did I ever do to deserve this? We had everything; a family, a loving relationship, we didn’t ask for any unneeded material items. It’s just so unfair, I loved you and we had the next steps of our lives ahead of us. Yet the day the doctor diagnosed with a terminal illness the world stopped and each word after that moved at a glacial paste. To this day I am unable to get through a day without thinking about you, but every time I do my heart breaks and my chest tightens its heart wrenching. I wish you were here, with me, I don’t know what I’ve done without you and I would be lying if I said I was certain on how I am to carry on. People still come round to ask if I’m okay bringing round flowers, I never know what to say, just try on a brave face, I haven’t got you to hide behind you see. I miss you for those small things, I miss you all together and I can’t do anything about it, nothing to get you back. There’s that heart wrenching pain again, as I clench my stomach I find myself hobbling over to your armchair, I never let anybody sit in your chair, I mean it’s yours you shouldn’t have to give it up, remember when you used to sit pride of place in that chair cheering on your favourite football teams, it used to annoy me and I always used to say the players couldn’t hear you. It makes me laugh now, how I wish we could share more of those moments together. Why did you have to leave me, it’s not just me everybody misses you, but none like me, you were my everything, you still are my everything. Oh now look at me, tearing up, you always hated it when I did this although then again you’re not here, you can’t say anything about it, never again. I just miss you because I love you too much to let go.