

'Til Death Do Us Part

By luotakulu

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*A poem from the point of view of a woman who has just lost her husband from cancer. (This was **not** written in tribute of *The Fault in Our Stars*, btw.)*

Please do not misuse my poem for any other outside purpose. I do not tolerate plagiarism.

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0 - 'Til Death Do Us Part

My hand. It was only some five fingers.
My hand; five fingers. Just like
Your hand.
Your hand; your warm, ticklish hand.

Your hand that joined with another hand,
That tickled, cuddled and hugged me
From the harsh, cold wind.
The cold that took many and sacrificed all.

Your hand that filled me with utter happiness
To know you were alive and well.
Alive and well
To be with me, your beloved.

Your hand that gave me courage,
That gave me strength,
That supported me from sun-up to sun-down,
That loved me.

Your hand that loved me as I had loved you,
Your hand that held my tears,
Held my smiles,
Held my sorrow.

Your hand that was taken from many and sacrificed all.
Your hand that was bled dry, bled until you became ill, weak.
Your hand that was pumped full of strange, clear liquid that looked a lot like water.
Your hand that still offered warmth and love.

Your hand that shared the same doom as the rest of your body.
Your hand that was taken from many and sacrificed all.
Your hand that was bled dry of many things.
Your hand that lost its warmth, its never ending love, its liveliness.

Your hand, as is the rest of your body, gave way to Death.
Your hand that dried away my tears,
Your hand that said farewell,
Your hand that died in my hand.

Your hand, your body, your blood that lived side-by-side with cancer.
Your hand, your body, your blood that fought with every stroke of breath you had in you.

Your hand, your body, your blood that loved me until you could
Love me no more.