

## **Bring Back the Pain**

My dear one—  
when you died the pain  
was a jack-hammer destroying me. In time it became a  
small hammer, the size to hang a picture.  
Pain and memories were the Cheshire Cat.

Stop fading.  
I want to remember the sparkle in your eye, your foot  
touching mine,  
the feel of your back as I curl around it,  
the autumn smell of your old tweed jacket. If  
memories are fading blooms  
I welcome pain to keep them fresh. I smile and you are  
close again  
my dear, dear one.

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