

Waking

Category: Poems

written by Muriel Murch | March 4, 2016

Muriel Murch

I leave the bed softly
so as not to rouse you
and am in the bathroom before I remember
you are not here.

And yet.

It is the sound of your breathing
sung from memory
by the wind in the eucalyptus grove
that is the lullaby for my dreams.

About the poet:

Muriel (Aggie) Murch graduated as a nurse in England in 1964 and was subsequently accredited as a nurse in the US. Her memoir [Journey in the Middle of the Road: One Woman's Path Through a MidLife Education](#) was published in 1995. Her short stories and poetry have appeared in anthologies and journals including [Between the Heart Beats: Poetry and Prose by Nurses](#), [Intensive Care: More Poetry and Prose by Nurses](#) and [Stories of Illness and Healing: Women Write Their Bodies](#). Her new book [The Bell Lap: Stories for Compassionate Nursing Care](#) will be released this month. She also produces independent radio programs for several California radio stations, including [KWMR.org](#). She can be found at [murielmurch.com](#).

About the poem:

"After fifty years of marriage, our life is still such that we are often apart for weeks or months at a time. Over the years, within the night's waking and the dawn-lit hours, anxieties and fears change but never leave. Now I have come to realize that one day, for one of us, memory is all that will remain."

Poetry editors:

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