

# Till Death us do Part

(life, death, love, marriage,  
Natasha, Sam, and Layla)

## The Marriage Ceremony

In the presence of witnesses the bride and groom promise to have and to hold from this day forward, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish. All fine up to this point. Till death do us part? That's the crunch. The response? Okay?.

### 1. "Oops, sorry" (probably) does not compute.

Imagine, if you can, a state of being, in which death becomes an analogy. Doubt, indecision would be acceptable, approved even. (38+ years ago)

*Something old? All those doubts in one's brain*

*Something new? A lifetime of devotion.*

*Something battered? Trust and hope*

*The Blues? Mesdames et Messieurs, Eric Clapton!*

*The impact of separation, as a precursor to Divorce,  
was immense, intense. Broken dreams, broken hearts;  
visions of shattered souls; Minds shattered,  
battered, sobbing, struggling with grief;  
Dreams ripped apart, stripped bare.*

*That's dramatic! If you're going to grieve,  
Make it cosmic. A battle. Certainly felt like being in one.  
Mind splintered, fragmented - in disarray; questions roar:  
seek answers. "There must be answers", "they" demand.  
Ah yes, answers! The importance of having a purpose.  
A purpose to live, grow and continue.*

*A metaphor? Perhaps?*

*The internal dialogue is in disrepair.  
The voices in your head mutiny.*

*Bereft of a framework imposed by habit,  
The “should haves” battle with the “could haves”,  
Both ignoring the “ought to have’s”.  
It’s a new reality, unsought, unprovided for.*

*An observation: neither death nor divorce is not an analogy,  
both are ultimate, final. Sorry!’*

## **2. “It happened so quickly, we never suspected”**

“Death is the most profound experience of any creature. Short of death comes the things which risk and mirror it - life-threatening diseases, injuries, and accidents .... childbirth for a woman, combat for males. Understand Death? All life must understand. No review, no reprieve. I did not want her to die. I raged against it, to no avail. (2011)

*Carpe Diem! Seize the day!  
Yeah, Right!  
Thirty years have passed,  
The experience of Loss is constant.*

*I watched her die. I watched her die.  
Sustained by too many cups of coffee,  
I sat, watched, waited, powerless to intervene,  
Powerless to stop her suffering, powerless.*

*The grief comes as it will when it will;  
Won't be hurried. Despair is like a pit  
Gobbling any feelings of joy, the future.*

*Can there be a reasonable expectation  
of the inevitability of the return of hope?*

*Or do I leave it to Chance, A roll of the dice  
Thrown once, twice, thrice?  
To cravenly surrender to -  
and drown in - the ocean of despair*

*that calls me syrup-sweet and siren-like to oblivion!*

*Yes. To have reason to believe that hope is achievable  
and hope that the application of reason is a pathway  
to experience the re-birth of hope.*

*We, the living: unpredictable, inconsistent,  
perverse (even) as we may be  
in our faltering yet stubborn adherence  
to an absurd faith in the power of Love and Life.*

*We live, succeed, and achieve.*

*We have a final line of defence.*

*We create, we procreate; dream impossible dreams  
- and do our best to make them happen.*

*We share record and transmit those things we value.  
we influence, argue; agree, and disagree.*

*We assimilate and accommodate  
information and experiences  
as we grow individually and collectively.*

*I can face my nemesis, and say:  
I can and will make a difference.*

*Of course, I'll never know.*

### **3. “One diagnosis more ....”**

“..., one diagnosis less. They can't identify what's wrong. Another day together. Her days were numbered, this we knew. Yes. Oh, so mischievous. We made each other laugh, enjoyed each other's company. (2017)

*The Dead accumulate,  
As does the prerequisite mourning.  
Another woman, another opportunity  
cut short by her death to Cancer.*

*In the end, I have one choice.  
 "can I make a choice?"  
 The imperative is "Yes".*

*In the end, it's simple,  
 Take responsibility.  
 Does your life lack purpose?  
 Make a decision, make it so!  
 My purpose from now on is to  
 Live each day to the fullest.*

#### 4. **"Do you know where the Peanut Butter is?"**

The simplest of questions achieve prominence. I survive, grief and all that, get back into life. Connect. Seems so simple, connect, connect, connect. Can someone please pass the salt?" (2019)

*I've got news to tell you;  
 news that might distress.  
 It's your angels and demons.  
 They're calling for a truce.  
 They're tired of arguing, fighting;  
 frustrated, disillusioned.  
 Tilt at your own damn windmills,  
 They snarl!*

*As for your search for what is right,  
 proper, moral, and of reason;  
 they couldn't care. They want to rebel;  
 have their own stories to tell.  
 Anyway, they say, even should you find this thing,  
 this truth; How will you know?  
 Is it going to come up to you,  
 ever so respectfully, look you in the eye; say,  
 "Mr. Bush, I presume". Yeah, right.*

*Be my demons and angels consorting;  
 it will not last; they will revert to the status quo.  
 Peace and harmony are boring; their weakness is their strength,*

*its strength is their weakness. Understanding, or willingness  
to understand; that's the question? How open are WE to change?*

***"In silence, the final assault is awaited." That's the way I would like to frame it;  
dramatic, apocalyptic; a dash of nobility, success or failure, come what may.***

*The end of the one thing; a brand new beginning!  
You're not fooled; I'm not fooled:  
The seeds of the old order are planted  
among the seeds of the new; persevere, slumber, awaiting  
the next person of poisoned perspective to urge them  
back to life. Under the respectability  
of "I remember when" and "it wasn't **that** bad",  
it's in our tradition.*

*Be not fooled. Your memories are flawed,  
And it was "that bad"! Regardless of the repackaging.*

*It becomes a test of time.  
Which becomes established?  
Which grows faster?*

*Chaos! Chance! Choices!  
Connections! Neverending, Demanding.  
Don't tell me you're bored, lack purpose.  
Ask not what Life can do for you!  
What can you do to improve  
the quality of Life?*

*Demons and Angels?  
Which do we feed?*

*Ever wondered?  
Was Eve innocent?*

**THE END**

*Leslie Bush*  
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