

Freedom Ain't A Place

By **Helen J. Dixon**

In my head, the love was dead.
Told him my ardor has diminished.
I no longer cared.
He begged me to stay
even as I turned my back—
literally, figuratively, eternally.

I walked to the open door,
slammed it behind me, as if to say,
“There, the past is locked away.”
Into the night, lightly stepping,
I walked unencumbered; I was free!
Two weeks later came the call—
He’s dead, he’s gone, you’re free!
And all at once, I was chained to the past—
literally, figuratively, eternally.

Memories I had forgotten
returned to reclaim their space.
Doggedly pursuing me, forever reminding me
marriages may die, you may think it’s over,
but the love is timeless and I knew mine was.

Had turned my back, but not my heart.
So I begged him to stay—
it was wasted breath;
urged his forgiveness-
prayers fell on unhearing ears;
cried out for relief
from the pain, from the grief—
no soothing voice, only silence prevailed.

I really was “free”
yet never more enslaved.
In a prison of my own making;
by a love which didn’t die
with the marriage.