

~Can't Take My Eyes Off You~

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Dedication: For A

I heard you would be at the art gallery and I had to see you. Climbing the stairs and arriving at the huge bronze doors I take a deep breath before going inside to search for you. Immediately I am taken by the grandeur of the entrance and a shiver runs up my spine in anticipation of seeing you again. It has been so long.

Arriving in the gallery where I know you will be, I'm not surprised to see you surrounded by crowd of admirers. Your dazzling smile seems to light up the room and the joy radiating from your eyes puts everyone at ease. I hear your laughter and that brings a smile to my face. Your laugh always reminds me of the unbridled delight of a young child who is rolling down a hill. Quickly I look around the room and see those that have come with you, Justine, Mary, Caitlin, Jackie, Daphne, Alexandra, Trisha, Joyce and the countless others who share in your message.

What I have to say to you is private so I must wait until you are alone to approach you. I want to ask the one question that has burned in my heart for almost nine years. I move amongst the others listening half heartedly to the conversations around me. No matter where I stand my eyes constantly keep finding their way back to you. Back to the beautiful young woman I can't seem to get

out of my mind. I covertly watch as people crowd around you and know why you have such a profound affect on everyone. It is because of your gentle, happy warrior spirit. Victory and defeat are the same to you because it is the journey that is important not the outcome. My eyes remain fixed on you still captured even after all this time.

Finally, I see my opportunity and I make my way towards you hoping for just a few moments alone with you. Standing before you I see your smile and those incredible blue eyes that hold so much promise and so much love. My own eyes are brimming with tears that threaten to flow but I hold them back as I gaze at your face.

"Why?" I whisper.

Then the tears begin to track slowly down my cheeks and I lower my eyes and head for I already know I will never know the answer - it is not for me to know. The words, *because they can*, echo in my mind and I know all too well the truth of them. I lift my head, open my eyes and look at you once again. My fingertips touch my lips and I kiss them before I reach out and touch the canvas image of your cheek.

"I miss you."

Dedication: To all the woman and children whose lives were cut short by senseless brutality.

The End

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