

Someone to Bear Witness

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1. A Silent Promise

I will stay with you,
though time is unweaving you thread by thread,
your skin as delicate as rice paper,
your words unraveling at the edges,
a tapestry frayed by memory's retreat.
You do not ask me to stay.
You never had to.
In your quiet, I learned the language of sacrifice—
a vow that does not speak, only lingers.
I press your hand to my chest,
feel the pulse of your fading heart
knotted with mine.
“Promise me,” you say,
and your voice is an anchor,
heavy with the weight of love
I cannot return in equal measure.
“Promise me.”
And I nod, my throat full of silence.
Yes, yes. I will keep breathing
for you, even when you are only a shadow
in the house we built from whispered dreams.

2. The Space Between Us

You sit in the corner,
fingers tracing the rim of your glass,
but the chasm between us
cannot be measured in inches.
It is the breath we once shared
turned thick with words unspoken,
secrets too brittle to bear the weight of sound.

I watch you,
a figure caught in the half-light,
and your eyes—
empty of the things I thought I knew—
look past me as though I were a stranger.
I want to reach across,
but the silence is a living thing,
rooted in the marrow of the evening,
a breathing ghost that settles
in the hollow between us.

3. The Weight of Fur

I cannot remember
when you became the softest thing in my life,
when your quiet presence
stitched itself into the fabric of my grief.
You press against my thigh,
your gaze tracing the curve of my sorrow,
and I am reminded
that love need not speak to be known.
Each breath you take
is a lullaby I cannot hear,
only feel—
a delicate weight against my chest,
a warmth that anchors me
in the wake of everything I have lost.
You ask for nothing,
and yet you give me everything—
all the unspoken words,
the quiet understanding
that lingers long after the world has turned cold.

4. The Quiet Stranger

You are a shadow in the morning mist,
a name I will never know,
and yet, for a moment—
just a moment—
I swear we have lived this life before.
The bus hums beneath a weight of borrowed stories,
and though ours was never written,
there is something in your glance—
a thread pulled taut before the world unraveled.
When you leave, the doors close behind you,
severing the space we shared,
and yet your absence lingers,
a whisper against the fabric of my day.
The city swallows you whole,
but I carry the ghost of your gaze,
as though it had always been mine.

5. I Was Yours Before You Knew It

Love lives in the smallest things—
a coffee cup left half-full,
a glance caught between the cracks of conversation.
You pass me the sugar,
and I do not realize
until much later
how carefully you place it between us—
the unspoken sweetness of quiet trust.
I never told you
that I watched you
from the corner of the office,
that your movements
marked the rhythm of my days,
that in the silence,
I became more yours
than you would ever know.
Love is a language of shadows,
and I have lived in yours—
learning the shape of devotion
that does not need to be named.

6. The Quiet Comfort of Furry Eyes

There is something holy in your gaze—
not the soft warmth of affection,
but the knowing eyes of a soul
that has seen what I have not dared to speak.
You press against me,
a weight without words,
and I wonder if you feel it too—
the ache that lingers in the bones of my silence.
You do not ask for anything,
only to be near,
your fur against my skin,
your heartbeat in time with mine.
And in the hush of your presence,
I realize—
I have never been alone.
Not really.
Not with you here.

7. The Last Goodbye

The air is thick with endings,
with all the words we never needed to say.
You are fading,
your fur dull, your breath trembling,
and I stand in the doorway
between what was
and what will never be again.
I press my hand to your side,
feeling the flutter of your last exhale—
so soft, so fragile—
and I wonder
if love was ever meant to be this heavy.
How much of it does it take
to break a heart that was never whole?
And when you go, your absence will be a silence
that no one else can fill—
a hollow space in the world
too deep to name.