

# "The Architecture of Us"

*We were never just a house. We were a home with the love that held us,  
the laughter that shaped us, and the memories that refused to fade.*

The blueprint is unfamiliar, but the foundation is solid, laid with the stones of your love,  
each one etched with your name, your voice, your hands that once held us all together.

Now, the architecture aches without you,  
*The walls painted in old jokes, the floors scuffed with the ghost of your pacing,  
the doors left swinging like unanswered questions.*

The boys are strong, their laughter the windows that let the light in,  
*They carry pieces of you, your stubbornness, your wit, your fire, your quiet strength,  
and though you are not here to see it,  
I know you would be proud, as you would smile seeing yourself in them.*

I am the door, hinges creaking but stubborn.  
*A threshold between then and now, between the hollowed-out halls and the world waiting,  
relentless, on the other side.*

We are moving forward, not because we have all the answers,  
*but because standing still is no longer an option and a house is not a tomb.*

The unknown stretches before us, vast and uncharted, but I am not afraid,  
*as we air out the rooms, we let the dust settle where it must.*

I carry you with me, not as a weight,  
*but as a compass, a map, a star that refuses to dim.*

Life is different now,  
*but it is still life, a river, not a ruin.*

Love is different now,  
*but it is still love, a fire rearranged, but never extinguished.*

Art is different now,  
*but it is still art, the brush dipped in absence, yet still painting forward.*

We are different now,  
*but we are still us, the house rearranged, but the walls remember.*

And so, we step into the future,  
*not as a broken house, but as a living blueprint.*

Me and the boys,  
*each of us a room still humming with your voice,  
The hallway is lined with the echoes of your laughter.*

We are the keepers of your fire now.  
*not ash, but embers banked in the hearth of our shared name,  
stoked by every story we refuse to let fade.*

Your memory lives not in the silence,  
*but in the clatter of cutlery at dinner,  
in the slam of the front door when the boys come home,  
in the unmade beds where your old jokes still tangle in the sheets.*

This is how we love you now,  
*not with monuments, but with motion,  
not with grief, but with grit.*

We are your testament:  
*a family written in calluses and grace,  
building the rest of our days with the nails you left us,  
the hammer of your heart still swinging in ours.*