

"The Canvas of Us"

Life was a gallery, and we were its curators.

Each moment hung like a masterpiece, brushed with the colours of “almost” and “always”.

You were the vivid stroke I never saw coming, the pigment that stained my world, in hues I didn’t know existed.

But art is never permanent, is it?

Even the most vibrant paintings fade, their edges curling like forgotten letters.

And now, the gallery feels hollow, echoes of your laughter bouncing off walls that once held our infinity.

I try to recreate you, dip my brush into the well of memory,

But the colours run, bleeding into shapes I can’t control.

How do you paint a shadow that no longer falls beside you?

How do you frame a love that exists only in the negative space?

They say art is eternal, but what if eternity feels like a wound?

What if every stroke I make is another way to say your name?

I am a canvas, half-finished, aching for the hand that once knew how to fill me,

And yet even in the silence and hollowed-out spaces, I find you.

In the way the light catches a raindrop, in the way a song lingers long after it’s over, in the way my heart still beats like it’s trying to reach you.

I am thankful for the time we had, for the love that was ours, for the four boys who carry pieces of you in their laughter, their stubbornness, their dreams.

They are our living masterpieces, each a brushstroke of your soul, a testament to the life we built together.

Life is still a gallery, and I am still its curator.

But now, I hang your memory in the quiet corners, where the light is soft, and the shadows are kind.

And in the centre of it all, our boys stand a living, breathing tribute to the love that will never fade.