"After the shock wears thin, you begin to wish for pieces
the scent, the laugh, the warm sweet touch or look,
the bend and twist he made when his fancy was tickled
or the facial animation when his mind percolated
another quirky idea or invention that he couldn't wait to share.

It is not about desire. It is about the unquenchable
thirst of longing, the soul striving for connection,
like the immense depth of silence shared in walks along the path.

In the emptiness of grief, we look for solace....
for the glue that helped us mend our shattered pieces"

Bill Connolly