# Tim Travel

I feel - I hear - I see you sometimes bro:
I realise the body had to go
And I'm aware that you're not 'really there' -
Yet here you are.

You always come when summoned –
From a photograph
A video;
Your words in Orla's birthday card;
The sound of a guitar…
Making me wish, cry, think, sigh, laugh; jar:
I know you have to travel -
But you haven't gone too far.

We are not our bodies
Not flesh, not bone
Not muscle, sinew, blood or
Anything we *think* we own
Those last few days –
The heart had grown so weak
From making wings so strong
That at its final beat
I knew you'd flown -
They who say you lost the fight
Are wrong:
It was a drum of triumph – not defeat
At the start of
Your soul's new song.

When that last breath left
I remember thinking
It seemed much less like death -
And more like breaking free.
I remember crying *"Go on Tim!"*
Willing your spirit to flee that useless,
Youth-less, tortured form;
But I really, *really* miss
Those warm, *literally* breath-taking
Brotherly hugs,
'Cause anyone who knows
How *proper* squeezes feel
Agrees that when we deal *these,*
We don't need drugs.

I feel - I see - I hear you sometimes bro
Here you come –
And there you go:

Hello 😊