

What Word?
Musings from "The Plague"
by Brit

What picture could I paint
that would show what's in my heart
that could comfort you as much
as my hand upon your shoulder?

What standard could I fly
to challenge you to bravery yet again
entreat you to hang on for me - *for us*,
and beg you not to slip away?

What promise could I make
to surpass the barrier between us
that keeps me from holding you
when you need me the most?

What message could I leave
that would make you understand
that you are not alone, never alone
because I'm intertwined within your heart?

What word could I speak
to give you hope
to make you understand
that I will die before I give up?

The dark-haired detective uncapped the scarlet lipstick and with a tremulous hand, began to draw on the isolation ward window.

S T A R S K

Later, when Hutch's eyes slit open, his attention was drawn to the room's sole window. The blond tried to focus as he continued his struggle to draw breath.

A solitary tear escaped as his heart filled with comfort and hope.