

#### **Goddamn Ham Sandwich**

or Love as a Form of Grief

I sat for over two hours

tonight - still, quiet,

alone -

staring at a goddamn ham sandwich.

I bought it so suddenly. Realizing that a full twenty-four hours has passed since I last ate anything, I was eager to escape my own patterns.

> Yet I sat at my desk for so long, letting the hour-count rise even further. My stomach was as empty as my appetite, my memory full and bloated enough for the lot of them.

> > This isn't the first time
> > I thought about you.
> > Songs, shows, foods, phrases so many things can bring back
> > the handful of good memories
> > I refused to let go.

I've had the recurring what-ifs play a few too many times too.
What if I could talk to you one more time?
What if I saw you out in the world somehow?
What if I was just a little better,
a little more receptive,
a little more attentive,
given a little more for you?
It's already been so long What if I really never see you again?
What if I really never see you again?

What if I really never see you again?

It's been said that the end of a relationship can feel like the death of a loved

That grief will find another vein to sink its teeth in and fill it with venom.

But grief hurts so much more when you are the only one in the world who can't hear their voice.

I told you that we needed to break up after over three years of Netflix and nights that were usually far too long, but sometimes not long enough.

I watched you deny it, bargain for another week or day or hour, pace around the tear marks on your shirt and floor, and kick me out of your room with thunder shutting the door between us.

I stared at a stupid goddamn sandwich today after finding out about your girlfriend yesterday.

I was so delighted at first, so happy that I was only a chapter and not the story but then I heard that you've been with her since the day the lightning divided us. I'm trapped in so many questions.

Did your grief only live within a thirty minute fight? When it was tense before it was laid to rest, was she sucking out the venom before the bite? What if I'm too poisoned to catch up to where you are? What if she hides her sadness behind the same smile I once wore to stop your anger and disappointment?

What does she see now? Does her mirror stare back with my reflection of us half a year in - Terrified of how much I loved you? Or maybe it weeps with the image of us after two and a half years - loving you out of fear?

What if she will be alone in two years, struck by **this same venom**, unable to self-advocate while your teeth are in someone else's throat? Will she carry this same shame of being too afraid of honesty, willing to take the rain from your eyes, but not the shock from your mouth?

Right now, I only want two things -You - happy, loving, living, thriving, fireworks firing from fingertips without me lighting the fuse.

And me, able to eat this goddamn ham sandwich.

You and I had synced our eating schedules so we would make sure neither of us skipped a meal.
That rhythm has been broken for years.

I've found my own since then.
But right now it sounds like two familiar songs playing in my head at the same time.
The beats, the words, the moves - so jumbled, so scattered.

This headache only grows worse with the sound of the paper unwrapping.

for flute, oboe, and bassoon

Alexa Letourneau

5'30" October 2022



x noteheads followed by scoops or falls indicate breathing audibly in rhythm; notated on the middle line with a scoop indicates inhale, while second line with a fall indicates exhale. This may be done with or without the instrument, at any audible volume.



Hairpins with a circled tip indicate to or from niente

All grace notes are to be played before the beat.

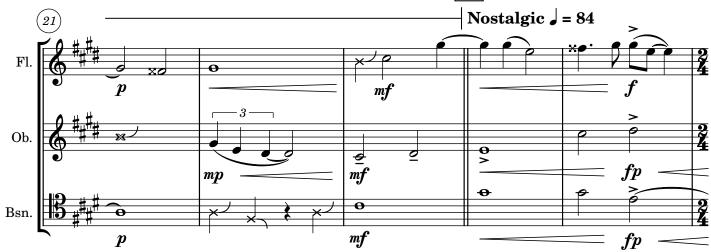
Throughout all meter changes, the eighth note remains consistent.

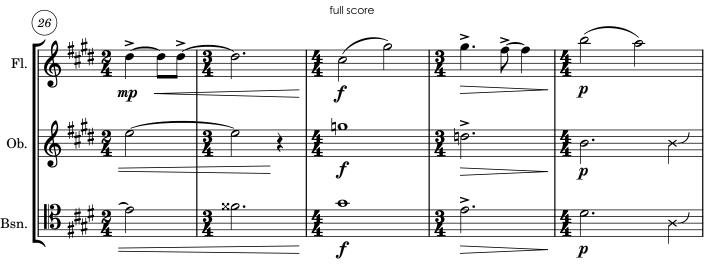
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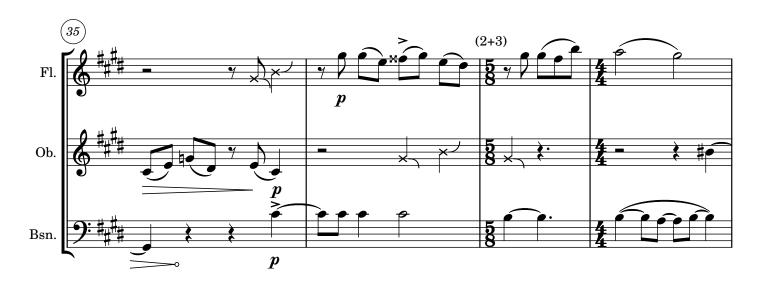




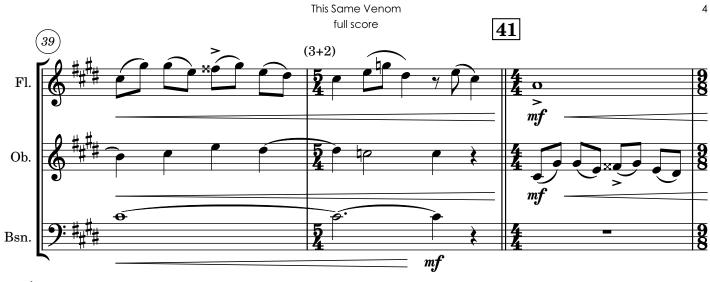








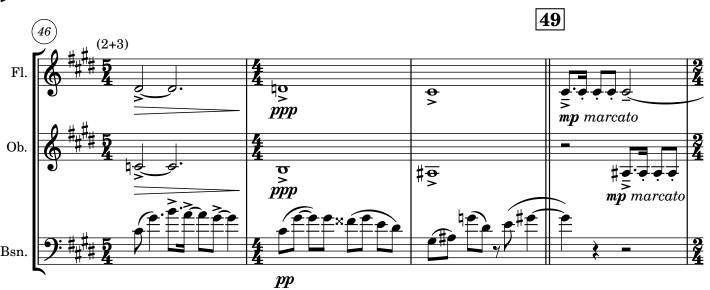




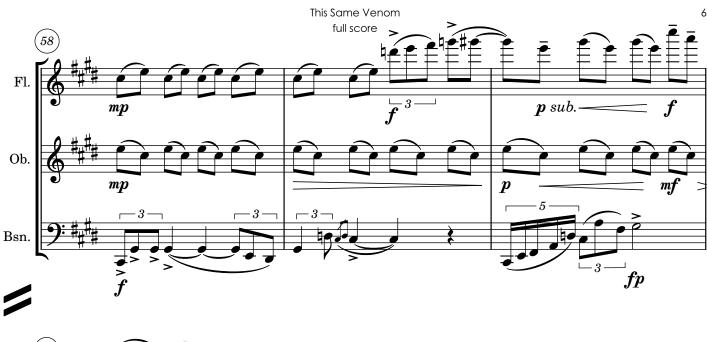




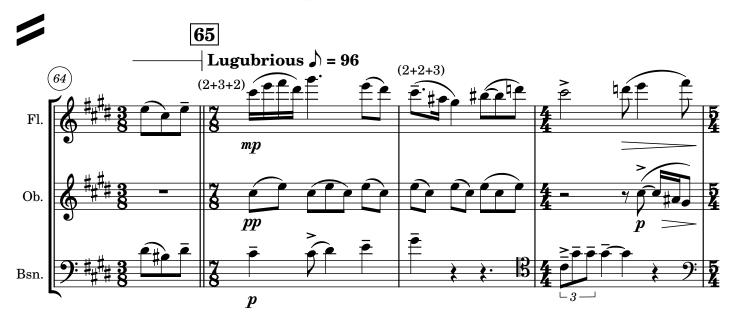


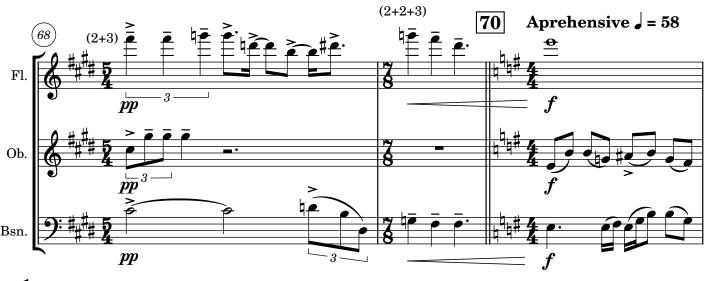








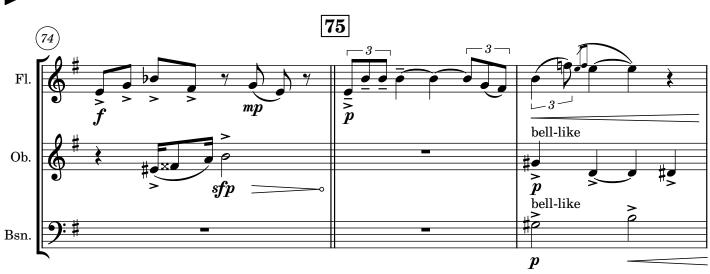




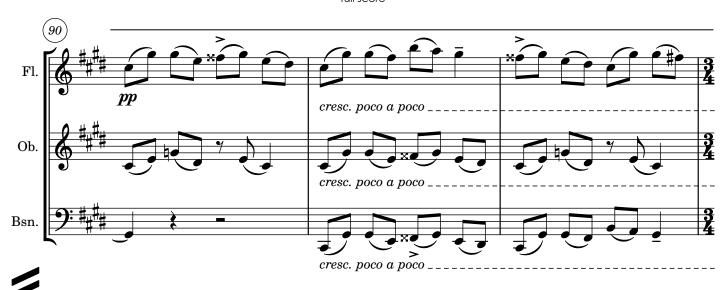




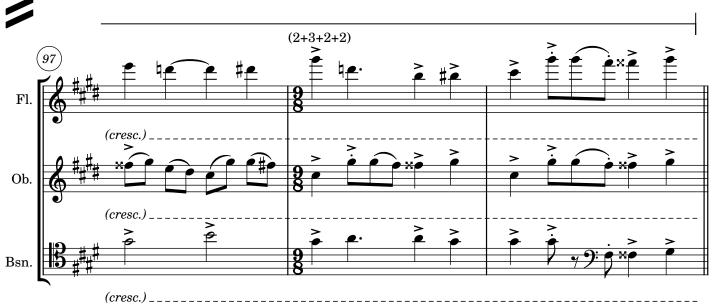












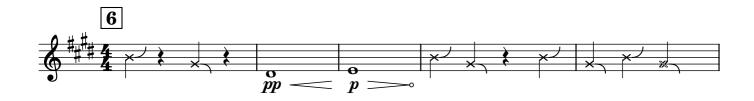


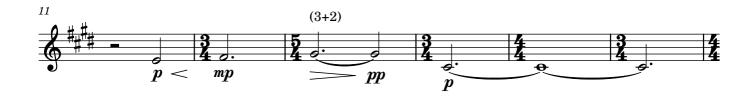
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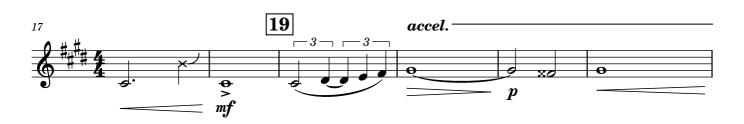
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#### Meditative and ritualistic = 69











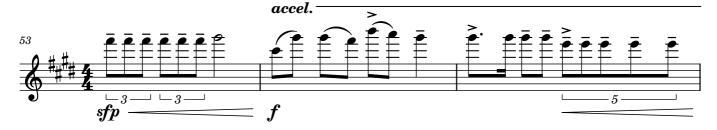


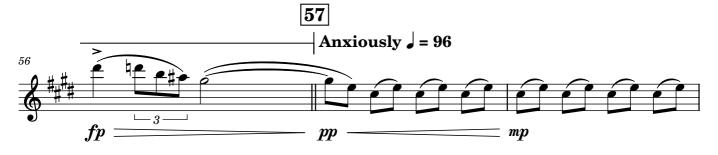


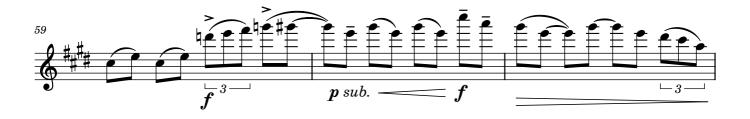












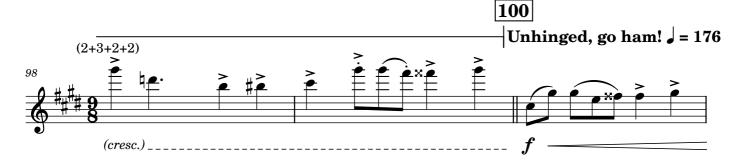






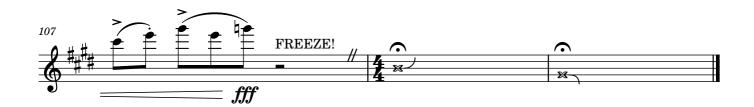












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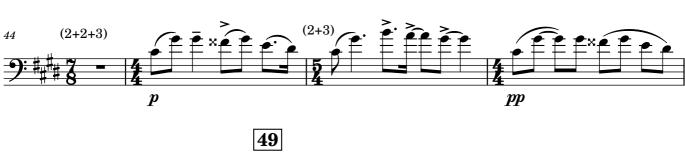




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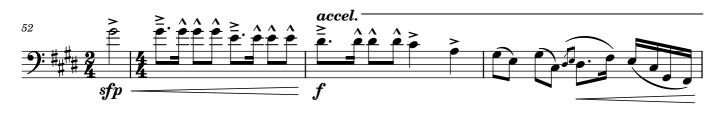
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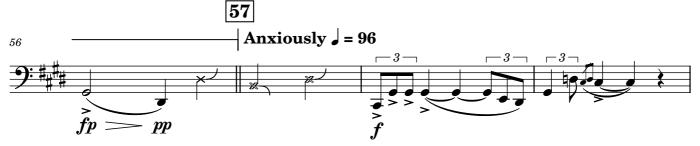


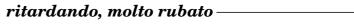










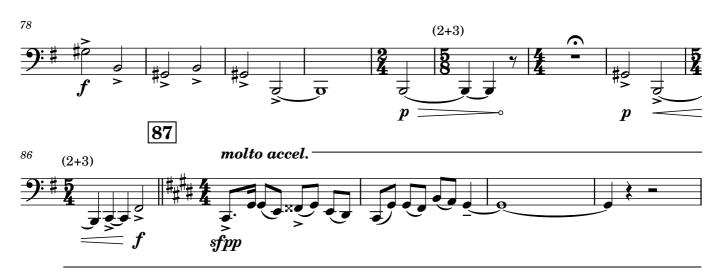




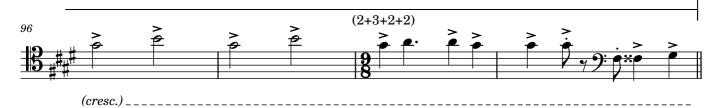












100

Unhinged, go ham!  $\downarrow$  = 176



