Eulogy from a Bed

She was a quiet woman. She never spoke much or made much sound at all. Even the slight shift of her weight upon my old frame barely creaked. She slept deeply, rarely stirring in the night. She was often alone. Few people perhaps knew her the way that I did: the way that she slept in knit socks, no matter the temperature; the loose braid she wore every night to keep her hair from tangling; how she sometimes fell asleep with her readers on, bending the frames in slumber; the quiet tears that wet her cheeks on the nights we lay awake together in warm darkness. They would not know the way she crept beneath my covers tonight, drawing me close; the way our old bones creaked in time with one another; the way her unbound hair curled against her weathered face; the way that neither my quilted embrace nor her knit socks were enough to keep her from growing cold.