



## Malkovich Q

October 29, 2018

No obituary found for this tribute.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Malkovich Q*

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January 28, 2023 at 12:38 PM



“ *Malkovich Q*

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January 28, 2023 at 10:16 AM

“ GIVING SORROW WORDS

“Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bid its break.” - William Shakespeare

*I can't sleep. I've been lying wide awake for the last couple of hours, heart racing. I need to give my sorrow words. The words will be run on sentences, garbled thoughts randomly spit out of my reeling brain, but there will be words. Days ago, we were watching a dog rescue show and I broke down. Marc placed his arm around me and just let me cry it out.*

*So far, every part of the day is struggle for me. The first night, I thought I might have a heart attack myself. I may have slept for a couple of hours, only to wake up realizing that it wasn't a nightmare and gasping for air. I thought the night was the hardest. Then I got up and there wasn't the sound of happy feet, newly woken for the prospect of breakfast. I thought first thing in the morning was the hardest. Then I went into the kitchen and opened the fridge.*

*Normally, the sound of the fridge door opening would wake Malkov up from deep sleep three rooms away, the sound of his feet running, hoping to get a piece of meat he knew I would always give him. I thought mid-afternoon was the hardest. He would wake me up for lunch. He always made sure I eat my lunch and he'd patiently wait for me to finish under the table. Then I had to go to work and at the doorway before closing the door there wasn't a big white face watching me off. I thought leaving the house was the hardest. What I've come to realize is that right now, there isn't a time that's not the hardest.*

*You know how they say that grief comes in waves? That when grief is so fresh the waves crash down on you mercilessly over and over and you feel like drowning. It's so accurate. It's a very real description of my grief. I feel like I keep getting hit by giant waves. I miss Malkov. I mean, my God was he beautiful. He was magnificent. I have all this love, a love so strong for a very special boy. One whose light cannot be extinguished. One whose memory I will carry with me for the rest of my days.*

*I guess what I'm trying to say is I'm alive. I'm not great, far from it,*

*I'm crushed. But, yesterday I didn't have to remind myself to breathe, so that's progress.*



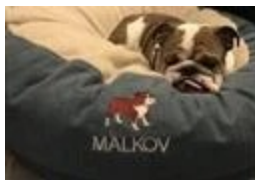
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**Mica Q** - November 26, 2018 at 09:16 PM

MQ

“ *I loved everything about Malkov. Everything.*

*From the minute I met him, I was hooked. He was a naughty little puppy, hiding behind furniture waiting for the perfect moment to charge and attack your ankles with his sharp little teeth. He chewed on everything in sight and couldn't care less what you thought about it. He was a bulldozer, ramming his head on to anything. He was a big boy, right from the start. Never tiny, always bulky. I loved that about him because he was such a gentle soul in such a big package. He was a protector. He was protective of us. Nothing was going to happen to us on his watch, of this he made sure. Barking at pesky little flies, cars that passed by and even at his own shadow. I have so many Malkov stories in the short time he was with us. I could write a book about them. I don't ever want to forget a single thing about this big, gentle, loving, tolerant, caring boy with the massive head and paws.*

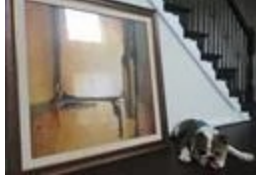


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**Mica Q** - November 08, 2018 at 02:27 PM



“ *The house feels empty without hearing your footsteps, nails scratching the wood floors... your snoring... even with your eyes open... your sudden barks... your drool that leaves white stains that mommy wipes all the time...* ”



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**Marc Brian Q** - November 06, 2018 at 05:20 PM