

Mom and Grandma Poetry

With Her

My first memory is of her
Taking her to the hospital
The sunrise was beautiful
And I was so young
My next memory is of building
With Lincoln logs she had given me
It was a dark rainy morning
And I could see my sister going out to school
I remember bringing home stacks of schoolwork
And she after each one, gave a comment
We pinned up a flannel character
For each day of Christmas
We made crafts for Cub Scouts
And we went to the Blue and Gold banquet
She felt my hamster
To check if he was dead
We traveled in the nation's capitol
After my conference was over
She came to watch me run
Even though I was dead last in every race
She came to be a chaperone
At a speech conference
She kept me alive with her letters
As I trained for war
She supported my leaving
And gave me a place to stay
She brought me to the hospital
And filled out paperwork
She gave me furniture
And helped me with my finances
So now I am independent
And these are just a few
Of the good memories I have
With her

Mom and Grandma Poetry

How Long?

What is a single tear worth?
What would one more minute be like?
How can I count past a day
When each hour tears a piece of me away?
What would I do with an hour?
How would I remember you?
Can I last a week?
Each moment lasts forever
Sitting in anticipation
Sleep beckons me
Will a dream draw me closer?
There are no visitors at night
Maybe this afternoon
You can wander amongst the panorama of my longing
Tears hurt too much to continue
Silence is too hard to keep
How will I show my affection
When I am so weak
I can barely remember your face
Your voice is weak
What would it be like
For you to call out my name
My memory grows faint
I grasp at straws
The longer I think
The less I can imagine
Did you love me less
When I saw you more often?
Are a few hours too much?
Do you try to silence my voice
The days drag on endlessly
There is plenty of room in my heart
Why do I feel so down?
Why does Wesley cheer me up?
When I answer the phones
How can I stop from thinking of your hang-up
Will the therapist want me to see you less?
Will companionship count for therapy?
The longer I am away
The sooner I get to see you again
If only the wait
Would pass by much quicker

Mom and Grandma Poetry

Talking

Another day
Another phone call
What do you want?
I called to say
You are my friend
You are the mustard on my soy dogs
You are the casserole at just the right temperature
When I feel like crying
When the world seems so large and I so small
I think of you and smile
There is no medicine that acts more quickly
Than the comfort of your voice
One moment in time
Is what four hours with you is like
The world stops
And your thoughts make a soft light
And a warm glow
I stop to think of you
And I am at ease
When I dial the phone
It is like I am calling home
In one word
You restore sanity to my mind
Your prayers
Flow the current like a gentle creek
You watch over me
Like a tree that stretches over me
An inch above my head
There is no fear
When you are serious
There is still hope
Even when you are sick
We walk at the same pace
But you are more steady than me
And you can walk a mile more
There is nothing that could keep you from caring
No frustration could keep you from trying
You have more impact on me than the military
You are more important than finding a wife
Even in my darkest hour I know I can count on you
No voice is stronger than yours

Mom and Grandma Poetry

In a moment

We watch the grass change from green to yellow
We wake up to fresh air and new light
The days have rhythm
And the years do to
Our life we take at one day at a time
Looking forward to a night of restful sleep
When something changes
We take baby steps
But sometimes things happen more quickly
Sometimes there is no time to stop and reflect
We spend much of our time preparing for these moments
But how could one be ready
It all changes in a moment
We hurry to make it in time
But we must wait again
Injury can happen in a moment
But healing takes much longer
Flowers can bring beauty
And cards hope
But a friend is what brings joy
How do we love without crying?
When those we love are hurting
Job made time to thank God in his trials
But we are not patriarchs
We are only sheep looking for a shepherd
We all fear the inevitable
But there in lies our greatest hope
It is in these times we look for guidance
But all we have to do is look around
In our midst is a peace
A comforter that never leaves
Who can say there is a a reason
Why the grass is not always green
Or why we can not always be young
When time stands still
It can be a blessing
Every word can be meaningful
When we look to our special verses
And awkward pictures
And handwritten letters
Sometimes a moment can last forever
And that is not always bad

Mom and Grandma Poetry

Just a Token Memory

I can hold it in my hands
I can appreciate the significance
But what I would only give
To have the person behind the memory
I pass by the painting
And I get a glimpse of a shadow
Is she there?
Within one minute
I see back to my childhood
Of house owned by others
And events long forgotten
What joy there was
In an hour of anticipation
What a time we had
With simple pleasures
Picking out cereal
And waking up in our second home
Years later we were closer
And we could ride our bikes
Over there
The same people
All older and more their own person
A walking pace
I could not match
Cats I could not catch
A talk that seemed to go on forever
I not grasping the accent
She patient and forgiving
Then flashing forward
Like a dream I saw her
Meeting me in the hospital
And there was little to say
I had could not even
Keep my sanity
But I was always a little weird
And she was so much more sophisticated
I don't know if it was really a shock
As I began to recover
She was given only a little more time
And she moved again
And I saw her more at the end
Than ever before
She had humor to the very end
And picked up on the slightest subtlety
Beary and Bow sat with her
And they were very well behaved