

Last Day of School

Looking up from the book I'm signing,
I see him approaching me.
Catching my eye he looks not away,
while my feet they wish to flee.

My pulse starts to race,
and I can't catch my breath.
I must calm my young heart
or this will lead to death.

In front of me he stands,
he looks into my eyes.
His hand on the wall behind me,
my stomach has butterflies.

He leans in and time stands still.
My not breathing seems extreme
yet, I can't remember how.
I fear I'm caught in a dream.

He places a kiss upon my cheek,
Then looks into my eyes.
This moment is etched into my mind,
an untold mystery, here lies.

Slowly he turns and walks away,
I still can see his eyes.
That was the last time I saw him,
and a memory I'll always prize.

Grown-Up Choices

We were so young when he asked for my hand,
an answer I could not give on demand.

I wanted time to think and know my heart,
for a choice like this I had to be smart.

The time I spent thinking was not very long.
It lasted, maybe, as long as a song.

I held his hand while I spoke really clear
and said, "I can't marry you my dear."

With tears in his eyes, he softly asked, "Why?"
I told him the truth without any lies.

"I love you, Tom, but we'll never survive,
after all we're only five."

In the Still of the Night

In the still of the night a baby cries,
thousands of miles away his mother dies.

She was deployed shortly after his birth,
now, how will he know his own mother's worth?

He will never know the warmth of her hug,
or her kisses when she tucks him in snug

He will never know of her love of books,
or the power behind one of her looks.

He will never know she loved how he curled,
he will never know how he was her world,

In the still of the night a mother dies,
thousands of miles away her baby cries.

Ouch

Just a little cut in between my eyes
I know how it happened I won't tell lies.

Just a little bump that knocked me out cold
I did it to myself, if truth be told.

Just a few stitches the doctor did place
after I slammed the car door on my face.

Not What We Planned

His afflictions bind him to our small home.
In his chair or the bed, his suffering is known.

On good days, we venture out and about,
but it always backfires and he is out.

Out of commission unable to play.
So, alone on the couch I sit and stay.

He says I should go do things on my own,
but that's boring, so, I try not to moan.

I'm mean and self-centered, I want my own way,
to live the life we planned on that first day.

When we married we were young and naïve,
plans for the future, I think of and grieve.

My life has not gone according to plan,
I will stick by him, he is my man.

This was not his choice, he doesn't love pain.
I know I'm selfish I shouldn't complain.

It could be worse, I am not on my own.
I'm not widowed though I often feel alone.