This Home

Echoes of chirping crickets

Mowers whirring in the noonday heat

A memory, like cooling balm

Spreads across the vast oasis of grief.

Cracks in the floorboards

Laughter etched into the walls of this home

A daydream, like a smooth, warm stone

Held in my pocket for safekeeping.

This has been my sanctuary of heart

Of home.

And I harbor that weighted promise

That tiny-winged bird on my palm

Light as air, as peace.

Clouds

my search continues
in clouds, in songs, in shapes.
I vow to find you
in the eyes of everyone I meet.

some days, my view shifts upward
I imagine your silhouette
towering above our Earth,
among fields of purest snow.

I blink in the noonday sun,
peering through the heavens.
my silent prayer sprouts wings:
"Daddy, be with me."

yet wonder molded from disbelief
blurs into reality;
love, into pangs of sorrow,
longing, into fragmented wisps of white.

Denial, the bitter serpent,
retracts its fangs; frees me from his grasp.
Acceptance unfurls on my palm,
before she flutters up and away.

for you are gone from me
a soft memory through space and time
but my search continues —
in clouds, in songs, in shapes.

Innocence (A Poem for December)

Delicate flakes on lashes, that winter's eve,
Caramel ringlets twirled around her finger.
High above, he hoists her to catch a glimpse
Of an evergreen tree, the lights shimmering,
Illuminating the darkness with their divine glow.
And her tiny voice rings out, a bell tolling:
"Silent night, holy night..."

Oh, to have sparkling eyes once more,

To see Christmas – all its magic and mysticism,

Hearts alight with wonder and unharnessed joy,

To feel the warmth and safety of a father's hand,

Reaching through the crowd to find me.

To know the beauty of a child's hope,

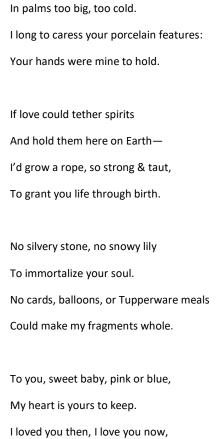
Of a child's sure footing.

Yet, now as then,
Good-spiritedness and mirth are wrapped
In bundles of red and gold and green.
Gratitude abounds for growing, for learning—
For another year on the journey.
And pure love, an ageless gift,
Is not lost at all.

She looks o'er the silvery, snowy town,
Atop those shoulders, strong and true.
Gatherers head home in reverent silence.
With youthful, rosy cheeks,
The little one whispers in awe:
"Thank you, God." And indeed—
All is calm, all is bright.

Nursery Rhyme

Visions of cradling your tiny frame



Forever my angel, gently sleep.