

My Mother's Wedding Dress

Touch,
Sense,
Movement.

The careful, whispering swish of fabric trailing on the floor
The grip of Tulle in my hands
Mysterious, edged with lace and sewn with love
Made in love, because of love, for love
Made to dance in, to be adored in
Pure, stainless beauty
Adorned in floating awe

A dress that follows, that listens
Ivory buttons dance up the arched back
Velvet, Taffeta, Brocade
None are the same
As this feather-light, memory-heavy skirt
Twirling, laughing
First dance, just a step behind
Oh the joy I feel!
The passion!
The beginnings!
Emotion this fabric has been steeped in
Strong enough to last decades
Centuries

And I know it
I sense it
As I walk my own path
Down my own stairs
Into my own beloved's arms
The dress remembers
It murmurs the same as it did for her
Wishes of contentment
Blessings of fruitfulness
They worked well in her favor

Now she comes
To a similiar event
Though dressed now in mature clothes
A different dress
A different time
Brightness in her eyes
Tears of sadness

Of longing
Of leaving
Tears of joy
Of new lives
Of new promises

The time has come
Whiteness, tenderness covering my head
Doors open
Bells ring
People sigh
Gardenia blooms in hand
As I straighten
And walk to my new life
To a new time
In my mother's wedding dress

To listen, To hear, To know

Silence
Silence to those who do not know
The beating of my lumbering heart
Shh...
Quiet
Push it back
I want to listen
To hear
To know

The edges of perception
Intruding into my consciousness
Let them in
Let them in
I want to listen
To hear
To know

Shut my eyes
I don't need them right now
I don't need to see the dappled sunlight
I can feel it
I don't need to see the moss and growing things
I can smell them
I don't need to see the freshness of the air
I can taste it
I need to listen
To hear
To know

There
There it is
Soft spoken
Simple feelings
Simple words
Nearly imperceptible
But still there
I want to listen
To hear
To know

I have been waiting
Minutes
Days

Years
Centuries
And I will wait longer
I must understand
I need to listen
To hear
To know

They whisper
Whisper of time
Movement
Stillness
Of change
Of continuity
I listen
I hear
I know

I open my eyes
The sun is too bright
But it does not matter
I have sensed them
They have felt me
I have listened
I have heard
I know

Tears

Tears are the markings of great events
Each one carves a track of loss, longing or joy
Down your face, leaving a trail that can never be removed
If you look in the face of a stranger
Sometimes
You can see
The tear marks of their past
Hanging on, permanent
That woman lost her parents too young
That boy's house was burned
The man over there has a new child
His wife is open to new pain
Can you see
Can you guess
The hurts of my past
These trails of tears that have burned and stung
Maybe I will see yours
If I just look closely enough

For Catherine

Summer, spring, winter, fall
Whether you like to weather them all
Leaves shall sprout with buds so bright
Open by day, closed by night

Soon turning towards colors of bleeding inks
The reds, the oranges, golds and pinks
Then coldness comes, the snow so high
The heated stove we huddled by

A shrieking boy runs, golden hair whipping
Whilst we sit laughing, from sweet china sipping
Speed to the summer, a day on our own
The Lady of Shalott, candelabra accidentally thrown

And praying together, our evenings long
Though we filled them with many a smile and song
And so our summer came to pass
Like seasons, never meant to last

Though I cannot come to your embrace as soon
As you and I would like me to
I'll kiss these words and send them afar
With love, to whenever, wherever you are

Creative Thoughts

I can't sleep
My thoughts won't let me
Eleven thirty, midnight
Light on
Notebook out
Pen on paper
Light out
Shut eyes
To tired eyes
Or lose my ideas
My precious gems
Gone forever
What am I to do?