

GOLDIE

You are in my thoughts today.
Sadness is turning to bittersweet memories.
Partners for twenty-two years and yet words
escape me like the beauty of your youth.

No longer can we escape from the burdens of
obligations, suffering, and tears. Times when
closing our eyes forever were saved by the
power of your energy.

Shared songs of grief, penetrating the coldness,
blessedly turn to tears of relief. Your
faithful roar always ready for adventures, has
aged to a soft purr.

You will be beautiful once more before
your silence. New hands will give you
that last vision of youth.

Let me climb into your body once more,
stroke you one last time, and whisper
that familiar phrase once more... Glad-it-Runs.

Debra Taylor



Dad

Dreams of fire engines
now gently laid to rest.
The bright red engine
now simmers to a warm glow.

Don't give up. Please leave
the arms of the chair
that now aggressively
holds you to her breast.

I accept the wise and
gentle man that was
now visible in my
youthful perception.

Let me comfort you
now with memories. The
Richness or your life
fills my heart.

Debra Taylor

In My Imagination

Sometimes
When I need to be alone
I go to the woodland trail -
the scent of the fir trees
the touch of the leaves
the sunlight that comes breaking through

Open to wonder, what next may appear
My eyes search the forest floor
strange mushrooms - a pink one,
an orange - a gold
dried needles, hoof prints - old leaves

Here in this chapel, held by the peace
my spirit is bathed and relieved.

Sometimes
I follow the path to the lake
and there in the evening
in my secret place
under boughs of a sheltering old pine -

I melt in the moonlight
that drifts on the lake,
and the stillness -
comes into my heart . . .

Nancy Chrzan Wilson

