2004

Bittersweet Closure

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss3/17
Eyes sunken, pale gray blue
Fragile hands—
I watch the blood pumping life through your body
Through your fragile hands
Keeping you alive,
Restlessly gasping for every breath you take
Struggling within to keep your eyes open for me.

Use to be you didn’t know me
But today, I know is different
The feeling is strong
I know you know me today.

Picture show and tell of the family at Christmas
Your eyes flicker in recognition.
Your forehead, so dry and rough, I stroke
Running down your cheek
It’s alright to close your eyes and rest
Go ahead, I’ll hold your hand,
I’m not going anywhere, I’m right here.

I know you recognize me somewhere deep inside
Just by the way you smile at me
Peace overwhelms me, and I know it does you as well
By the way you squeeze my hand and then release.

I know you’ve fallen asleep
As I continue to stroke your face
The same way you stroked mine when I was a little girl.

My vision becomes blurry as the tears start to flow,
It’s okay to let go now, both you and me,
You’ll be in a better place soon,
Just know that I love you, Leafe—
Oma, I love you.