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Her Place

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Her Place

Karen A. Waldron

(In memory of my mother, Mary Murray Powers)

Her bed a constant companion now,
eyes closed by time gone on too long,
Shaken alert, frail hand pushes angrily away.

A departed mother still with us,
she carried an umbrella on sunny days,
life's weighty fears in a fully stocked purse.

That purse lies empty now,
its contents scattered like ashes
across our universe of doubt.

Faithfully, she lived on and on,
no worry of chill in this hospital bed.
Heart still strong, conscience summoning Beyond.

Wasted frame forced fetally into trust,
she's in a different home these days.
Body a memory, soul a tantalizing promise.

They say she's alive, yet she's been gone awhile now.
Ivory wrinkles dissolved into rare softness
at odds with timeworn beads indenting her flesh.

Is there an end to this journey,
another beginning to sweep away the tiredness?
And if she finds nothing, where will she go?