

I'll bring Spring

I'll not bring sadness to your sick bed
but bold red tulips to light your room
and a copper penny to make them last.

In front of the charts and medication,
I'll place lotions to scent you to sleep,
magazines to transport you far away.

I'll speak to you of every day,
of the antics of feral grandchildren
and the absurdity of age.

I'll bring old jokes, recall tales
and characters – friends all.
We'll laugh as we always have.

On the drive home I'll remember
the heat of last summer,
when we laughed and lingered over lunch,

and rage and grieve that as we drank,
careless of the future,
the sands had run.

(For Jan)

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