

I Mourn the Things I Had to Leave Behind

I mourn the things I had to leave behind.
Who has the spool bed we bought for our first home?
the cedar chest my husband made?
I miss my friend, the birch tree in the garden, the birds and squirrels,
the old car in the driveway.
I miss the cooking pots, the slotted spoon.

I can't be a young girl again, a passionate wife,
a nursing mother falling into my baby's wide amazing eyes,
a mother of boisterous and busy teens.
I fill in the square that says 'widowed.'

I can be a grandmother,
rejoicing in children and a sister-friend.
When I accept a cane, a walker, orthopedic shoes, a smaller space,
and learn to love this home;
when I hear the chatter at each meal as strangers meet future friends;

When someone says
"I have enjoyed dinner with you, I will see you again;"
when I see a sea of faces
and wonder who will be a friend;
when I feel a sense of family and my space as home;
when I open my heart to this new life, then—
Peace.

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