

August Day Last

Mom's home was her castle
Her garden was her park ... her sanctuary
For every mood ... copacetic to contrary

Then one day in August the gardening was done
We sat on the patio in from the sun

Mom, would you like a cool drink today
How about a rum and coke again
Then, with a smile that would chase away rain
No, today I think I would like champagne

God said, OK, you can have this date
You don't know the master plan
Or your very own fate

So, we sat sipping our champagne
While we drank in the garden's beauty
As reward for this day's duty

I would sneak a peek as she turned her cheek
Admiring the lady who was my aging Mom
Who always loved her garden
As she did when I was a child
Annuals, perennials and some that were wild

Just that she was much older now
My heart would ache for her inside
Chest protruding with pride

We don't wish loved ones away
But I prayed to God in a quiet way
To let me outlive her to spare her more pain
As we sat on the patio that last August day

Who knows, we might have another ten years
She said as she suppressed all her fears
Having lived an exemplary life
As daughter, mother and widowed wife

For two more years she made her way
It came to pass that was not her last

Only my special Mother's Day

Douglas A. Earle