

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE:

Dad's Vigil

What can I say to convince you
sitting at the hospital every day
is where I need to be

I know through all these weeks
your mother is often barely
aware I am there

I know you worry I'm wearing down
how city driving tires me now
how little time I take for myself

I know you fear for my heart
since that day in Emergency
one floor below

What can I say to convince you
her respirator breathes not just for her
the monitors trace not only her life-signs

What can I say to convince you
my memory is talking to her
my peace is our hands entwined
my heart is her heart

—Ellen Bouchard Ryan



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*"my memory is talking to her
my peace is our hands entwined"*

Stream at Crook's Hollow, Greenville ON, CA