

Holding Dreams

One early summer morning
as soft red sheers
billowed and caressed
the light in my goldenrod room,
I had a dream right before waking
about you, my missing mother.

You were wearing bold pink
and your hair,
never gray in life,
was still aflame with auburn light.
You were slender, vulnerable.

We stood in Norma Lee's old, small kitchen
with the two long paint-peeling windows
and when we met,
we folded into each other's arms
and cried.

The pent-up grief broke free.
We could not stop the tears
and didn't want to.
We'd been granted a long, blessed,
stolen moment in time.

We comforted each other as we clung.
What I lost, what you never got to see,
the sorrowful gaps in our families -
it was all there
in that old beat-up kitchen
and we held it in our arms.

It was a gift, this holding dream,
a sorrowful gem
one bright summer morning
in the mid-season of my life.

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