

Post-holiday hugs
I'm holding
Back tears
With this tiny
Ache in my heartspace

Family
Members depart
One by one
We fly
This Monday...waiting to board
Hating to say goodbye

Pinkie promises
To skype and text
We thumb
Through calendars
Plotting when we'll be together next

Please pencil us in

I would like to
Re-wrap the gifts
Re-dress the tree
Re-string the lights

Please rewind me

Back to the day I found
The flowered scarf I knew you'd love
The fuzzy purple gloves
The poem I framed
The night I wrote your name
In green glitter
On your red stocking
As you sprinkled silver tinsel
And strung the blue garland

I overhear someone say
"Back to the grind"
While my belly butterflies
Flutter to find
A way to stay in this
State

Will you whisper with me
A promise
A practice

Be here

More presence
Give this greatest gift
All year

POEM THREE
January 4, 2015



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Serving you
Poems to go
Words that feed
Heart and soul