

My Prodigal

Although sleep finally came,
I tossed and woke, tossed, and woke.
The sunlight through the window
Caused me to surrender and give up the fight.

Ah, yes. The worries of yesterday,
Still lay heavy on my heart...
And upon my face, it would seem,
As I hesitatingly look in the mirror at my haggard
reflection.

Mustering up the courage to face a new day,
I wash my face to rid myself of the exhaustion I feel,
Hoping the cool water on my cheeks,
Will somehow reach down inside and refresh my soul.

Without remembering how I managed it,
I realize I'm walking downstairs, fully clothed.
Did I brush my teeth? Yes, I'm pretty sure I did.
I walk into the living room to put on my shoes.

As I gather my belongings for work,
My eyes fall upon the photographs on the wall.
There are my kids, each the center of their own collage.
The pain pierces my heart like an arrow as I look at her.

Happy faces in the photographs remind me of good
times.
Each picture reflects a different stage of childhood.
In the middle is the finale, the senior picture...
The last picture placed in the collage.

New beginnings for all. She will begin her life.
We can now sit back and enjoy our spoils of parenthood,
To revel in our commitment and hard work.
To look forward to seeing the outcome, and
grandchildren.

As I pass by her collage, I say 'goodbye' out loud.
For I am grieving my daughter's death, again.
She is alive and kicking, but the girl I knew is gone.
Sometimes I think death would be easier.

I leave the warmth of my home and face another day.
Sometimes I'm just going through the motions.
Sometimes I become so engrossed with my tasks,
I actually forget for a little while.

Perhaps it is self-inflicted sabotage,
But my eyes rest on the photographs on my desk.
My grandchildren, her little boys.
I didn't know it was possible to love this deeply.

The pain flushes through me anew.
It wasn't supposed to be this way.
I don't know how it is supposed to be,
But this was not in my plans.

I think again, perhaps death would be easier.
One can deal with the grief, and the steps that follow.
Life can go on, and we do what we must.
Forgiveness comes more easily, and finally.

The hope of seeing our loved one again,
Is tucked away until we see Heaven.
So far away, perhaps, but still attainable,
If they knew Him too.

But I know the plea of those left behind...
"If only I could see my beloved again."
I try to count my blessings, as I gather my belongings.
Time to go home and complete the daily routine.

Yes, I am so very blessed, in so many ways.
Right now, I may not see my daughter as I would wish.
But I continue to hope as I watch the horizon at day's
end,
That one day I may see her running back home to me.

LJH January 7, 2014 ©