

## WITHIN THE RUBBLE

By David Gray

The old woman in Cleveland  
Who was once my mother  
Now holds no such office.  
She has abandoned any and all  
Claims upon her, content now  
To let others fend for themselves.  
Content is only a figurative reference.  
The face with the hint of a frown,  
The lingering look that would emit  
A criticism if allowed to speak,  
And the sarcastic smirk on the lips,  
Conveys plenty of discontent  
With almost everything  
Within her gaze.  
I suppose 91 years  
Of observing every foolishness imaginable  
Would find most anything  
And everything a dalliance,  
Deserving of a sigh's worth  
Of scorn.  
Still possessing a sense of humor,  
She can give and take  
A moment's tease.  
But whatever worm it is  
Eating its way through  
This ancient cortex,  
Left within the rubble  
Of moment and memory,  
Is no possibility  
For sorting or identifying  
Much at all now.  
You are merely another  
Interference to be dealt with,  
And anything you just did or said,  
Something that needs to be clarified.  
When another resident  
Barks to "shut up"  
Or otherwise challenge her space,

She's not too shy  
To shake a fist  
And launch a threatening glare.  
They tell me she sings now  
And bounces and taps along  
To the music.  
I wish she had been so free  
When she was still my mother,  
But I am happy for her,  
That she finally gets to  
Loosen the shackles  
And let down her hair.  
Maybe I just got a glimpse  
Of who she was  
Before I met her.  
It's been five years  
Since I saw her in recent past.  
This may likely be the last.  
I just came for one more look,  
To share one more moment.  
I'm glad now  
Her awareness has diminished.  
To sit in that place,  
Even as nice as it is,  
Would be a crime to a sound mind.  
Go then  
When you're ready,  
When you and your Maker  
Find it suitable.  
Via con Dios  
Old Girl.  
Via con Dios.