

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.