

The Memories of Things Yet to Come

She's outlasted 20 Presidents and moved up 20 feet.
From the back to the front of a city bus as it drives down the street.
Snow white hair caps her dark brown skin
like a crown of glory upon an old mountain

Her home is a rocking chair, her world is the cottage
with 20 years of darkness as her eyes are held hostage
She rocks and sings and sometimes hums
a very stark contrast of the world she came from.

The trials that ravaged most are not ones that she shares.
Perhaps she's immune to them or perhaps she's unaware.
Thumbing through her Bible with her head looking skyward
She knows her days are numbered and she'll be able to read afterwards

Soup is the staple that simmers all day
and the aroma leaves a trail that helps her find her way
and she hums as she rocks the hours into days
and in her days of darkness rocks them all away

Others would consider her up against the ropes
But her smile, she can't see is a sign of inner hope.
Cloudy eyes have never been more clear
her heart is there while her body is here

She could have focused on the very high cost
of all the battles that she has lost
But she sees! She sees! She sees the battles won
and enjoys the memories of things yet to come.