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Poetry

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I sent a message home to you today
To greet you in your garden. It will come,
Abseiling down, on wings of whitish grey,
To lavender embraces of the sun.
I sent another one that we could share,
Its painted wings of wonderment we knew.
Look out for it on marigold and sage,
For as you watch, it will be watching too.
And from a Hospice bed each day was sent
A message meant to fortify with care,
A child would watch for drifting dreams that went
Beyond the verge of what a word might say.
And every year as they migrate anew,
A parent's thoughts of love will be with you.