

Waiting Out The Rain

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Poetry

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Her gnarled hands pick phantoms from the bedcovers today.

Hands that used to write grocery lists on the backs of used envelopes,
mix pale, buttery batters in the early morning light of her kitchen,
sew exact stitches for seams and hemlines,
turn the pages of her daily devotions,
braid a thick, blond ponytail.

“Look at that long-legged cat over there!”

She points with one hand,
purple veined and quaking,
with gracefully tapering fingers,
and smiles at the empty corner of the hospital room.

She disappears in a sudden downpour that distorts and disorients,
alone now, with just a long-legged cat
to be her companion in a foreign landscape.

I step through reality to join her in that strange place,

“That sure is a pretty cat,” I softly assure her.

I wait for the rain to stop so she can find me again.