

TRANSITION

Lynn Laird

2024

And it is only March

Fireworks dazzle

The dragon bursts forth

Grasping the new year

Grief

Like an opossum

I play dead

Hiding from words

Left unsaid

Like a dragon

She sits among her horde

Of home shopping deliveries

Hippie music-loving tomboy
Playing the perfect Mayberry mom
Released from society's expectations

My mother may have loved me as a child,
Been proud of me as an adult,
But she didn't always like me.

She said I was too much like my father.
And I am.
She said I was too much like her mother.
And I am.
She saw I was too much like her.
And I am.

I am too much, too loud, too bright,
Too adventurous, too cautious
Too proper, too not
And I am all that came before me.

Grief

A thousand lightning bolts

Strike the heart

Loud

Thoughts in my head

Clamor on

Loud

The beat of my heart

Breaks tempo

Failure to thrive
Seems like such an odd phrase
For someone who lived
While they were alive

Thoughts

Marbles dropped

Skitter across the floor

Fireworks dazzle

Ashes scatter across the sky

Ask forgiveness, not permission

As the dragon leads her home