

Golden

By Kelly Mullins

Thursday

Tomorrow I may want to golf,
maybe I'll play pickleball
or volunteer somewhere. That's fun,
but lately it's been difficult
my heart has been too full.

Friday

Maybe I'll go fishing, Saturday –
I'll be fine by then –
once before they crack my chest,
who knows what will occur?
I feel ok – a little weak –
but I'm stuck here in some room.

Saturday

Tomorrow is my project day
though I doubt she'll let me work.
I'll need to gas the car sometime
a friend may need a ride
or just an open ear to bend,
mine is *always* there.

Sunday

Morning? I think it is? Is it?
What beeps? What dim light emanates?
Where am I and what's happened here?
Is she ok? I see her there
sitting in a chair – worried.
Is someone hurt? What can I do
to comfort her? Peanut?

Monday

No surgery today; must rest,
recuperate and heal – I hear,
“Get better so we can operate.”
Thumbs up my unvoiced reply.

Tuesday... or Wednesday?

I've heard the word ten times I think
“Pneumonia,” maybe eleven.
Doc says a week or even more,
with middle finger I retort.
she smiles, laughs, and says I'm cute.
Her laughter heals my mind.

I don't know what day it is

So many visitors have come.
I'm glad to have such friends.
My body aches all over now
but pain no longer hurts
I see it laying there and she
stands faithfully by my side
I want to tell them I'm ok
but soon they'll know it anyway.

It's Monday for Them

A quiet voice drowns out the din
with warmth, with Love and Light,
she begs me not to make her choose
and easily I comply.
I'm drifting Home – with blissful peace
content with a happy life,
I wish I could have stayed for more,
but time has withered by.
Remember, all the ones I love
I'm with you every time
you think of me in good or not
we'll walk one day at a time.