

What's the Worst That Could Happen?

I've been turning 70 since I was 50.

A kind of preparation,

a truth telling for the end

so it won't be harsh or shocking.

Perennials, like my salmon roses,

return year after year. I hope my readying

means another blooming for me.

My mother spent her days in the garden,

clipping the dead leaves, pruning wild strands of weeds,

forgetting she had children, sometimes.

A faith in an imaginary heaven with angels

and pinkish, floating clouds, a perfect husband

waiting to hold her hand and rip sails toward the sky again

made her journey -and the end- easier.

I have no vision of a land above the clouds, so I wonder.

Will I be the wind on a warm, spring day?

Will I grow roots for a silver oak to give shade to grandchildren?

I hope I am the stars winking and gleaming against the dark,

or perhaps a full, bright moon to point to and say, "ah."

I wouldn't mind being a turquoise ocean smear

across miles of white sand.

I could be a shell.



Donna Hopkins