

Aleta Anderson

Remember

I remember that last night,
As we lay in the moonlight,
Under the black sky,
Watching for a shooting star,
In the misty blue moon bright.
No fire-colored leaves flying by,
Thoughts traveling afar.

The crisp air awakens
Senses of fall; more aware
Of the hope-filled sight,
The flashing stars
Like flickering Christmas lights.
Eyes adjusting to the sight
Took time. Tick-tock. Tick-tock.

I am tired, you said.
Tired of prayer with no answer,
Tired of this fight with no rest,
Tired of this body's imprisonment,
I want to run and dance.

I am tired, you said.
Tired of city hospitals,
Tired of breathing aids,
Tired of arthritic pains,
I want to swim and play.

I remember that last night,
As we lay in the moonlight.
Lying in the hills of home,
You asked me to promise you
To remember your fight.
Here now, I feel lonesome,
But you promised me too.

The rustic air smells,
Hints of cinnamon and nutmeg
Like aged paper of a classic book
Mixing with nature's living scent.
Lying in the hills of home,
Where last energies were to be spent,
Your motivational aura lent.

I need to fight, you said.
Fight no matter what life brings,
Fight for happiness and joy,
Fight for hope and opportunities,
I can run and dance.

I need to fight, you said.
Fight no matter daunting obstacles,
Fight for my heart's desires,
Fight for love and dreams,
I can swim and play.

Remember this last night,
As we lie here in the moonlight.
I will be laughing happily,
Please, don't cry.
I will be shining bright,
No longer suffering, painfully.
Let me go, let me fly.

The cool breeze whispers
A memory of your promise:
I will be your guardian angel,
And see you in never-ending glory.
Watching over from above,
And still walking right beside,
Being with you forever in your life.