

MARILYN WESTON

You're Here

the trees are bare.
it seems as though the first leaf fell only yesterday.

we celebrated Michael's first birthday,
we sang and laughed
and missed you.

Grandma's fine.

it's so cold and

i remember a day when we ran
laughing through fields of sunshine and yellow flowers,
chasing butterflies and each other,
somersaulting through time.
the grass tickled my bare legs.
i giggled and rubbed a beautiful flower
on your nose.
you stroked my golden hair,
whispering through tears you'd never leave.

i bring you flowers every day,
stroke the cold gray stone above your head,
waiting for the wind to whisper you're here.

A Taste for Red Wine

the cold and snow
have brought warmth
for winter wheat,
fire to flicker
in the eyes of lovers,
the hearts of children,
given me
a taste for red wine
and your lips.