

In Loving Memory

-PBC

A hand that held mine,
not my mother's, but a mother's heart.

Through the shadows, she was there.

Her quiet words, a fortress around me.

When the world felt sharp,
her blessings, a gentle shield.

In the thickest dark,
they glowed, a steady light.

The late night whispers,
stories spun like soft thread,
tucked me into dreams.

Even when her own strength wavered,
the scent of her cooking filled the house,
a silent offering of love.

My reaching hand, never empty,
her giving, a flow without question.

The gentle correction,

a guiding voice, showing the way back
from where I'd stumbled.

She was the quiet hum beneath my joy,
the solid ground where I could stand.

Gratitude swells, a silent tide,
for the gift of her in my life.

But a hollow echoes now,
a word unsaid, a touch unreturned.

The final door closed,
and I was not there to say goodbye.

That absence, a constant ache.