

Grandma

by Lorraine Cobcroft

A withered face, a furrowed brow
The gentle touch of roughened skin upon my cheek
White silk down upon her head
A kiss, a smile, a welcome
A heart filled with love, a mind filled with wisdom
A lifetime of loving and caring
And ever open arms
Is Grandma

A weatherbeaten home with peeling paint
Creaking floors and squeaking doors and cracked cement
A welcoming warmth that reaches to the soul
Rich sweet smells of patty cakes and Sunday roasts
And favourite flowers
A big black stove and wide brick hearth
And pot plants everywhere
A lifetime of sheltering, feeding, protecting
An ever open door
Is Grandma's house

I'll declare her queen of motherhood,
Queen of love,
Her little house a palace, for no mansion could ever be
So perfect a retreat from troubled worlds

And if I ever go to heaven
I hope that I will find
Grandma in her kitchen
Stoking the fire, stirring the gravy, watering her pots
And waiting to welcome me home.