

Waiting for Miracles

*The steeples soar
Bathed in cool winter sunlight
Rising from the valley beyond the window
They wait for her at a benevolent distance
She doesn't look, though knows they are there
Their bells beckon to her, an old friend calling*

*Her eyelids are like anvils
Her fatigue like a vacuum
It pulls on the room around her
A soporific for all those present
But she's not ready to close them yet
I've got too much living to do, she chirps*

*This was where it began, the fatigue
She slowed to a halt without resistance or complaint
Slowly it consumed her
Disregarding her strength
Circumventing her will
Fearing nothing*

*The doctors loved her, almost as much as they feared her
They feared their honesty
They feared saying it out loud
They moved around it
Grappling for roundabout words
Longing for a barrier, any piece of armour
Any shield against her kind tired eyes
She isn't afraid
She knows*

*They offer to take her pain away, to make her comfortable
But she isn't in any pain, she never has been
It's locked away behind her wan smile
Buried under a mountain of peace and grace
She has her faith*

She has her strength

All she asks for is honesty

She's grateful to them all

To the doctors, the nurses, the whanau

She's grateful for the little things they do, the little miracles

She's grateful for the flowers that come with her meals

She's grateful for the music the chaplain brings her

She's grateful for hymns and prayers that plaster the walls

By day, her daughters and sisters watch over her

By night, her husband returns

Decades of love and devotion is now vulnerable and exposed

His bed lies perpendicular to hers

Their heads almost touching

No longer are they side-by-side, their journeys are diverging

Whanau corralled her

Taking up their new posts around the old guard

Their eyes are full, threatening to overflow should their thoughts stray

Her eyes are dry

Her thoughts are clear

She knows

There's no shadow at the foot of her bed

Only whanau and faith

There's no solemn end waiting for her

Only soaring steeples and little miracles

She knows where she's going and she isn't afraid

This is a journey

She's content

She knows