MEMORY

A beautiful woman with a face
More exotic than an orchid,
With raven hair and eyes darker than midnight
Crossed the continent to a seriously ill father,
A forgotten poet of the fifties and sixties,
Who never wrote a poem as beautiful as she
Who was so tender at the bedside
That her memory lived a long time at the hospital
Among the medical who wondered what the father had done
To earn such love.

When he was well he asked her why
And she replied, "Do you remember my new bike?"
He remembered a nine year old girl,
Who, when her mother was an invalid,
Cared for three young children,
All of them grown tanned and well
Under a California sun.
She had large, plaintive brown eyes
And always seemed to have the baby
Resting on her nine year old hip.

I remembered a beautiful little girl holding together a family
And she remembered a shiny new bike
He gave her as a love offering.

Michael Largay