

Simply Being

For many quiet hours
I sit, looking out
at trees and sky
friends come
often to share
dreams
and thoughts
enrich living.

A friend today,
said 'I like to know
you are there
in your chair,
sitting, being,
waiting
available to listen'.

Maybe I should
acknowledge
that my sitting
and being –
have value –
as if I am a still centre
always there –
who matters...
A grandmother,
godmother,
who listens and loves
that is my task
as ninety draws nearer.

Make the most
of my being,
sitting
in this chair
ready
to give you
a welcome
a hug.
My body is aging
but my mind is open,
as I listen to voices
of trees in the wind.

Poetry by Jean Clark
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