

Twenty-Eight Days

By Rose E. Grier

As the rain pours outside the door
of your makeshift room
we cry at 4am
stroking each other
softly in the dark
tender is the night
bitter sweet
harsh reality
like a stone on our hearts
weighing us down
trying to stand up to the task
emotionally preparing
drinking in the moment
as intimate as it gets
exhaustion takes over
as we breathe together
we must endure these 28 days
until our daughter weds.

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