

to my friend Helen Simon*

My memory...

A star, brilliant, reaching for the moon.

Other eyes saw you differently...Oh, those 'Others'
The indian agents, the church, the self-appointed saviours,
Imposing authority...no respect, no dignity.

And Still, my child eyes remember you then;
Teaching, guiding, loving, and strong.
You encouraged, you coaxed and led me here;
To build, to create, to remember.

I rubbed your back the night you slipped into the sky world.
Through the faded dress and worn sweater;
I felt the breath weakening, tired and small...
don't forget me...I won't, I can't...for I breathe, I live, I dream.

A shooting star, brilliant, streaking toward the moon.
Strong, energized, filling the sky...Grandmother forever.
Have you reached your destiny...will I?

from a loving granddaughter
Anna Nibby Woods (Douse)

* My grandmother used to sign her letters to me - "from your friend, Helen Simon"