

Unconditional Love

So many years have passed, yet; the delicate scent of her cologne lingers.
Closing my eyes, I recall her loving arms cradling my little girl body---
Drawing me onto her lap, dabbing crocodile tears, whispering "It'll be okay".

I peek over her shoulder; she styles her hair and skillfully applies make-up.
Our eyes meet in the mirror, she laughs and dabs pink rouge on my cheeks.

A journey into her closet discovers hat-boxes, dresses, a fox stole with eyes!
I giggle donning wobbly pumps, wrapped in a green sheath, a giant feathered hat.

A whirring Singer portable atop our dining room table hums late into the night,
Scattered Simplicity dress patterns, red dotted Swiss fabric pinned onto thin paper,
To my delight, a pinafore dress I never wanted to outgrow emerges just before dawn.

A Maytag connects galvanized wash tubs; warily I slip a towel through the wringer.
We save ruffled crinolines for last, adding extra starch for my favorite party dress.

Wooden pins display sun bleached sheets; billowing in the wind like spinnakers.
She sings "Sweet Violets" as we pile crisp air-dried clothes into our wicker basket.

A metal stopper atop a used Pepsi bottle comes to mind:
Dampening pants, dresses, shirts and linens, we prepare for a day of ironing.
While she works, we watch Fred Astaire dance across a shoe box size black and white screen.

As I go through each day, a memory or two unexpectedly comes to me.
So many gifts taken for granted; the many priceless gifts of unconditional love.
I wish I could have her back for an hour or so --- to tell her how much she's missed.