

LETTING GO

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For Rachel

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If I could, I would stop the thundering waves
so that you would not be afraid of the ocean.

I'd paint only blue skies and sunny skies that are not too bright.
It would never rain or be too cold, too hot, or too windy.

I'd let you stay up all night and share with me "your world."

The food I would cook would not be too hot, too cold, too mushy, or too crunchy.
You could eat all of the Chocolate Brownie Ice Cream you wanted.

The house could be your canvas and you could paint or color the walls and rugs.
You could sprinkle glitter like fairy dust all over the couches.

The kitchen floor, covered with a layer of water, could be your slip and slide.
The stairs covered with cotton balls would become your snowy mountain, and you could slide down the stairs on a paper plate.

If I could I would protect you inside my loving arms,
but I can't stop the ocean waves or the gray days.

I can't control your world. I gave you life but only you can live it.
You may never like the ocean like I do, it will be your choice.

I only can tell you how much I adore you—how proud I am of your courage, intelligence, and beauty.

For you, to go outside without the safety of your sunglasses is a triumph.
You eagerly go to school and return home with joy in your eyes.
Hope infects me.