

Eleventh Hour

Don't leave just yet
There is one more Christmas gift
Hidden in the back against the wall
Look a little closer...it's for you
Unexpected, surprisingly delightful, carefully-chosen

Before you fly away, step into my world
The sweetness of apple pie
Mirrors the down-to-earth sweetness of my heart
My wounded heart that only shows little glimpses
Of its complete and awesome capability when it's whole

Before you fly away, come and play with me
Laugh hysterically with me late into the night
At comedians and funny movies and cartoon quotes
I will tell you story after story that will make you giggle
I will be so ridiculous that you will want to smack me
I will use humor to hold you at bay, because I'm not yet ready to love again
But I don't care, because it's who I am, and I trust you
And because I trust you,
I will unintentionally show you how much I treasure my son
I will share some of our happy moments with you, and we'll all be children together

Before you fly away, come to my playhouse and see how I work
I will show you every nook and cranny, every toy and tool
With crazy, twitching, caffeine-drenched glee in my eyes
Wondering all the while why you even care!
I will tell you stories from my past while I effortlessly put together a shelf
And I will quietly listen to yours, lending a comment when needed
I will play you song after song that moves me,
Because it's a way of showing you my heart without having to uncover it

Before you fly away, I would never dream of overstepping boundaries
Unless I am asked, unless I am invited
So I am happy that you did, because it was a thing of beauty
A rare and special occurrence, like the lunar eclipse outside our window
Like our electrical thunderstorm in the middle of a California summer
But that's all I will accept, I will not take advantage...it was more than enough for me

Before you fly away, I will watch you in my quiet strength and know that you loved me
I will fold you in my arms and tell you that everything you do is going to work out fine
I will flash you my heartwarming smile one last time, and know that you will keep in touch
I will say goodbye and let go, as I have gracefully let go so many times before

And although I never let the words pour from my heart as you do
I will never forget the healing and powerful gift of our eleventh hour

A. Lander, 2007