

Remembered Farmhouse

Morgan Mulford

Pudgy pale cheeks and a mischievous gaze
from those blue eyes, knees exposed from ripped tights,
a toddler amongst her dozens of rowdy cousins
in the isolated and weathered farmhouse.
Brown and cream carpeted floors bejeweled
with Lincoln Logs, Legos, and little Beanie Babies.
The cotton haired great-grandmother perches
on husband's indented powder blue recliner,
grasping his red-handkerchief between bony knuckles,
staring through her gold-rimmed spectacles at the
overwhelmed eyes of the toddler, as a tear skirts
down her wrinkled face, remembering the moment
her beloved's blue eyes shut forever.