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A Peace of Sorts

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A Peace of Sorts

My granddaughter, bless her, is as I once was: confident, innocent in a world defined by being loved.

You could smell flowers all day and not get stung.

But not everything is good, and you can't explore without bumping your head somewhere.

You find musty curtained places where your innocence and confidence are unwelcome.

I anticipate her discovering a stuffed puppy can't protect her forever. She hugs it tight.

Still, there is a greater beauty beyond such stabs of loss, and unseen hands stretching her into a new, unfamiliar body.

A hard freedom, once you lose many things, perhaps Puppy.
A peace of sorts, after you bury most of those who loved you.
Then you watch the stars alone, saying in your chastened heart, Well, it had to be.

Russel Rowland