

## Waiting for Miracles

*The steeples soar  
Bathed in cool winter sunlight  
Rising from the valley beyond the window  
They wait for her at a benevolent distance  
She doesn't look, though knows they are there  
Their bells beckon to her, an old friend calling*

*Her eyelids are like anvils  
Her fatigue like a vacuum  
It pulls on the room around her  
A soporific for all those present  
But she's not ready to close them yet  
I've got too much living to do, she chirps*

*This was where it began, the fatigue  
She slowed to a halt without resistance or complaint  
Slowly it consumed her  
Disregarding her strength  
Circumventing her will  
Fearing nothing*

*The doctors loved her, almost as much as they feared her  
They feared their honesty  
They feared saying it out loud  
They moved around it  
Grappling for roundabout words  
Longing for a barrier, any piece of armour  
Any shield against her kind tired eyes  
She isn't afraid  
She knows*

*They offer to take her pain away, to make her comfortable  
But she isn't in any pain, she never has been  
It's locked away behind her wan smile  
Buried under a mountain of peace and grace  
She has her faith*

*She has her strength*

*All she asks for is honesty*

*She's grateful to them all*

*To the doctors, the nurses, the whanau*

*She's grateful for the little things they do, the little miracles*

*She's grateful for the flowers that come with her meals*

*She's grateful for the music the chaplain brings her*

*She's grateful for hymns and prayers that plaster the walls*

*By day, her daughters and sisters watch over her*

*By night, her husband returns*

*Decades of love and devotion is now vulnerable and exposed*

*His bed lies perpendicular to hers*

*Their heads almost touching*

*No longer are they side-by-side, their journeys are diverging*

*Whanau corralled her*

*Taking up their new posts around the old guard*

*Their eyes are full, threatening to overflow should their thoughts stray*

*Her eyes are dry*

*Her thoughts are clear*

*She knows*

*There's no shadow at the foot of her bed*

*Only whanau and faith*

*There's no solemn end waiting for her*

*Only soaring steeples and little miracles*

*She knows where she's going and she isn't afraid*

*This is a journey*

*She's content*

*She knows*