

In memory of my nephew Robert Paul Griffiths, passed December 19, 2014

## OF A BRIGHTNESS STAND

Of a brightness- STAND  
The pressure of compression  
sought of warmth – Where's your hand?  
It was the wave of the splash against the rock.  
The wave did not lapse the time  
Or move it forward.  
The grasp of your hand  
Where is it now?  
I've warmed the mittens with my own hands.  
The pressure of compression sought of warmth,  
Where's your hand?  
Blessed impression encapsulated  
of thread woven of warm heart  
the textured palate to hold you.  
Not of a separation but of whole.  
Where's your hand?  
Float with me – buoyancy – you are  
My hand grasp – No More Forgotten!  
Not to lay to Rest – No Lain to Rest!  
Warm to the heart- You'll always be-  
Where's your hand?  
Please.....  
Where's your hand?  
I've warmed the mittens with mine.  
Our hands together,  
Grace of smiles-  
The boiled eggs for winter forecast placed in absence of mine in mittens found to warm,  
But let them Not Rest-  
Grasp mine  
The wave did not lapse time or move it forward  
Mine are always with you with my heart.  
Compression for your hands.  
Grow-up  
but don't pass away!

*-Carol Lee Brunk  
December 9, 2015*