

Spices

All those spices sitting in a row.
Memories of long ago --
when the kids were there
when I cooked and baked
and was famous for my cakes.

Days long gone by
yet still so alive
in parts of me
no one
hardly ever sees.

Dear Kids, the hardest thing I ever had to do
was say goodbye to you
not just once
but many times.

As you grew from size one to nine
and without me
were able to live so fine
I knew you were no longer mine.

The baby in the blanket
who I cuddled five times a night
became the toddler who loved to fight
and say "No, I don't want to go!"

The school girl of ten
would suddenly vanish
and in her stead was a teen
whose dream
was to get away from me
so she could be
all she was meant to be.

Then one of the girls I carried
decided to marry.
What a joyful day!
Yet even that
Was another step away.

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