

MUSING PUBLICATIONS
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BLOOM & BLOSSOM



kindred spirits

Diana Raab

On the small porch
beneath her bedroom window,
where she took her life,
my grandmother and I
used to sit for hours watching passersby.

She taught me
the art of people-watching-
inspiring the writer in me.

Now, decades later, I sit
on my own porch and see
how narratives form life's tapestries.

I never got a chance to thank Grandma
for her gifts: teaching me to type,
and her nurturing while my parents
worked long hours in their retail store.

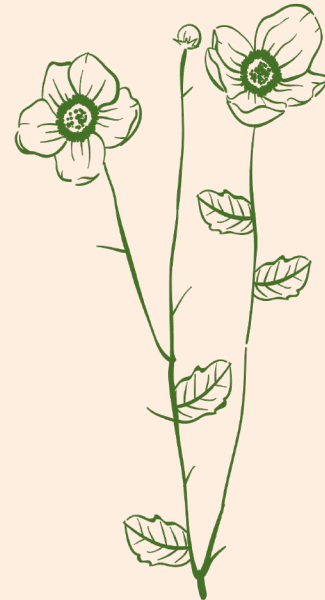
No chance to express gratitude
for her teachings:
like how to look pretty wherever I went,
even when putting the garbage,

and to not burn any bridges,
to write my thoughts in a journal,
and to smile when sad,
to be with those who inspire,
and to listen to my heart.

But in the end, I did get to thank her,
as last week during my pandemic
similar to hers
back early in the twentieth century,

she returned outside my writing studio
as a fluttering hummingbird
to offer more wisdoms and guide me
during my lost moments.

Oh how I wish she can hear me sing
this song of love
like she sang to me
on my childhood porch.



Message to my body

Diana Raab



It took a long time
for me to say this

but I do appreciate you—
you have tested me

ever since my first push
into this world. Born less than
five pounds, tonsillectomy
at seven, childhood trauma,

incompetent cervix
leaving me on bedrest
for three pregnancies
then three cesareans,
bout of breast cancer,
then blood cancer.

Over and over again
you tested me and I've
pulled through.

My will to survive
will get me through
as I refuse to be the victim,
but rather invite the light right in.

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