

Love Poems

Message to my Grandchildren

Diana Raab

Outside my writing studio window
a hummingbird flutters—
one red flower to the next.

She glances at me
relaying ancestral messages from the heavens.
In awe, I stare at her beauty—
iridescent colors and mystical energy.

I know it's grandma telling me
to share stories that glue
generations together

all living in our DNA—
the pains, the horrors of world wars,
the cruelty of humanity—
all nurturing the compassionate person I've become.

She says compassion and gratitude
are two seeds which blossom
into happiness and nudge us towards the light.

From my mother, I learned to hate darkness
as she hid under a black straw hat
and strolled cemeteries at night.

So dear grandchildren:
Look for light.
Crave peace.
Don't settle for less.