

Unspoken Words

A December fire warmed my soul
As I sat alone amidst a mountain of memories
In a rocking chair from my past.
The rhythmic beat of its familiar squeak
Soothed my spirit as my thoughts drifted
Many years and thousands of miles away....

Through the clouds of a dream, I watched an immigrant mother and father
Struggling to make it in a lonesome land.
Dedicating their work, their love and their lives to their children,
Sacrificing daily to raise them into a better world.
As the years unfolded, their young ones grew,
Never saying the words, never letting them know that they understood.

Time ticked on, the carefree days of their children's youth were abruptly ended by
The harsh reality that it was now their turn to provide.
So swiftly the young parents' new families grew,
Now they worked the countless hours, sacrificing, endlessly giving.
It seemed like only yesterday that they were the youngsters
So oblivious to their parents' unspoken efforts of love.

And now, this nurturing cycle of devotion continues throughout time.
Parents who were children, remember their past,
Wizened by the years, now able to show their love and appreciation
With a letter, a call, or a visit where they assume their familiar role.
Sometimes with a simple prayer of remembrance,
But always with their quiet memories in the still of a winter's night.

Children who will be parents sleep quietly in the night.
It seems like centuries away until they evolve in the everlasting cycle.
They rest unaware of their role as the center of our universe,
Oblivious to the future, their perspective will change.
They learn from each generation, trying to embrace
A piece from each as they complete the perplexing puzzle of life.

The grandfather clock chimed his faithful tune and
Awakened me from my brief visit through time.
I realized the creak of the ancient chair had ceased,
I sleepily folded my checkerboard quilt and
Walked up the stairs into the darkness of the night,
Pausing for a brief tuck of a blanket and a loving kiss to my children.

Frank Allocco-Christmas 1994