



Writing Our Journey: Poems and Essays by Family Caregivers

Each meeting has a suggested prompt, or idea, for people to write about. Everyone is free to interpret that prompt however they'd like. Below is one of the prompts, followed by a sampling of what was written in response.

Please remember that each piece of writing belongs to the writer and, if quoted, must be credited to that writer.

A place you love

Write about a place you love. It could be a place that you're attached to now, or a place from your past. It could be a big place (another country you've visited?) or a small place (a special nook in your home?). What does it look like, feel like, smell like? In addition to telling the story of your connection to this place, the challenge is to try using physical details that really evoke in your readers an understanding of what it's such a special place. That is, try not to simply say, "It's beautiful," but rather paint a picture with words that helps us really see the beauty for ourselves.

- "Composting" by Brenda Considine
- "Returning" by Kathy Roberson

Composting

The heavy, moist smell of compost
lingers in the back of my throat like melted chocolate, sweet and thick.

My legs folded under me, I kneel on the ground
as if in prayer,
digging holes deep enough to bury restlessness and discontent.

Here, I retreat among
Carefree iris, daylilies and beds of fern,
Among fleshy worms who knit the earth with trails;
And cities of ants that live without street signs.

Through the same back-yard alchemy that turns
broken eggshells, rotting rinds, and muddy coffee grounds
into rich, steamy black soil,
I am enriched and grounded,
fed by the earth such that
I believe I too might flower.

© Brenda Considine

Returning

Gentle scents of fir trees, seaweed, salty water mingle with the faint ringing of the harbor bell, weave among the green red yellow of lobster buoys bobbing on the surface of icy blue water, skip along the glittering surface in the rippling sunlight. I turn my face to the breeze, lean the weight of my body against the cradling warmth of the shore's worn, flat rocks, breathe deeply, hum softly at the thought of the grey clapboard house with its porch of pine wood and wide windows, where at sunrise I will sit sipping tea, watch the boats glide quietly on towards open waters, and at dusk return to moor beyond the sloping lawn of wildflowers, tall, tangled grass, hidden perches of delicately flitting birds, settling. This is where my senses soothe my weary heart, the sights and smells insisting none of the rest matters, only here, only now. Even on foggy days the muted songs of distant horns offer comfort, as though welcoming once more my lost dreams home.

© Kathy Roberson