

Soldier's Lemonade

She sits on her porch waiting for him to come home.
But he's not coming.
She waits patiently with freshly made lemonade with a wooden ladle in it.
She stirs the pitcher, passing time, waiting for him to arrive.

He's not coming home.
She stares at the same old street sign that warns, "Yield," but she will not.
She blinks to revive her tearing eyelids.
Darkness sets in, with no movement from her, as the pitcher has fallen once again.

She has waited for him this entire time.
But she knew full well he died many years ago.
It was during the war, but her memory has abandoned her.
It left her back when they were young and passionately in love.

She would wait for him every day after he would get off the train,
In white snow, dark snows, icy hail, and rain.
She knew his favorite vice was lemonade; she would always make it fresh.
Waiting for the moment he'd be home, she would always want to guess.

But this time it was later than usual, and her pitcher had lost its flavor.
The icy pitcher fell without reward for all her loving labor.
Everyone knows when she sits with lemonade; her soul sips all alone.
Yet she thought this day would be different, he just might come home.

She needs assurance that he is coming home to keep her body going.
She doesn't recognize the truth, and that keeps her mind from knowing.
She blocks the cold reality from trespassing her brain.
She needs that pillow of protection, so that insanity doesn't entertain.

Her love for him still grows; she won't find another mate.
She just clings to the past that contained her dismal fate.
She will join him in the future, when she passes on herself.
Then there will be no more lemonade sitting on the shelf.