

Rescued

*My dreams broken by pain
I cried out for my mother,
who slept as light as a butterfly,
yet she roused my father,
choo chooing like a train,
toward his morning
destination*

*Within moments his warm hands
massaged my twisted legs,
and I unfolded slipping,
back to sleep.*

Comfort

*One collection, a notable review,
poetry and prose softbound, lavender
covered in paper smooth as tapioca.
A comfort to my hands, braceleted
in hospital tags.*

*No sound perfect as Peace,
Hallelujah, Amen soothes pain,
like the touch of a page.*

Dedicated

Seated on the bench dedicated
to my brother, “Charlie Adelman
Who Lightened Our Lives With
Love and Laughter”, the shock
of his death returns, An early
morning phone call from my doctor,
expressing condolences, sending
condolences to my brother’s wife,
the sister-in-law who never told me:

My Brother Died

She who kidnapped my dolls and
lovies for her kindergarten class,
when I was ten and still hugged
them through long days and nights
of illness.

I am comforted on this bench
outside the library holding,
books I love.

Bio: Shirley Adelman is a mother of two
children, grandmother of two, former
college teacher, cancer survivor, and writer
of poetry and prose. Her work has been
published in academic, literary, and medical
humanities journals in the United States,
Canada, South Africa, and Israel.