

The Gesture

Hand wrinkled nails discolored
Lines showing age
Hand that ruffled my hair
Lingering on the side of my face
Choked tears in her eyes
Don't want to see her cry
Don't want to cry
Took her hand in mine
Soft, wrinkled lines
Hold onto it a little longer
Let go with a heavy heart
Knowing I was her daughter
Hand that ruffled my hair
Lingering on the side of my face
Grateful for that gesture
Knowing how she felt
About her daughter