

# Small

Beneath the towering pines I stood  
Needles swaying in the wind to the rhythm of a lullaby  
A breath of sweet air filling my lungs like a flood  
Rustling grass and creaking branches, nature's sigh

Looking up, my eyes drank in the sight before me  
Inky blues and vibrant oranges, a celestial tapestry  
Magnificent mountains carved their path through the heavens  
The scene etched in my mind, a lasting impression

Small  
The only word that came to mind  
The only feeling I could define  
I felt small

Beneath the fluorescent lights I waited  
Echoes of a granddaughter's sobs, a doctor's decree  
"Nothing we can do."  
And grief crashed like a tidal wave, unabated

In the dark of night, hands tightly gripped  
A lifeline held, a lifeline slipped  
We departed in silence, hearts burdened with quiet pain  
Overwhelmed by life's inevitability and medicine's constraints

Small  
The only word that came to mind  
The only feeling I could define  
I felt small

—Kristin Ferrer

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