

# *Somehow In Her Misty Mind*

*Her home's assisted living. She doesn't know or care.  
She says she lives "where birds and butters fly."  
Her moods are mostly melow as she wanders through her mind,  
so no one ever sees her pout or cry.*

*Her daughters come to visit with hope they're recognized.  
It doesn't happen often, but at times they are suprised.  
It's then that hugs are traded. And with glimmer in her eye  
she asks her constant question, "When's your daddy coming by?"*

*Somewhere in her memory is a man who cooks for her,  
who loves his country music and his friends.  
Somehow in her misty mind his sunshine shimmers through.  
Her patient waiting for him never ends.*

*They smile and say he's busy, while holding back a tear.  
They've never ever told her. He's been gone now 'bout a year.  
To think he's running errands or cooking keeps her bright.  
Tomorrow she may see him; she'll dream of him tonight.*

*Her girls just keep on caring, 'cause that's what women do.  
Most give and share and say a prayer to help their loved ones through.  
For them that's what it's all about. With aid from up above  
they'll pad her soul protectively and stock her heart with love.*

*----marc frederic  
WorldOfWhimsy.com*