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Portland Woman, 74, Dies After Being Hit in Crosswalk

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Lady at the Park

I see you so often
Walking tenderly
Your quick, light step
Once so beautiful
You lost your cares
Did someone hurt you too?
What do you live for?
Who do you wait for?

Lady at the Park
Your face so solemn
That searching glance
With fear behind your eyes
That peculiar stare
Who are you?
You intrigue me
I want to know your name

Lady at the Park
Though I don't even know you
I long to understand
I need to know about you
And shake your soft, sweet hand

Lady at the Park

Jillian Meredith Olsen

Portland Woman, 74, Dies After Being Hit in Crosswalk

News headlines.
Succinct.
Precise.
Essence of an article.
But do these
Nine words capture ...
The beauty
Of ruby-red
Fingernails.
The taste of
Fresh-baked rolls,
Freezer jam,
And fudge.
The joy in playing
Putt-putt and
Feeding
Squirrels.
The fit of
Carefully-crafted,
Hip new
Barbie outfits.
The box of
Imagination and
Dress-up clothes.

Rainy afternoons
With Nancy Drew
And The Bobbsey Twins.
Longing for
Reubens
And
Roses.
The never-ceasing
Flash of the camera—

Snap-shots of a vibrant heart,
Pulsating in time
Spent with
Lillian Zelinka.
Portland Woman.
74.
Alive in me—
Koty Zelinka.
Granddaughter.
23.
Third-grade reading level.
Split-second attention spans.
Newspapers keep it short.
I prefer the details ...

In memory of my Gramma Lillian.
Here's your poem.

Koty Zelinka

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