

Kevin Ryan



## **Being Well - An Ode to Mama Ruth**

The insides cut when I can't help,  
I hope, pray, that someday, we find a way,  
when only health is our greatest wealth,  
where goodness glows gold & grins are what we  
hold.

If millions were within this grasp,  
it'd be millions in which you'd already have.

Until that time, this heart of mine,  
will be true to you, as much to I.  
As tears flow, in times of woe,  
the fears I fear are only yelp.



# yesterday's dream, today's reality

and i had this dream last night...

needing a taste of an embrace, I flew back to a familiar face from yesterday. my first love, trisha, provided the warmth and love i so desperately desired again. we danced and yesterday's emotions took control of me. knowing how yesterday ended, i needed the possibility of an unknown today. i needed to leave yesterday.

i arrived at the airport surrounded by chaos and ran with urgency. every turn felt like a wrong one. i was lost in yesterday and sensed that time was running out to find my departure towards today. the thought of being stuck in yesterday created pure panic. what gate? who could i ask? i became accepting to return to a lonely today, that ensured i would leave yesterday behind. i hoped and i prayed for a lonely today. please let me find my way home to today.

i heard my name billowing through out the airport and instruction to pick up any telephone. i looked up and knew i recognized nothing familiar. i needed help, i saw a telephone.

i picked up the phone with desperation. time ticked. "kevin, you are at the wrong gate. turn to your left and enter the next one, then you will be on your way home towards today" Heidi's voice was soft, sleepy and relaxed as it always was in the brief moments i heard her speak. the burdens of angels would lift for her. this was the voice that i have always admired in its hazy, lazy flutter. calm, coolness washed away my worried urgency. i was going back home guided by Heidi's heavenly call. leaving yesterday, i ascended and awoke in today's reality. oh what a dream!

imagery still strong, i knew today began like no others.

another valentines day alone, but i do not care. exactly one year ago, a fire burned in the building i work. this year, who knows, at least i have the vividness of that dream within.

only outside an hour of the work day, the telephone rings and it is Heidi! Is this a cruel trick a dream and reality are playing on me? this year my heart burns versus the building on saint valentines day.

she requests the services in which i can provide. i oblige with the urgency of a man lost in an airport trying to leave yesterday. i call to inform her that the request is complete. oh that soft gentle voice with a hint of melancholy makes me burn. i am so curious about her. she tells me the woes of her ankle. we speak as friends versus our professions. her voice is all that matters this moment. that voice. speaking only minutes, this moment is timeless. i am burning inside, it is a day dream reality, this is glory.

this day is different, i need to do different. wonder is falling from the sky. today anything is possible. in the spirit of valentine's day, i deliver a sweet treat to her. a surprise for her and for me by my efforts. the burning inside melts away the ice surrounding my heart. it was frozen for years, but a dream and today, it begins to melt away escaping as tears.

filled with possibility, coincidence, fate, chance, wonder and hope, that is all i needed this day. the risk and a possibility of reward. hearing heaven and reacting with my nervous joy. She writes digitally to close this day to thank me, she is appreciative by my efforts in her trying week.

i am filled with feeling again.  
it may be temporary, but it is today.  
it was a dream, but it is today.  
it was a chance that i took today.  
she helped me escape from yesterday.

thank you Heidi