

“Look at her sit, a woman who has lived”

She sits by the window, bathed in light,
A woman of grace and wisdom so bright,
Her face etched with lines of life and care,
But her eyes hold a spark that's hard to compare.

The sunbeams dance upon her skin,
As memories of the past begin,
To play out like a film in her mind,
Of a journey that's been long and kind.

She's seen the world in all its hues,
The good, the bad, and the news,
And through it all, she's kept her grace,
With a smile on her face, and a steady pace.

She's weathered storms, and danced in rain,
And loved, and lost, and loved again,
But through it all, she's stood so tall,
A woman, wise and beautiful.

And now, as she sits by the window,
The sunlight hitting her face aglow,
She looks out, with a smile so serene,
Content in the life she's lived, so keen.

For the lines on her face, they speak of time,
And the wisdom that comes with age so fine,
And as she gazes out at the world,
She knows, her journey's not over, unfurled.

Her daughter slips the phone to capture her grace,
In hopes, one day she steps into the trace,
In hopes to blossom into an age of poise.