

# First Day Back

Comforting a lukewarm mug in two hands, like the last sip of black coffee can't be replaced... The boys have left for school. I am alone. It's been a while... I have almost forgotten the taste of when the earthy aroma of coffee mixes with the saltiness of tears, in the back of one's throat. Part of me misses them already. I especially miss the little boys, that must be, still hidden in them somewhere...

I can picture them right now, running through the mossy woods... pointing... bringing with them sticks and oddly shaped stones, that I'll tell them to leave at the edge of the woods, on our return. Halfheartedly they would have placed it down, just the same as I am putting to rest my masks and labels at the kitchen table, that they have just left...

No need now to be 'Mom' or strong, or 'not-sad.' I miss so many people today... my mom.. .siblings.. all of my family! I miss all the precious moments that was and the ones that might have been... missed opportunities... I decide to break the rules and leave the dishes on the table. I tell myself that I deserve a fresh brew, as the last cold, bitter sip slides down...

My comforting hot beverage will be my excuse to sit for longer! I will allow myself to think... to ponder and dream... and miss and cry... and smile... and capture even : both precious and painful thoughts.

No longer do I wish to allow myself... my true deep self, to be silenced or denied! Truth is... Life hurts and it is beautiful!!

From:

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Last update: **22/03/2019 18:32**

