

A Poem for Deb Trueheart

Deb
Letting us know
To celebrate with her
The beauty of her life
Left,

She, a loving friend
Has taught us to live
Fully in this life.

As her life is dimming
She has circle danced
holding hands

With so many
Others in places
Far into narrow
And wide
Open spaces.

But yet don't be surprised
To see her dancing
On a seaside boardwalk—

Carrying her oxygen
Beside her,

Or making one of
her famous meals
With her baked bread.

She asks for our
Thoughts,
Our prayers but
Not to weep—

She will have a
basket of roses
On her desk she is painting.

Come join her
She says.

So much to be said
For a daring Deb
Who says yes
To life,

Gathering herself
Together

With
her painted basket
Of roses,
She tends to herself
Preparing.

By Gayle Bluebird