The Walk

By: Diana Conyers Goodpaster

The day breaks bright and fresh, a brand new day, with no regrets.

“Good Mornin!”

“Good Mornin, hun, hare you?” ha’re you?

Our journey ensues with the morning dew still resting on the grass.

We talk about all that is on our mind, sicknesses, troubles, and laughter makers,

and we walk.

We talk of how things used to be, when the world wasn’t as rushed,

and we walk.

We talk of her mammy, and the women that came before her,

I’ve seen their strength craved inside her,

and we walk.

We talk of the weather and how hot it’s gonna get, better cancel that yard sale,

and we walk.

We talk of how that woman “was the meanest woman that ever lived”, I’m blessed

the woman I’m walkin’ with isn’t she,

and we walk.

We talk not at all, just silence, only the sound of our steps pounding the pavement,

and we walk.

In the silence, my realization of what is embracing me at this moment takes hold.

Its more than just two women exercisin , talkin, and walkin.

This walk, today is reality, but someday, will blossom into something much sweeter.

A precious memory, embracing me in the here and now.

This memory will sustain me, until I, walk this earth no more.

For today, I am blessed to be walking with my molder, my nurturer, my support, my mother.

We walk for our health, and I walk for the memories of my future.

And we walk, this day, tomorrow, and forever, if only in my memories.