

*For Women
Over Fifty Only!*

Poetry of a Lifetime

Deborah L.E. Beauchamp





For Women Over Fifty Only! is a collection of intense poetry about life, love and everything in between, written by a woman over fifty for other age and like minded souls. It is poetry from deep and sometimes dark places; encapsulating all the feelings that come from a lifetime of living. It is about sharing the wisdom that comes from it all and offering comfort to others in similar situations.

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by

Deborah L.E. Beauchamp

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First Edition

EMPTY NEST

THE CLOCK

What to do now.

Can't stop the ticking of that damn clock;

it's taken my babies away,

my looks

and my thoughts – my hopes and my dreams.

If that clock would just stop.

Just give me back some of those days;

of sleepy naps with fresh babies,

morning coffee with my young husband.

Give me back

my dog and my friends

but that's not how it works

so I'll just sit here and be glad

I can still hear the ticking.

LAST BABY

You came home
bouncing
through the house,
eating through the cupboards
like a mouse.

I smelt the freshness of you
in every room.

Oh, how I've missed you,
last baby from my womb.

I can't quell my tears
knowing you will leave so soon
and your voice will be
just a memory.

Down the hall
and out the door
you'll go
to your own life.

Once I was your life.

You are still mine,
always will be
until the day I die.

THE CIRCLE

How do you let go
of the soft blond child
that grew up in the night
and awoke in the morning breeze
a young woman?
I want to lock the door
but I know you would find the key.
Your world is different now;
my world is different now
without you in it every minute.
When you come home to visit
it's like
"she's here! she's here!"
Your small shoes are at the front door,
your coat slung over the chair;
I hear your laughter like lavender in the air.
For a few precious moments
we are back together

like we started.

Oh, my precious child

I wish you could stay with me forever

but the wind is calling you

and it's how it has to be;

this circle - this damn circle.

LAST TIME

Year and years have slipped away
since I walked this path
home.

All my dreams
are there
right where I left them;
all the laughter,
all my tears,
buried there in the tall
wild grass.

The old house
proudly standing,
the only occupants
the shadows of ghosts.

The voices
come back to me,
clear as crystal memories.

My Father and my Uncle,

twins at birth, twins in death,
sitting at the picnic table;
their laughter echoing through the hot summer breeze.
I can see my brothers
chasing our black and white collie;
I loved that old dog with all my twelve-year-old heart.
I want to touch them all again
but they vanish into the fields,
their voices fading ...
I sit down slowly on the blanket of grass
and take a long breath
so I will remember
the smell of summer on the farm.
As this will be
the last time
I will come home again.

SHADOWS

I never spoke about my loneliness.

It was always a whisper in my ear

and I had to push myself past it,

like paddling through the rapids.

I always got to the other side

but it was a hard, painful ride.

Always.

I carried myself like it didn't bother

ME

yet it was like a half-lit hallway

that I kept walking down, never coming to the end.

Only the silence of winter kept me sane

and I started to crave solitude and ice shadows.

Maybe I was better off isolated from humanity.

LET'S GO BACK

I wish we could go back
to when
we didn't have a care in the world,
my old friend.

I wish we could go back to then.

We used to steal away,
time barely a shadow;
just having fun was all that mattered
and then,
and then,
a black cloud rolled over the sunshine
and we couldn't see
our innocence, our joie de vivre.



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