

## **THIS EMPTY ROOM**

*By Beth Eichel*

This linoleum is the same, but  
Dark spots have worn through  
Where two chairs moved back and forth  
Fifty years give or take a few.

The countertops are different.  
Cabinets are painted white.  
The maple table is long gone  
Where homework was done into the night.

There are fragrances remembered, but  
Mother's baking couldn't last.  
Time has changed This Empty Room.  
There's nothing to love except its past.

## **WOMAN IN BLOOM**

*By Beth Eichel*

I may look old, but I am young,  
A simple student of life.  
I'm growing greener every day,  
A blossom in bloom in soil of strife.

Although one day I'll pass away,  
My roots are dug in deep,  
Attached to my experience  
Which sometimes haunts me in my sleep,

For in my waking moments,  
I return to turns unturned,  
Then struggle for a moment,  
Acknowledging the lessons learned.

Then I hear birds singing  
And see the sparkles of the sun.  
I say to God, "Oh, Thank You!"  
Another day has just begun!