Remembered Farmhouse

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Pudgy pale cheeks and a mischievous gaze from those blue eyes, knees exposed from ripped tights, a toddler amongst her dozens of rowdy cousins in the isolated and weathered farmhouse. Brown and cream carpeted floors bejeweled with Lincoln Logs, Legos, and little Beanie Babies. The cotton haired great-grandmother perches on husband’s indented powder blue recliner, grasping his red-handkerchief between bony knuckles, staring through her gold-rimmed spectacles at the overwhelmed eyes of the toddler, as a tear skirts down her wrinkled face, remembering the moment her beloved’s blue eyes shut forever.