

Someday, by Jean Berman

Someday I will not hear rain tapping on
the roof
feel wet drops on my face,
smell the clean, fresh air.

Someday I will not feel
like I have plenty of time,
choices of what to do in that time.

Someday I will not feel my boots crunch
through heavy snow to soft earth,
see the tops of trees ready to bloom as
their time nears.

Someday I will not be able to telephone
family and friends,
say out loud, "I love you",
hold you in my arms when I see you.

Someday I will not water houseplants,
snip ends to root in water,
watch flower spathes emerge from an
orchid with delight.

Someday I will have read all the books I
am going to read.

Someday I will no longer buy or pick,
wash and cut fruit,
arrange it in a pleasing way and
present it for others to enjoy.

Someday I will no longer feel the
deliciousness
of getting under the covers, putting my
head on the pillow,
feeling warm and letting go into the dark
night.

Someday I will have woken fresh in the
morning for the last time.

Someday I won't light candles and pray,
Or make little fires of twigs and branches,
Touch the match to tinder and gaze at
flames.

Someday I will not be able to bless,
comfort or support others
By speaking words,
Writing a card, text or email.
I will no longer be able to say I am sorry,
forgive me,
I forgive you,
thank you.

Someday I will no longer make music,
hear it in my ears,
feel it reverberating in my body.

Someday I will have drunk my last cup of
tea.

Someday I will no longer watch eagle-
eyed
for edible wild greens or mushrooms
emerging,
for the first wildflowers of spring.

Someday I will have seen all the sunrises,
sunsets,
moonrises and moonsets over water or
land,
stars moving across the night sky,
clouds changing shape swiftly or lazily,
that I will ever see through these eyes.

Someday I will no longer be able to hop
on a bicycle,
break ice crusts frozen on puddles with
my boots,
splashing through the deepest part,
swing on the tree swing looking into
woods,
paddle a kayak through still water at
dawn or twilight.

Someday I won't see and hear the first
red-winged blackbird of spring,
Watch maple leaves yellow and red in
autumn drifting to Earth,
Hear the wild geese above me on their
journey,
hear the hush of snowfall,

at least, not as I do now.

Someday I will no longer feel my hands in cool garden soil,
water and watch the growth of vegetables,
harvest with pleasure and gratitude.

Someday I will have eaten every bit of food, healthy or not, that I am going to eat, tasted flavors and felt textures: crunchy, soft, smooth, crisp, sweet, salty, bitter, sour,
enjoyed sharing this experience with others.

Someday I will have quenched my thirst for the last time,
feeling cool water gliding down my throat.

Someday I will no longer smell the richness of leaves rotting on the forest floor,
watch ocean waves crash and hear the roar,
release my body into cold, salty water
feel the sea water like my own tears in my eyes.

Someday I will have participated in all the ceremonies I ever will, in this body.

Someday I will no longer be able to brush watercolors on paper,
cut a shape with scissors,
Draw pictures with pen and ink,
Sew fabric or put buttons on anything.

Someday I will have made the last batch of kombucha,
rubbed salt into the last batch of fermented vegies,
simmered the last pot of broth,
made the last simple but delicious meal.

Someday I won't be able to wash, dress and bless others who have died,
Nor sit with them as I can now.

Someday time and money will mean nothing to me.

Someday I will be done traveling in boats, cars, trains, airplanes,
Setting foot on unfamiliar lands,
Listening for words I know or am learning in another language.

Someday I will have looked into all the eyes of others through my own eyes that I ever will.

Someday I will no longer see my breath in cold air,
feel the wet blanket of fog,
hear the foghorn of the ferry,
rub my hands together to warm them.

Someday I will have played the last game of cards,
read the last bedtime story out loud,
sung the last lullaby,
and tucked someone into bed for the last time.

Someday I will no longer be able to prepare myself
or my loved ones for my death.

Someday I will no longer experience the wealth of momentary wonders in this life of being in a body:

Touching.

Hearing.

Seeing.

Smelling.

Tasting.

With love and gratitude, I relish them now.

Written in my 63rd year with peace, wonder and gratitude for my life.