

The Nightmare Turns

By: Sunshine Lutey in 1986 (then known as Terri Lutey)

I wrote this poem about and to my 20-year old daughter, Denise, when she was in the army in Germany just after she had fallen from 3 flights up onto a marble floor; it's the 2nd day after we were notified.

*Our daughter is in the hospital, sick
Europe is so far away.
We're waiting to call the doctors again
We talked to them yesterday.*

*Waiting to call, it's night time there
So slowly the moments crawl by.
We watch the big screen to pass the time;
A sudden light catches my eye.*

*Streak after streak, the lightning flashed
And shortly came the thunder
Why my apprehension grew
I couldn't help but wonder.*

*How superstitious can I be?
Why should I feel this fear?
And then (it seems a silly thing),
But I could see you there.*

*My hands were warm and they reached out
To spread this warmth to you.
Head to toe they passed several times -
It seemed so very true.*

*The games my mind can play, I say!!
But it gave me hope;
My mind said "She will be ok!"
(Now you KNOW your mom's a dope!)*

*Must stop reading all that fiction;
Instead of poems start writing letters.
But as it happened, that night we heard
That you were getting better.*

*Sure glad my fiction turned to fact
And that you're mending day by day.
We love you, darling daughter,
Warm love we send your way.*