

Rianna Angelopoulos

It sat in a corner,
for so long.
It waited for my mother,
all along.
She found it on an island,
far beyond the deep blue sea.
In a Mediterranean treasure box, where no one could see.
Made out of old wood and painted by hand,
its simplicity was beautifully grand.
She purchased it with my father before they had me.
The two were so young,
with a bright future to foresee.
It was my parents first gift as husband and wife,
for a blessed beginning to their humble new life.
It is certainly not shiny and definitely not bold;
in fact, it is over a century old.
With hues of the earth and accents of gold,
the centrepiece of our home , for all to behold.
The sacred Virgin Mary in the holiest light,
her grace to protect us, all day and all night.
As she weeps for her son; a mother is she,
in front of her I stand, as I pray on my knees.
Her angels always among us;
although never in sight,
eternally watching over us, like sacred white knights.
Oh holy icon,
how beautiful you are,
thank you for blessing us thus far.