

MOTHER

Was it her eyes that made the difference?
Warm, mischievous, brown and flecked
With love,
With compassion,
With tolerance and laughter.
Yes, it was her beautiful eyes.

*Or, was it her hands that made you love her?
Flashing, petting, never idle in her work
Of holding,
Of helping,
Of always doing for her loved ones,
Oh, yes, it was her hands.*

Perhaps it was her body that was your comfort,
Sturdy, four-square, standing strong between you
And fear,
And sorrow,
Holding at bay all threats and misery.
Indeed, it was her mother-body.

*Her eyes no longer dance; dear still eyes,
Those hands are folded now, beloved hands.
No longer can the trembling child lean on her breast.
The well-remembered face is covered over,*

Only the spirit of this wondrous, magic mother,
Sustains her mourning family left behind.
Poorer than poor for having lost her, but rich past
measure
For having held her in their hearts these many years.

*Oh fortunate heaven that is lucky enough
To have her living there!
Making the inevitable trip for all of us
A journey into the joy of reunion.*

- by Geraldine Bate

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