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POETRY/FICTION

UPON LOSING MY MOTHER

And this, too, will go,
will slip away as you did
not a week ago. I know
my heart will heal, the pain
will lift as dew upon
the grass is gone before
our feet can feel it.

And now the cards come
hard and fast, the way the rain
came driving as we drove
to bury you, and kept it up
as we did. Must it depart,
this precious peace, this
time of no time, time of tears
and heart, of knowing what
we do not know? Yes, oh Lord,
it must be gone, but let it stay
with us, with her, another day.

—Rita Sherman

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