

Memories Graveside

Mom said, "You're wonderful,"

Jewish eyes looking
Over lavender sheets
Trained on me.

"You're staring at me."
"Yes. It is to take your
Image with me to the grave"

Where there will be no memories.

And, sitting on their
Marriage— now her death-bed
I said, "I love you," and she

Touched my face with four
Fingertips. This was a task—
Pushing an arm out from under

The sheets, lifting her hand
To my cheek. Four slight white
Fingers hovered at my face.

Soft as butterfly wings, she
Touched my face, and still,
Touching my face

As though mine were the most
Precious face in all the world
And would be, for all Eternity.

- Laura Bernell