

THE ROOTS OF OUR MOTHER'S GARDEN

On August 4th
the date of her eldest son's birth
she died

The sun shone
birds sang
summer boys played ball
summer girls skipped rope

Fruit
ripened on its vines
hung from its branches

People
went to work
vacationed
stayed home with real and conveniently imagined illnesses

Men and women
older than she
gazed out their windows
onto worlds that still included them

Waves crashed the shores
as for millions of years

Desperation shook me silent
contemplating the immensity of what should be said

On August 4th
the date of her eldest son's birth
she died

Leaving me
at 45
an orphan

The sky darkened
briefly
pain clouds rolling by
or at least I thought it so

The desire to break something
curse someone
deny God his existence
grew like Mary's rage
watching Her only begotten son hanging on the cross

Every great loss
should be measured so

On August 4th
in the middle of her eightieth year
Elizabeth Rita Batson Hart
slipped
with the same quiet dignity and grace
she displayed in life
into death

Worrying more
I'm sure
about how her "boys" were taking it