

*My Mother's Demise*

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*I was alerted to my mother's demise  
by Mr. Maurice Ettienne a family friend  
----He hesitated but I got the message-----  
by telephone I spoke to Errol (Bone Head)  
and my sister Genevieve who was already  
in place at her residence -- on the scene...  
I broke the news to Joan who was perplexed  
----but I had to make my move...*

*Diabetic I know but how come----  
My mother on the floor scantily attired, -- hair  
well groomed. ----On her right side --one hand  
folded the other relaxed with a pair of black  
slippers crossing and assuming a position to my  
mind in the form of a cross...  
She seemed relaxed,  
But fluids from the nostrils and mouth  
saturated the carpet--  
I looked at the posture  
while a female officer covered her mouth and  
nostrils with what appeared to be a cloth...  
The stench I assume  
But we stood firm...  
The male officer was quite composed.  
Attending to his duties as a good officer would.  
I pondered what else but to be human...  
I uttered the reality is realized but  
what if one cannot come to grips with life,  
living and dying----  
How gruesome and morbid many may vocalize but  
it is a reality...*

*So remember her the way she was  
Meticulous, Independent, Talented, Unyielding,  
God Fearing, Humorous, Thoughtful, and Sharing---  
Yes, her Sweepstakes... The big prize...*

*but the prize was hidden within...within  
Faith as a grain of mustard seed...  
She endureth...  
So do not weep  
The path is clear  
and she is in glory  
Excelsior, Excelsior...  
My mother---- Remember her the way she was----  
“Yes” we will remember her the way she was.*

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