

On My Mother's Passing

Your pain has ended;  
Mine has just begun.

The limbs and trunk  
Arthritis knotted  
Like a twisted oak  
Now rest in peace;  
The mind once sunk  
In haze and spotted  
With nightmarish smoke  
Has found release.

Your pain has ended;  
Mine has just begun.

Your orphaned son  
Will feel the anguish  
Of your dying flails  
Until his last,  
While things undone,  
Unsaid, must languish  
In the mental jails  
Regret makes vast.

Your pain has ended;  
Mine has just begun.

Of all my friends  
You knew me longest—  
Fifty-seven years.  
The greatest loss  
We shoulder bends  
All but the strongest:  
Trudging, bowed in tears,  
I bear my cross.

Your pain has ended;  
Mine has just begun.

*Stephen Wentworth Arndt*