SONNET FOR MY MOTHER, EMELINE  
(D. SEPTEMBER 22, 1988)  

Sr. Lucille Claire Thibodeau, p.m., Ph.D.*

There’s nothing now that could or would I see,  
For all your work of growth and pain of years,  
Aiming my eyes toward wide eternity,  
But bone and ash below my feet, through tears.  
How can I praise, when your strong voice is mute,  
How, when your own are dust, set hands to lute?  
Did your soul fly before your body fell,  
Hoping to follow, at call of trumpet voice,  
Headlong into time’s dark and silent well  
From whose sere depths no creature can rejoice?  
Oh how can body rise,  
So perpendicular to Paradise?  
My questions shatter in cold unknowing,  
Shards of breath this chill September morning.

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