

2004: Death Be Too Proud

Death be too proud to attend to me;
yet too humble to lead.
He walks before me, Old Testament in hand,
reading from Torah.
I catch up to Him and listen.

We sit down together and talk.
He has much to say.
He puts his arm around me in kindness and draws me near.
But I rise and walk away, afraid.
Thankfully, He follows,
calling out my name while quoting from scripture,
until my heart stops racing and I slow down enough to hear:
Love me, He tells me.
So, we stand and talk some more.

I think of the woman I love, my mother.
And I see a young woman inside me: the woman within:
Ani ima: Hebrew: I am mother
Double 'I's"
Double eyes
Her gaze always on me.
I'm comforted
"like the lark at break of day arising."
I have no words of my own.

Death continues to speak
as He walks me, arm in arm, to bed.
We share the night together
Angel of darkness embracing man.

His touch describes my father,
The beloved sweet heart within.
So deeply am I known biblically with His love:
I extol "Allah Karim."
God is many and powerful.

Three sons:
Abraham, Jesus, Mohammed
One Father,
three mothers
Mothers that gaze at their sons from within
"Make peace," each states.