

For Theresa Townsend-Jozwiak

confined to linen chains
tired eyes fix on the wooden
crucifix hung above my bed
my last token of you
the untold burdens you
bore, the faith you swore
the out of reach redemption
you searched for with
imploring eyes pouring out
from a prison you raised on guilt.

forgave all but yourself
gave all of yourself but
couldn't save yourself.

calmer now knowing
you suffer no more.

can i even understand
as my final act begins
feel the pain you felt
of a frail and failing flesh
of sorrow and loneliness, and
all the demons you knew well
sent unswerving up from hell
unyielding in their haunts
in the end, who crushed
and crucified you.

i remember you
behind muted cries
soft and honest eyes
reaching out from a swelling
silence, an approaching darkness
an unnatural chorus sung by
saints and gods alike.

and still

echoes of an angel whisper
in my heart where your
warm ember still breathes
glows of hearth, of home
of unconditional love
only a mother knows.

i remember you mom
adorned in Christmas lights
bright as birthday candles
bubbling with laughter
loud and lively as song
soft as a tear.

i remember you
and in our darkness
feel your loving light.

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