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By God She Was Beautiful

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poetry editor's choice

by god she was beautiful

joshua godfrey

It was stunning,
a radiant white, the color of life.
Its stem green like a field of grass
on a summer's day.

They brought it to me after my mom's
funeral,
they said it was her favorite.
I didn't know if that was true or not,
but by God was it beautiful.

I placed her, I only assume it was a her
because the tips of her leaves were
pink,
in a vase near the window.

The next morning when I woke,
a single petal laid on the table.
And every morning after that,
a new petal followed.

Every now and then,
a breeze would rush in,
and take a few at a time.
But still, half bald and browning,
by God was she beautiful.

She holds the wisdom only a lifetime
of
heartache and pain can bring.

I reach out for one last touch,
before she leaves me all alone.

Her gray hair soft as a babies,
passes through my fingers.

Her eyes glistening a farewell.

I tell her, "By God you are beautiful.
Goodbye mama."