

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Stillness

by Lou Beckerman

This is not a letter but
my arms about
you for a brief moment
Not a poem or well-meant lament
but a tender enfolding
A holding

Neither hymn nor homage nor homily
not testament or monument or eulogy
and no entreaty from me to be
anything - but who and how you are just now
No wish to intrude
no mood-lifting platitude
but my deep solicitude

Neither choral nor floral tribute
no fable of woe or sorrowful ode
no hidden code
no treatise on grief or mourning
just a cushion to soften
your falling

Neither cradle-song nor hushaby
no lulling lilted lullabies
no lies, no fibs, no cot, no crib
no breath, no cry, no eye-to-eye
no beat, no bond, no magic wand
only
her
perfect
terrible
stillness