

My Mother  
(1908-2005)

I hear her voice calling me in the morning,  
Singing out my name like a bird's song,  
And I wake up to her smiling face,  
Calling me to breakfast,  
My day begins with Mother.

My traveling companion, we whirled  
Around the world in an airplane,  
Switzerland, Denmark, Italy,  
On the way to meet Father  
In mysterious India.

Two years of colored powders,  
Of sari's and silks, of peddlers and "wallahs",  
Coming to our veranda to entertain us.  
The Red Fort, the Taj Mahal, Kashmir,  
"Look around you, don't forget any of it!"  
Mother taught me to experience  
Each day as an extraordinary adventure  
And to hold on to the memory forever.

When we came home, Mom ventured  
Into the world of art, creating her  
Masterpieces – paintings, sculptures, water colors,  
Etchings; and then she took up dance –  
Eastern Belly dancing.  
Mother taught me that there were no boundaries  
to creativity, it is an endless journey of discovery.

Her travels with Dad took her to Britain, and  
We discovered the sacred landscape  
Of stone circles and nemetons, and visited  
Castles and dungeons, wattle and daub villages,  
and ancient gray stoned cities.

We moved again – to sunny California,  
and traveled up the coast,  
Discovering woodlands, missions, wineries.  
Mother explored the inner world of visions and images,  
While we traveled, weekend gypsies.

When father died, mother lost her anchor, but  
Her extraordinary memories, and her art

Sustained her.

When I was fifty, she bought me my first harp,  
And I learned to play her music. Grandma had played  
"Going Home"<sup>1</sup> on the piano when she was a child,  
I played it on the harp as I watched her fade away.

In the end, she lay in bed, surrounded by her  
Ancestors and her family, ready to join them.  
She turned her head when she heard me play,  
Then smiled and drifted off to sleep.

I traveled to Ireland alone a week later,  
And walking along the Liffy River, I felt a  
Familiar hand take mine.  
"Look around you, don't forget any of it!"  
I heard her remind me once again.  
And I know I will never travel alone.

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<sup>1</sup> From Dvorak's *New World Symphony*