

For My Beautiful Mother

by Kate Duffy Raper

Beautiful

I see my face in hers, but older,
The corners tugged by sorrow's grey-gloved hands
Sensitive mouth pulled taught by midnight distress,
Now a tightrope suspended by enduring granite cheeks
All cloaked in pearly softness,
And so

Beautiful

Her eyes are mine, brown and brimming,
But mirroring a magic lantern of nightmare
she watched a proud man die,
pulling the last brave breath over clenched teeth
Now he lives in those eyes —
in the gentle dark eternity of the love that created

Me

And my face
So much hers that I must look again
in awe . . . with love
So beautiful

