

The Mourning Triptych For Kalina

By Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

The white cliff

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A storm of curly hair fell down
on her shoulders
when she, coquettishly smiling,
placed a wreath of wildflowers
on her temples.

That image was frozen in the time frame
of her mother's memory.

She left a farewell letter
and dozens of questions
unanswered.
She took with her the joy of life,
faith and hope.

From the height of the white cliff
she chose the sea
as the last view
for her beautiful eyes.

Like a bird struck down in flight
she fell downwards
looking for and so longing for peace.
She was only twenty-two years old,
just venturing into adulthood.

She was supposed to live..

The last heartbeat

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It was a day like any other day
an early Monday afternoon in May –
and she was already dancing with the Angels
as her mother read that farewell letter.

She fell limply from the white cliffs
to the ocean whose waves gently bathed her feet,
their susurrant a farewell prayer,
then taking flight she rose,
soaring skyward -
riding the winds with wide spread wings
like a white seagull.

The last heartbeat whispered
"Forgive me, Mom
Now I'm happy ".

Why?

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wrapped with the pain
frozen on the top of the white cliff
she was seeking with an erroneous vision
of fallen Angels

whether it is that beautiful view - she thought -
that pushed you off this cliff?

who will fill the emptiness
in the cradle of mother's arms?

wind wiped off tears from her cheeks
bitter grief choked in the throat
hope for a better tomorrow
was swaying in the distance
on the top of waves

how am I supposed to live without You?
she asked feathery, angelic clouds
how am I supposed to live now?

unanswered question come back with the wind