

My beloved aunt has been terminally ill this past summer. A few weeks ago, she stopped eating and we knew the end was close. This summer and fall had some very poignant family moments with life and death so intertwined. Below are a few tanka like poems dedicated to you aunt Jer, you were right, I miss you terribly....

**old aunt lies starving
to death in bed
refusing to feed the cancer
preparing for daughters birthday
i lick the frosting spoon**

**i have to go now
whispered in the mourning hour
disturbing my sleep
she left with finality
and I awake with sadness**

**sadness
breaks open my heart
paint and words
pour out**



overcome with sadness

