My Mother's Death – My Death

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It was her beating
 First I heard

The golden heart
 Sustaining

I grew in her
 Suspended
 Loved

And when she knelt
 I did as well
 Born in boundless
 Writhing prayer

Shocked, I saw her
 Giant
 Winged
 When her heart had molted
 I as a feather fell
 Last seeing her
 Unfurled beating
 Gleaming golden
 Blown by wind

Longing for the golden heart
 To grow in her
 Suspended Love

Wildly tearing this heart's molting

For the wind is sure to come
 And yearning
 I must rise with her
 Unfurled Gold

And Burning

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