

Mama

The church was quiet
I could smell the flowers
next to her coffin
as Family embraced
each other
My heart was crying
Beating

Her arms crossed her heart
and she lay there
not one word out of her
mouth
just waiting
for god to take her

I sat there next to my mom
I couldn't look
My hands were clasped together
and I was
silent, silent

Clifford Larose

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