
On Her First Yahrzeit

Barbara D. Holender

At 85 she said, You know what I'd like,
I'd like to go hang-gliding,
sail off a cliff on the wind.

Three years later we scattered her ashes
at White Tank Mountain.
The wind took her.

Don't waste that! I hear her
as I trash the yahrzeit glass.
The fire took her, again.

All year pushing her from my thoughts,
A good death, I'd say ceremoniously,
a good life, nothing wasted.

No one's child, I am my own
mother. To the edge of the cliff
she takes me.

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