

## ENDRE FARKAS

### For Éva Weisz Farkas

This is your death day  
when alone  
with me not there  
surrounded by people wearing masks  
gowns and knowledge  
you let go of this world.

I was with you an hour before  
watching blood drip into your vein.  
You told me to go home  
you were feeling fine.

Somebody told me  
that some people  
want to take their last breath  
alone.

Knowing you  
the 5'3" strength of the family  
who wore the pants  
who said I know where this will lead to  
who said I know everything  
I take some comfort in that  
you might have thought that.

So  
I light the candle  
to remember you  
your finely sewn seamed dresses  
your creamy cherry soup  
your love of sentimental poems  
your stubborn certainty  
your fingers wrapped around a knife  
ready for anyone who'd threaten your child.

I am alone knowing nothing  
writing these words  
a poem aflame with a calmness  
filled with absence and guilt  
the winter sun shining in.