

# The Mourning Triptych For Kalina

By Bozena Helena Mazur-Nowak

## The white cliff

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A storm of curly hair fell down  
on her shoulders  
when she, coquettishly smiling,  
placed a wreath of wildflowers  
on her temples.

That image was frozen in the time frame  
of her mother's memory.

She left a farewell letter  
and dozens of questions  
unanswered.  
She took with her the joy of life,  
faith and hope.

From the height of the white cliff  
she chose the sea  
as the last view  
for her beautiful eyes.

Like a bird struck down in flight  
she fell downwards  
looking for and so longing for peace.  
She was only twenty-two years old,  
just venturing into adulthood.

She was supposed to live..

## **The last heartbeat**

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It was a day like any other day  
an early Monday afternoon in May –  
and she was already dancing with the Angels  
as her mother read that farewell letter.

She fell limply from the white cliffs  
to the ocean whose waves gently bathed her feet,  
their susurrant a farewell prayer,  
then taking flight she rose,  
soaring skyward -  
riding the winds with wide spread wings  
like a white seagull.

The last heartbeat whispered  
"Forgive me, Mom  
Now I'm happy ".

## **Why?**

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wrapped with the pain  
frozen on the top of the white cliff  
she was seeking with an erroneous vision  
of fallen Angels

whether it is that beautiful view - she thought -  
that pushed you off this cliff?

who will fill the emptiness  
in the cradle of mother's arms?

wind wiped off tears from her cheeks  
bitter grief choked in the throat  
hope for a better tomorrow  
was swaying in the distance  
on the top of waves

how am I supposed to live without You?  
she asked feathery, angelic clouds  
how am I supposed to live now?

unanswered question come back with the wind