
To Marita

She came to us from St. John.
Now the grand lady is gone.
Alas, this lady has died,
And sad I must now confide
In you, as if my duty,
Of this lady's true beauty.

I knew her kindness and grace,
Her gentleness and good taste.
I knew her patience and charm,
Her confidence and calm.
There's no one she would deride.
Above all, she was dignified.

Art, in its all, was her love,
Lifting us all, high above
The ordinary, and brought
Us closer in cultured thought.
Friend to us and to the Muse.
Now all, but mem'ries, to lose.

Even in dying, her life
Shone through her pain and strife.
The lady was dignity,
And is, for eternity.

- A lesser Friend

To Great Grandmother

From Kheng-Wee

When we last met,
I was a child.
Now we meet again.

You are in peace,
repose on the narrow death-bed.

(She smiles, saying nothing;
yet saying so much.)

I know, it has been too long,
but you still look the same.

(A slender lady
with silver hair, a braided crown,
her reward for a glorious life.)

And I, older,
not necessarily wiser,
will always be
your little girl.

We stopped growing old
together
when we last said
good-bye.

My last kiss
on your painted face.

