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When I Die

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Farewell to Paris

Mardelle Fortier

Say good-bye.
The arched bridges will always be there.

Across a branch of the Seine
on Ile St-Louis
those narrow streets will remain
and old, tall beautiful homes.

In the bookstalls along curving quays
we found long-lost books
and rescued them.
In open-air cafés we could drink
wine (Sancerre) and munch oysters;
view the river as Sisley painted it:
lovely barges, bustling tugs,
great elms on stone banks,
plane trees and poplars, pushing
back any loneliness.

Afternoon light, writing stories
in a favorite sidewalk café, while drinking
a café crème. Knowing time
would stretch out and let you
get everything done that you needed
to do in your life. So much
we learned by watching
the long-flowing Seine.

Saying goodbye to a city is harder
than whispering adieu to a lover.

When I Die

Karen Forslin-Bojnansky

The moment, the date
when God calls me back,
I aspire to know
to keep me on track.

As a teenager, almost died once
left its horror and deep scar.
Angelic visitation Divine intervention
fear of Death no more.

Precious time, cherished people
in and out of my life,
Left pictures, many stories
of love, hate and strife.

My goal, to be authentic
not façade, masked or fake,
Live honestly, love openly
strive to give and not take.

My life, races past me
endless duties, moments few
until I gaze into God's eyes
and ask "How did I do?"

When Death visits, that final day
my Spirit leaves its abode,
Know I'm ecstatic, full yet empty,
traveling Soul side on God's road.