

DIANA RAAB

THE NAVIGATOR

From the moment we met —
your country house on a remote lake,
Hungarian cheese spread smeared
on Swedish crackers, chicken paprika
draped over a mound of mashed potatoes,
that long French Canadian wood table,
delightful culinary aromas from your kitchen,
lively paintings and portraits enveloping your walls,
books piled on your bedside table.

Oh how I miss the warmth of your home,
nestled in your easy and zest for life.

I knew I wanted to grow old like you,
proud shoulders pulled back,
despite years in concentration camp
and the loss of two adoring husbands.

I shall be forever impressed
by your sense of humor, how you called
my husband the glue doctor after he
developed a prosthetic cement; your fine
attire as a clothing designer, positive tint
to life's idiosyncrasies, and yearning
for learning and travel.

I sit here with the memory
of your accented voice and how you
said you had to go to your room to
'brush your tits,' and how each time
we looked into one another's eyes
we had a connection which transcended
any words I could blend on these lines.