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# By God She Was Beautiful

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poetry editor's choice

## by god she was beautiful

joshua godfrey

It was stunning,  
a radiant white, the color of life.  
Its stem green like a field of grass  
on a summer's day.

They brought it to me after my mom's  
funeral,  
they said it was her favorite.  
I didn't know if that was true or not,  
but by God was it beautiful.

I placed her, I only assume it was a her  
because the tips of her leaves were  
pink,  
in a vase near the window.

The next morning when I woke,  
a single petal laid on the table.  
And every morning after that,  
a new petal followed.

Every now and then,  
a breeze would rush in,  
and take a few at a time.  
But still, half bald and browning,  
by God was she beautiful.

She holds the wisdom only a lifetime  
of  
heartache and pain can bring.

I reach out for one last touch,  
before she leaves me all alone.

Her gray hair soft as a babies,  
passes through my fingers.

Her eyes glistening a farewell.

I tell her, "By God you are beautiful.  
Goodbye mama."