

A FUNERAL SONG FOR MAGDA by Ilona Martonfi
July 3, 1922 - February 16, 2005

On a bitter February day
a light snow falling,
mother is the blue sky.
Bare catalpa tree:
seed pods rattle in the wind
in my blind sister's backyard.

Mother is the water
washing her daughters' hair.
Laughing and crying,
in my blind sister's kitchen.

Mother is the body I carry,
twelve white roses and baby's breath.

Silver grey hearse.
Cars and lorries pull over:
a small-town tradition.
Cornstalks and funeral flags.

Mother is the railway crossing:
a cemetery on the right.
Six pallbearers and requiem choir.
Purple glass bead rosary.
A Hail Mary full of grace,
in my blind sister's voice.

Mother is the empty room
we didn't enter for ten days,
in my blind sister's house.

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Author Bio: Ilona Martonfi *Blue Poppy*, a first book of poems, published with Coracle Press (2009). Coracle chapbook, *Visiting the Ridge* (2004). Poems have appeared in *Vallum*, *Accenti*, *The Fiddlehead*, *Serai*. Poet, editor, teacher. Founder, producer/host of The Yellow Door and Visual Arts Centre Poetry and Prose Readings. QWF 2010 Community Award.