

Loss

by S. Maura Eichner, SSND

*She felt her poverty.
She felt her humanness.
Who will hear my voice?
Who will understand?
Who will accept me as I am?
In the classroom she helped
the little girls with their needlework:
Count the crossed stitches.
Choose the bright red thread
for the word: " Home is where..."
and white and blue for pale
forget-me-nots – a border under
the final words: "Love is."
She had never crossed
this dark frontier before.
She hardly understood
her own bewilderment.
How could it be?
Loneliness, with children
all around her, tasted like
loss, yearning, sadness,
emptiness.
She rang the classroom bell.
The children folded their work,
put it carefully inside their
desks, curtsied, were blessed,
and ran into the freedom
of afternoon.
But Karolina stood and let
pain find its place in
her own heart, a place she
had not known was there. It was
so deep, she thought, some day,
some time, God would fill it
with God.
Today, she only knew that
Anna Hotz, her childhood, girlhood,
womanhood friend had left
without a word, without auf wiedersehen .*