

Late Summer Sunlight

Remembering Fariba

July has passed into August, summer fog gives in to the sun.

Sunlight streams her hair silver, now softly grown out since she halted the chemo.

I sit at the foot of her bed, and she offers me tea, in concern for my comfort, insists that I sample the candies and nuts that cover her table—offerings of the visitation procession.

Pots of flowers mark the passage of days, and we breathe in a cocktail of lavender-rose-and-carnation.

From my spot on her bed, my hand senses the ice of her feet,

and the fingers remember the chill from the cheek that had been my mother's.

July has passed into August, sunlight streams through her hair, and she makes no plans for September.

-Marina Romani