

THE SCARF – A SIGN OF BEAUTY BUT A SYMBOL OF DEATH

D Iyer B PROC (UND)
Attorney of South Africa
Senior Lecturer- Private Law
University of Zululand
Block D Room 309
Kwadlangezwa

Mum, when I jumped and fell, you smiled
and wiped away my tears as you picked me up,
but I was not there when you jumped in despair,
in your state of confusion with feet dangling in the air.

My agony, my pain is there for all to see,
as I was not there to pick you up
from your thrones of despair.

You lived for me – you died for me,
your body cold as you dangled there alone.
Your lips blue, your eyes closed,
in sharp contrast to the images that I have of you.

Your warmth, your glow, the redness of your lips,
memories of you, in happier times no doubt.
Who am I to question your choice,
I was not there to hear you voice.

No pills, no gun, no knife but a scarf instead,
a sign of beauty but in your case a symbol
of death.

I remember your silent screams in your
times of need, forever asking did I do
enough to get you out of this rut.

I feel this cloud within me, grey and dark,
but in time I'm hoping that it dissipates into
the horizon and never comes back.

How ironic – you picked me up with hands
raisedaloft and cried as I arrived into this world of hope.
I was not there to hear your cries of despair, your hands
lowered as you departed this world devoid of all hope.

Was it your time – I do not know,
but I understand why you chose to glide away
farfar away from this monster of grey.

Your scars of pain around your neck will remain
symbolic of your choice of death.
You will remain special in my heart despite your
one last sacrifice to be away from me.

Farewell mum as you take your leap of faith,
I will weep no doubt but I understand that
you need to sleep.

DesanIyer (2013)