

## **TO MY DYING MOTHER**

**I try in vain  
to stop the curtain falling  
on centre-stage,  
where you,  
a hapless heroine,  
aged and sick, lie on your bed,  
to play act five  
of your own tragedy!**

**With wither's arms you cling to life,  
and try to smile,  
although you are in pain;  
and I stand by, a helpless wretch,  
and try in vain  
to stop the curtain falling  
on centre-stage,  
while Death looks on and sneers,  
mocking my hopes, my fears,  
and the last kiss I press upon your cheek,  
as with your ice-cold hands  
you try once more  
to pull me to your heart,  
to murmur a last word,  
ere you depart!**

**Alfred Palma**