

Your Comfort Close By

*A Poem by Gene for Charlotte
Mother's Day, 2001*

I woke to hear you breathing next to me
And knew you'd wakened often in the night
To help in what is now my being's fight
To stay alive and get my body free
Of cancer and paralysis. I knew
You'd wake again to help: read me to sleep
Or rise to fix me healing food and keep
Me clean and warm and dressed—or teach me not to rue
My life.

We talked of all we'd forged together—home
And children, faith and vows that make us one—
And all we might still make in Kingdoms where
None can sever us from continued seed forever
Or me from your comfort close by.

—Eugene England

Eugene England's final poem. Published in the *Irreantum* tribute issue following his death. How to cite this poem: Eugene England, "Your Comfort Close By," *Irreantum* 3, no. 3 (Autumn 2001): 48.

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