

Elegy for Joan

George Klawitter

A lady of a thousand kindnesses,
she moved in lavender, a soul unknown
to bitterness or gall. She reasoned well
beyond the human, and we sensed in her

a bright angelic draft of sweetnesses
primed for us, her literary zone.
Intelligent, our histories will tell
her grace, her gentle bent to hear and stir

discussions crisp, Marvellian. We are
the richer for her insights and her sweet
response to life. She watched us from inside

a soul with answers, and now she's a star
to shine within our struggling minds, a treat
through plodding study, celestial light beside.