

An Elegy 15 Years Late June 2, 2026 for my mother Geraldine Evelyn Brimer Schwartz

Afghans, crochet, needlepoint, socks and sweaters,
Was there anything you didn't sew?
You taught me to latch hook and spool knit,
transforming one of my long creations into a hot pad.

It was your therapy, you said,
finishing a baby bunting or booties late at night.
You even making your own sewing bag for your needles and supplies.
Though dilapidated, we still have it.

Our covers are not scarlet and purple,
but solids and squares depending upon your fancy and the project.
We have never been cold with those layers now stored for winter.
How I was proud to wear every sweater,
grateful for your handiwork.

For years you worked with a wood frame
Stretching that eyelet fabric, magnifying light near by as your vision gradually dimmed.
Whenever health permitted you worked to take your mind off work, inability to work.
Between losses of husband, other family, friends, jobs, you endured for us somehow
pushing on. I still marvel but never understood your inner power and duty.

At 82, you finished Fragonard's "Girl On A Swing" having it framed and hung.
Your legacy, you called it, and a fine one, but more so your presence and wisdom.
You sewed us a map of memories, each thread connected
to each project across tearful miles, smiles and years.
Now that girl keeps swinging above the bed, a bit of dust too high to reach.
More than cloth or clothes, we want you back only free of suffering.