

Daisy's Funeral—Mt. Moriah Baptist Church

Donald Caton, M.D.*

DEAR, dear Daisy,
Lazarus could not ask
For more. Barely dead
Then resurrected by a
Blast of joyous sound –
Foot-stomping,
Hand-clapping,
Butt-wiggling –
Pells of joyous sound.

Women - mostly -
Dressed more for Sunday
Strutting than for serious
Mourning Prayer -
Tight shinny dresses
Hugging broad butts.
Heads topped
By wide brimmed
Hats - a tottering ensemble
Perched on spiked heels –

Struts not meant to
Underpin anything
So serious as life.
No one ever
Walked to Selma
With the King in any
Outfit made like this.

Yet there we were,
Praise God,
To send you off
So you could reap
Your hard-earned
Just reward.
Praise God indeed!

* University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida. dccaton@bellsouth.net

Accepted for publication April 30, 2012.

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“We’re all just passing
Through,” Pastor said.
“Our souls lie not
In flesh that others
See, but in parts
That lie deep
Within the dust.”

“A lily’s soul
Rests not in its flower
But in its root -
The unseen part
From which, each Spring
Uncoils its flower.
Life rests not
Within the lily’s flower
But in its root.”

Surely, Daisy,
Though we saw you
Every working day,
We never saw
The root from
Which you sprang.

Just before we
Loosed you from the church
To your pine clad resting place,
I thought Pastor’s voice
Would fragment into shards
Of religious passion.
Instead, combo picked up
Pastor’s Holy Thread.
The congregation rose
To sing and we sent you
Heaven bound on shafts
Of glorious sound.

It was,
Dear Daisy,
A most fitting tribute.
I am sure you would
Be pleased.