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Upon Reading the Obituary of Sarah Clough

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Upon Reading the Obituary of Sarah Clough

Sarah Clough died today at 91, far from Hastings
where the earth knew her knees as a little girl
and the wind kept busy complicating hair.
Where she courted Frank in '17.

The papers say she knew books.
"Librarian," they say, which is different now. Now,
everybody reads. Then, she felt she had secrets
when the new ones came. Smell of ink
on the page, almost. Snap of the page
you turned. Trust in what was said.

The paper omits a line about remembrances.
Not many left. Sarah's Frank preceding,
the others lost one by one to this March Hare century
hurrying like hell on its gypsy way.

I cannot speak to you of a voice that settled
children. I have not heard Sarah whisper
in an ear, just felt this serif wind of her passing,

that last bay breeze of an old storm:
her name today, the ink set well, the page arranged,
her life held hard in the short clear words she loved,
at last her own.

Jay Schneiders