

Poems by Therese

A LAST FAREWELL

Farewell, cherished little one,
given like the sun
for my consolation.
This goodbye is forever, I feel -
sensing that my destination,
(which I cannot conceal
from you), is soon to lie
upon my bier . . . Yes, I am going to die.

Life — the short span
that it is — can
it ever in any way bestow
fullness of happiness? . . . No,
No! Eternity alone can satisfy
that need for which our spirits cry.

It is true, my eyes now fill
with tears. - Oh! be still,
my heart: neither cling nor cleave
to earthly longings. - Dear child, whom I leave,
farewell . . . farewell! - Remembering me,
strive for higher things untiringly.

Look up to heaven when
you think of me. - I, then,
with full regard of
earth's turmoil will pray for you with love.
Even more, I will draw you —
draw you onward to heaven too,
so that soon you also may be
infinitely happy for all eternity.

The life you now live
on earth can only give
passing joys . . . Believe
me, child! And now, receive
and accept my gratitude
for your love and for the great good
you did me . . .

You, O tears, express it best!
You say: "Only your loss could manifest
visibly, tangibly from my very eye
what my innermost heart would loudly cry."

(Anticipating admission to Love's mystery),
I affirm now what I often said presumptuously:
"Neither joy nor gift of the greatest worth
could ever draw me back to earth!"