

## **White**

My beautiful Nana's hair was silver white  
like God's, before he took her.  
The whites of her eyes had yellowed  
from sickness and pain,  
and the branches of red robbed her youth.  
The crisp over bleached sheets  
on the hospital bed, sterile and strict  
reminded us that it was her time,  
leave as she had come to the world,  
born in to crisp white linen, as we all are.