

Sestina Bob

Honey

For Helen Louise Ingeborg Erickson Varsell
On Mother's Day 2009 from her daughter

Everyone called you Honey.
Since Rollie called you Honey
your children called you Honey—
not Mom or Mother but Honey,
It was an apt name— Honey
affectionate, sweet, nourishing like Honey.

To me you were a great mother and friend, Honey.
You were a caring, compassionate soul, Honey.
You were a phenomenal teacher, Honey.
You were artistic in many media, Honey.
You were an interior decorator of a warm home, Honey.
You were a maintainer of your home's exterior and yard also, Honey.

Your life was not always as smooth as honey.
You created a facade, Honey
which protected your children, Honey.
You created in your home an imaginative nest, a haven, Honey
when reality did not meet your expectations. Honey
you loved your family, sustained your hive with hopeful honey.

I recall your clothes of wearable art, Honey.
Our Halloween costumes neighbors guessed were made by Honey.
Mt skirts ballooning over crinolines— you made Honey.
Your delight in making children's clothes and needlework Honey
you abandoned when your eyesight faltered. Honey
your arthritic fingers with your papery skin bent, so sad Honey.

You were a beauty queen and brilliant student, Honey—
the first generation in your family to attend college, Honey.
Stellar teacher who left teaching for marriage, then Honey
your health prevented your return. You focused, Honey
on domestic arts and raising family, but Honey
was your home and family your refuge and your cage, Honey?

I remember fondly my clever birthday parties, Honey.
Do you know my friends remember them still, Honey?
Family parties with Cinco de Mayo, Christmas, Easter themes designed by Honey;
celebration buffets with each dish attractively displayed with a Honey
touch...chocolate sauce, fudge, Swedish foods. Honey
you maintained traditions, tasty fare, family togetherness, dear Honey.

Honey, I miss you in my life. Honey I'm blessed to have you as my mother.
Your creative and teaching passions, Honey, live within me. And Honey
by the way I loved you, Honey. You were a honey to us all.

Sestina Bob: Sestina Variation created by Jonah Winter. Six stanzas of six lines with a
three line ending stanza. Only one word ends each line. In the ending three lines this
word is used twice in each line of the triplet.