

In Memoriam: Louiselle Bossé Morin

Louiselle Bossé Morin grew up where
paper mirrors sugar—
white and sweet—
out of mills where sweat lifts as smoke,
mills plunked down mid sugar maples
smoking with syrup....

She matured in sugar bush
nigh paper mill,
in communion with cathedrals
leagued against *Poverty*—
the denuded breadbox
and the degenerate pantry—
in plots where strawberries flower over graves.

Her treasure was *Maria Chapdelaine*—
the fearful proverb about exile from *Faithfulness*—
anywhere where sunlight is unyielding
on the threshold of Heaven

which is always eastern Quebec
(white snow, blue sky)
or Tunisia
(white sand, blue sea)....

When she met, matched, and married Henri,
he knew *Beauty* would always accompany her,
and Utopia was where their bodies
could touch and merge.

She became the saint of kitchen and cradle,
knowing a child mewls like a kitten,

and she set out rations of milk
and factions of meat

and sprinkled wine
over custards, puddings, cakes, pies, fondues.

No tattered morsels could suit for feasting!

Always flowed sparkling wine
arcing over ice cream.

She refused to be as economical as *Poverty*.

She never accepted tidbits of words,
but besieged us with gifts—

hand-knit sweaters, homemade shirts,
cotton and wool and linen and silk chic,
textiles turned into poetry.

She was as sovereign as a saint—
Our Angel of the Credit Union—
and so bore no purse of ill-repute;
she carried a decent purse:
Her Bourse was always super with gold.

That facade of Spring—
March—
that May effaces—
was not Louiselle.

She was authentic fire and light and heat--
like a landed sun.

Crosswords will now fall incomplete
and incorrect
without her logic.

How can she slumber and never more wake?

No! I think her laughter remains:
It's evermore a trumpet
chewing up the air!

-- **George Elliott Clarke**
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