Leggoian Light

One autumn afternoon we walked together
among the marigolds, magnolias and mountain ash
breathing in
the majesty of creation
where you said in your lyrical way
to think of research as lace
resilient, aesthetic, strong and ornate

And I remember you bold speckled butterfly
full open wings
a teacher, a student
(You were one wing and I was the other)
with a brightness that wisdom carried
like the song sparrow that must have crossed
our path calling to the world in her sweet nostalgic
melody leading toward the soft sun with her poetry

And I envision you now in front of me
(the wings all yours)
a slight brushing on our shoulders
circling once before heading upwards
swirling whirling *whirling*
flecks of fervent light showering from the open
seamless waiting sky

And Leggoian light like Van Goghian light
lines crafted with a tender hand that paints
movement and colour with countless brushstrokes.
Behold!
A starry starry night where light-years away
a north star appears
offering a compass for those who are lost
like your poems
glowing and growing with lasting luminescence
laced with eternal love.

By Anar Rajabali
I reflect on a walk we took together after Poetry in the Garden in 2014.
Your wisdom and presence such a gift. Your poetry continues to light our worlds.
With much love from Karim, Rahima and Yasmine.