



I WISH SHE'D STAYED  
In Memoriam: Karen Weinberg  
By Wayne Visser

She made me laugh – let's start with that  
(The time she wore a witches' hat)  
Her cheeky banter full of fun  
And, on my word, she loved to pun

Enthralled by British comedies  
From Eddie Izzard to John Cleese  
Held captive by Jane Austen's tease  
(Young Darcy jellified her knees)

And then there was that Stephen Fry  
(She'd have proposed, but she was shy)  
True, he is gay, but love is blind  
And she was smitten with his mind

She lived for art and loved to sing  
Such colours in her offering  
The shadow of Matopos stones  
The glow of rusty vineyard tones

Baryshnikov upon the wall  
Unfettered horses in the hall  
She saw the beauty, heard its tune  
She caught the light, lassoed the moon

King Singers' a capella hums  
Or dusty stomps of tribal drums  
Her world aloft on violin strains  
Juluka flowing in her veins

Soprano voices in the air  
Or Mama Mia's songs of cheer  
The concert halls, the silver screen  
She soared the heights, she touched the dream





Her head was swirled with maths and stars  
Her memories stitched with faded scars  
She knew the dark, yet channelled light  
She felt earthbound, yet reached for heights

She long ago left creed behind  
And saw all faiths as intertwined  
Her wisdom caught the ebb and flow  
Of New Age waves and Oprah's show

So deeply loved, and yet alone  
She found her peace, her bay view home  
Her friends and loved ones scattered wide  
She was the rock, we were the tide

Just like a snowflake's crystal maze  
Her beauty sparkled through our days  
And just as ice must melt and flow  
Back to the source - we must let go

Our daughter, aunty, friend and sister  
How we loved her, how we miss her  
We will not let her vision fade  
Now she is gone - I wish she'd stayed

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