



Marisol Boutin Ramirez

July 29, 1949 - May 28, 2019

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The Gods Have Not Died

They are alive, I know, and angels, too.
They walk around this homely, humdrum world
This place of frightened and indifferent souls
Of horrible and evil felonies
So common as to be, at last, banal,
Carrying their own light with them as they go,
Not waiting upon sun, nor moon, nor stars
To light the way of those lost in the dark.

What evidence? How do we know they're here?
Where they appear, a sadness finds relief,
And illness, too, though this may take more time
(The cure assuming many different forms-
Some in the body, the best ones in the soul).
No matter if the one in need is mute,
Or cries, or bards, or chirps a hungry chirp,
Or waits with elder patience for a word,
A visit from the moving world outside.

They come themselves, or send a messenger
Like fireflies beneath the twilight trees,
Unseen until the dark is dark enough,
To bring a candle or a melody
A word of friendship, or some food to eat.
It matters little, so the need is filled.
Their presence is not always called by tears.

A solitary joy is somehow shared
With one we know rejoices with our joy,
Unlooked for. Without envy. (One of them,
Of course.) Who else (not counting those who love us
For blood's sake, or for what we've done for them)
Thinks us worthy to rejoice without a fee?

They just appear, and where they place their feet
The ground is not the same. Their spirit casts
A light that calls sunflowers out of sand,
Kind words from cruel, and joy from gray indifference.
The living gods and all their angels have
But one bedazzling purpose – to reveal
The gold within us, how it may be found,
To show what wells of mercy there exist,
So we, like them, may pour the water out
To any living thing beset by thirst.

They live. If not, this world would be a desert.
Next time you walk a thorny path, look down.
You'll see the violets blooming where you step,
And shimmering light remains where you have been.

You brought them with you. You are one of them.

Donations and memorials in honor of Mrs. Marisol Boutin Ramirez can be made to Mississippi Critterz (413 McElroy Dr., Oxford, MS 38655). Coleman Funeral Home of Oxford is in charge of arrangements.

Online condolences may be left on the Tribute Wall at www.colemanfuneralhome.com.

Tribute Wall

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“*Mari has left a legacy to those of us who knew and loved her. She was authentic, smart and funny. Her quick wit could light up a room and inspire gales of laughter. She was kind to animals, having saved so-called unplaceable dogs from certain death. Her kindness extended to people who were shut in by age or infirmity, or shut out by language barriers or financial insecurity. Many lives were made richer by the presence of her sweet, sweet spirit. Mari beloved, you will be missed.*

Judy & David Smith

Judy & David Smith - June 12, 2019 at 01:14 PM

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“*We are so saddened to learn of Mari's passing. She was such a special, dear friend to us, & we are so thankful for the too few times we had together to enjoy her love of life, her sparkling personality and her uniqueness. We will miss her. Love, Anne & Julia*

Julia O'Haver - June 06, 2019 at 04:42 PM