

Funeral, Truly A Suffering

When I weep on your shoulder
you caress me with the warmest embrace
Tears are not a comfort
but truly a great suffering

Scarring of the soul a reminder of
the bitterness,
gained through the years and years
in despair
What gift pays grieving
but the loss of sadness for a moment

Ignorance of children - admirable
they know not grief
The reminder of sadness
is still grinding
Still harvesting delight

A fragile bird he cannot fly
without his wings
You cut them deeply
when you were my God
and Gods always fail you