

# Truly a Suffering

## Funeral

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

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