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 sufferingScarring 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 momentIgnorance of children - admirable
they know not grief
The reminder of sadness
is still grinding
Still harvesting delightA 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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