

In Remembrance: Beyond the Clouds:

I watch her.
She is asking for food.
She says she is starving
That they are not feeding her
She is eating now
Complaining that is too much
Yelling to take it away
Fowl language never heard before
In this house she built
She built this house of G-odly words
Praying morning, afternoon and evening
It is her house of prayer
She, a child like innocent above the times
The prayer book, always her friend
As I am.
Now I see her cast it away.
She took my hand when it was dirty
Cushioned me and covered me
She tended to this fragile weed,
Watering, pruning, feeding
For over 30 years, she only saw good.
Yet, my vision is casting clouds.
I dare not reveal what I see.
The vision keeps coming back to me.
It must not be real.
The last year of her life clouding my vision...
I watch her, eating..
She is yelling to take it away.
She is complaining that they are starving her...
She thinks someone wants to hurt her
And left on the hand that feeds her, are scratches unspoken of
It's a nightmare, she wants to wake up
I want to wake up...
I believe in her, she believes in me...
We don't believe in nightmares...
It was just a dream, a nightmare, I say.....
It's now over. You can rest now..
In the place where Your light can shine forever
Rest rest in peace, rest in peace.