

Missing

If I talk to you out loud have I started down a slope?

You are no longer here but I can't help but hope

That you know what happens every day

And you approve in your own way

of all the things, without glory or fame,

that make time here worth the pain.

Can you see my children as they grow?

TV psychics say they know

That there is more here on the earth,

Though not the same as after birth,

And those who have passed on before

Go on to know even more.

Can you hear the thoughts inside my head?

I pray you are happy and without dread

Of earthly issues, problems and pain

That on your daily life did drain.

I do not know too many things

Except angels on earth do not have wings.