

Blessed Be the Ones

By Laura Sharon

Blessed be the ones
Whose lives seem cut so short.
They carried the torch of life,
Radiance and passion and love.
Everything aglow.

Blessed be the ones
Be they young or be they old.
We long to feel them near.
Warmth and gentleness and soul.
Heartbeats afire.

Blessed be the ones
Whose presence is now phantom.
That inviting glance;
That fleeting smile.
Whatever has become of them?
Longing arrives.

Blessed be the ones
Who left loved ones behind.
Trying to carry on;
They search for pieces of their hearts.
What has just happened?
Everyone cries out loud.

Blessed be the ones
Whose bodies are now gone.
Eyes reach toward the sky.
Candles burn in their honor.
Tears flow down.

Blessed be the ones
We have lost along the way.

Here now only in spirit;
We hold on.
Blaring white knuckles.
We beg to never lose them, yet
We say goodbye.

Blessed be the ones
Whose spirits live on
In the home we call our hearts.
Not sure we'll find such sweetness again,
The journey;
We go it alone.

Blessed be the ones
Whose deaths have made us ache.
However long it takes;
No magic formula.
One day
Transformation will come.

Blessed be the ones
Who will never come home again.
We work hard to not forget them,
As life continues on.
We hold on to all the memories
Because they are all that's left behind.

Blessed be the ones.
We sense them in our midst;
And long to once again feel them
Snuggle up close in a twist.
It is strangely an end and
A beginning
All at the same time.