

Trust

What weight shall faith support
when I have been preyed on by disease.
What sympathetic hand above
shall take hold of mine
to see me through such days.
Father, Jesus, Spirit
may lose their loving grip,
might even hide from me.
Left all alone, I fall on pleading knees.

Is he less real if I'm not healed.
Will trust not change and grow somehow.
Not like some rock among the lashing waves
of pain; it bends like sea grass
which does not uproot.
Tis times like these
the heart does funnel to the one,
not seen, believed and loved.
My God, why forsake me now.

Will my whole life fly past
like ashes from a fire.
How should we exit gracefully
content and peacefully.
What is left for others, to inspire.

What will be said when I am dead.
What kind or curious words spoken.
What legacy of love in other's hearts
will follow after me.
As garden planted in the spring,
summer ripened, fall decays,
so. like my life now winter comes,
and to the soil lies endlessly.

My spirit dissipates into the air,
absorbed in molecules of dust.
Nothing left. All memories gone
except a gravestone
telling simply of my trust.