

GOODBYE, LITTLE ONE

O tiny one, so pale and wan,
your grieving parents, buck and doe,
stand grimly gaunt before their fawn,
heart-soaked with tears to see you go.

O teentsy tot, so lifeless . . . still,
what earthly joys your heart will miss:
the seasons' changing twirl and thrill . . .
your father's hug, your mother's kiss.

O young and barely started one,
your classroom seat is empty here—
you've gone with school not yet begun,
no artwork scribbles left to cheer.

O darling child, forgive the grief
that dims our own celestial light—
don't watch us weep in unbelief
that you've been taken from our sight.

O angel sweet, you've quickly flown,
exchanging hurts and hardship's pain
for lessons learned in love alone
no pictures paint or pens explain.

O little lamb, we bid farewell—
we barely got to welcome you—
but grow in grace, and where you dwell
will someday be our new home too.

— David L. Hatton, 4/10/2020 (Good Friday)