

# GRIEF

Grief is the stretch beyond the pain,  
A long and bitter-sweet refrain.

I trace again a trail we walked,  
A spot where we sat down and talked,  
Or see a gift, a card, a note,  
And each rehearses songs it wrote.

Reviewing portraits on the wall  
Or treasured visits, I recall  
The smiling image of your face:  
These mem'ries I dare not erase. . . .

As on I press through flowers and weeds,  
Such aching surges then recedes,  
Like salty waves that ebb and flow,  
Until I reach my turn to go.

Till we embrace again On High,  
Grief is the stretch, the long good-bye.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/4/2013*