

GRIEF'S RIPPLES

Just like an ordinary stone,
once glistening on a rock-filled shore,
by hand at random picked and thrown
into a lake and seen no more,
so death's whim seems to pick and toss
our loved ones into graves of loss.

How quickly sudden splashy plop
resounds just once within our ears;
the stone we watched before its drop
in one split second disappears:
abruptly ends the voice we knew,
with face familiar lost from view.

But in the water where it sinks,
that rounded rock leaves ripple rings;
and just as grief relives, rethinks
a thousand dear remembered things,
so echoed waves of loving run
which help a healing never done.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/10/2016*