

I Would Comfort You

I would comfort you, my dear friend
I would wipe away your tears
Turn your sorrow into joy.

I would console you
With words of wisdom
Of the need for acceptance of the inevitable
The inexorable course of life.

I would speak to you of truth
The immortality of influence
The afterlife of memory
The echo of goodness
In the cavern of our lives.

But the sages caution
Not in haste
To console the bereaved
Not too soon
To begin the healing.

I would raise the heavy weight
From your heart
Wave a wand and transform your grief.

But the heart has its own wisdom
Sets its own time
And will not be rushed.

Now is the time for silence
The dumb silence that awaits
The coming of a new mood
And a brighter spirit
With you, dear friend, I will be silent
Tomorrow we will speak.

