

# Vizkar

*D*eath is a mixture of moods  
Fear of abandonment, separation, being left alone  
Brooding anger  
Fists shaken against the sky  
Voices shouted against the grave  
Regrets over things that could have been, that should have been, but that were not  
Bittersweet nostalgia, ugly scenes transmuted into memories of mere mischief  
Sharp quarrels softened by the passing of time  
words of stone smoothed by perspective, tears, salt of self-pity, brine of resentment.

And remembrance of that gray day  
of a tear in the cloth, of a handful of earth  
and now this moment  
when together we cling to courage  
we who mourn  
for others and for ourselves.

It is the dignity of the soul to hold on to the past  
It is the dignity of the spirit to take hold of the future.

To love and to forgive others and ourselves, to rise from grief  
To sew the torn garment  
To live, to love, even to laugh again.

And at the same time to remember –  
Always to remember  
Always.

