



Some fine resting place is gone –  
Some sweet solace torn away,  
A haven where I soared in grace  
And dined in friendship, born of love.

I wandered back, as if to find  
That place where comfort soothed my soul;  
But found that trip is laced with grief.  
The gate was barred; the door was closed.

More oft I slipped away in thought  
Swept by tides of heart and mind,  
To darkened hallways, idle rooms  
To feel and think and walk alone.

I'd hold each trophy, one by one,  
Those treasured moments that we shared.  
But most of all each knowing way  
We touched and laughed and smiled at ease.

Each trophy had a precious cost.  
Its pleasure turned to grief and loss.  
I could not tarry long to bear  
Mere shadows of this intimate fare.

Yet something lingered in the air  
Half thinking then, I turned to speak,  
Old impulse trailing from my heart,  
The bleeding of its open wound.

Some vapor lingered in the air  
Half thinking then, I called her name,  
Before its echo fell, I felt  
The empty pang – she's gone, she's gone.

Yet sorrow, even with its pain  
Gives comfort, meager as it is.  
Temptation is to make a friend  
Of grief and solitary tears.

One day, surprised, I heard her speak  
In loving words I chose to share.  
I saw her loving hands at work  
In quiet tasks I did alone.

In matters that my hand addressed  
I saw the wisdom of her ways.  
The legacy of our love I shared  
With many an unsuspecting guest.

While loss is real, its pain real too,  
No love is wasted that was sown.  
Its worthy seeds do sprout to life  
And blossom on another shore.

Now rest and solace both abide  
Here vested in my heart and home.  
Whoever wanders to this place  
Is blessed to know my mother's love.

'Mid landscapes of our words and deeds,  
The fabric of our mutual love,  
I see the kind familiar face  
Of my mother and my friend.

# The Haven