

Everything is Broken

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A poem about my grandmother who passed away Wednesday..

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1 - Everything is Broken

Outside there is color with the changing of season

Inside it is bland, no rhyme and no reason

Moments in time, life's snapshots on the wall

It's quiet in here, noises and smells abound out in the hall

Minutes turn to hours, time passes and few words are spoken

We think of the future, think of the past, everything seems broken

We sit quietly, thinking of you as you lie there sleeping

We love you, we will watch over you. This promise we're keeping

We wait for your words, though they are quiet and few

Witty, articulate, and wise, I miss the old you

We all wish that we could bear this for you, though it seems but a token

Our lives have been changed, everything feels broken

Sometimes one has to ponder, life does not feel just

But in our heart of hearts, if the roles reversed, you'd be there for us

Take care and rest gentle lady, what may we do for you now?

You teach from your bed sacrificial love, though we did not know how

Again, you begin to speak, meek and soft-spoken

The ties that bind, the ties of love, by life's storm won't be broken

We sit. We watch. We laugh and we cry, our love we will not hide

We write you prose, we reminisce as we sit close by your side

We pray with you, for you, and over you, we look for strength above

We'll give a drink, wash and care, all done for you with love

And the hope of glory, His perfect peace, and joy for you unspoken

Like our hearts, we that are left without you feel that everything is broken

Tell Jesus when you see Him, that the family circle goes on, but feels broken