

Division Joy

"The Eternal"

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Procession moves on, the shouting is over

Praise to the glory of loved ones

now gone

Talking aloud as they sit

round their tables

Scattering flowers washed down by the rain

Stood by the gate at the foot of the garden

Watching them pass like clouds in the sky

Try to cry out in the heat of the moment

Possessed by a fury

that burns from inside

Cry like a child though

these years make me older

With children my time

is so wastefully spent

Burden to keep, though their

inner communion

Accept like a curse

an unlucky deal

Laid by the gate at the foot

of the garden

My view stretches out
from the fence to the wall
No words could explain,
no actions determine
Just watching the trees
and the leaves as they fall

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