

To Those Who Mourn

by Lorraine Cobcroft

The sun sinks slowly, casting pink and purple hues,
Shadowing the light, blackening the night.
And somewhere hand clutch fearfully
A cold and lifeless palm
Mourning black descends, shadowing light of love,
And clasped hands beg for mercy from Above.

But sunset in its beauty
Shall not be mourned for long.
Then dawns a new tomorrow
Full of laughter and of song.

And shall we mourn our loved ones death
Through long and lonely years
While cries of little children
Fall on deafened ears?

In death is beauty second only
To the beauty of the birth
And room is made for laughter
And newfound joy and mirth.
And as each flower fades and dies,
A new one shall arise,
And aged and dead find happiness
In bluer, clearer skies.

Then watch the sunset as your mourn,
See beauty there with sadness
And know that it will rise again
To bring a greater gladness.
And take the hands of children
Your grief to overcome,
Life has not yet ended. Life has just begun.