Shared Loss

There are some people

who when their life

meets with ours

bless us;

blessed in the moment of meeting

and blessed in the way that

somehow they become part of us,

change who we are,

the way we see things

and greet the next day.

We and the world are enriched

by such people and such meetings.

Enriched by the laughter shared,

curious ways,

stories

about wigs, gnomes, parties…

being together,

working,

crying.

So when, to them,

the pain comes

and the tears flow

our hearts and minds

suffer too.

And helpless as we may feel

it is comfort and blessing

for our friends to know that

we lost something too

and are left

wondering.

David Buck