

Passed Friends

Ian Gould © 27 Jan 2025 5:30pm

Friends long past ... have now passed
To where? To whence?
They have gone hence

We here, them there
No more burdens beared*
No more tension, now at rest
Experiencing heaven and God's best

Here on Earth with feet in sod
Sadness felt as foot is shod...
With heavy steps, without our friends
Sometimes with pain that never ends

Yet, there is hope. Behold the Son**!
Bringing light, and glorious fun
Lightness now, in step and heart
Will lessen hurt, restrict the smart...
Of pain, and loss, there's much to gain
True, some are are gone... but kin remain

The choice to look: Ahead? Behind?
You? Turn your head and you will find
Friends; perhaps only one, or two
Faithful travellers, here with you

Mourn, then, those who've left your side
Remembering the tears you've cried
Yet, look around; I think you'll see
There's much to do, much more to be.

*more formally *borne*

**Son & Sun