

Gift

By: Hazel Gay Lee, ©2011

From your grave you reach, my son
Wrapping me in your arms of love
To embrace my pain and comfort me
I feel you son,
I feel your love.
Your grave has no victory despite death's sting
For even death can't keep you from me
For within life's turmoil when I need you most
Here you are,
Comforting me.
I cannot feel your actual arms
See your face or touch your hand
Hear your voice or rub your back
But here you are,
Holding my hand.
For in your absence and beyond your grave
You send a priceless gift to me

Someone who cares.
Someone who loves.
An honorable heart.
To comfort me.

They don't know. How can they know?
It's you, not them, that is guiding their way
My precious son who sees me weep
Is kissing my tears
As you send them my way.
I know you're gone but you've never left
Your presence and spirit encompasses me
Our footsteps are ordered by God, my son
Through his love you send your gift to me.

Someone who cares.
Someone who loves.
An honorable heart.
To comfort me.