

Wading. Waiting.

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Cascading tears that never dry.

How long does grief last?

A broken heart never dies.

“Hang in there, it takes time.”

On this advice you can rely?

I’ve no choice, it’s God’s pill.

It’s indigenous to survive.

The rhetorical “I’m fine.”

Now such a well rehearsed lie.

Who wants to hear misery?

It’s more polite to just.....SIGH.

If I ever meet this Devil,

I’d trade my soul, make his bribe.

I’d do anything possible!

Just to say “Hi.”

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Inspired by the aura of John W. Hoogerwerf Jr., 12.23.1925 – 4.22.2001