

Pebbles on the Beach

M Cauchi

The father lifted his son and
Drew him close...
The twain in loving nearness.
They looked to where the pebble round
Splashed and rippled rings of waves.
Those were the beautiful years,
Years of magic.

The child has now become the person
Purposeful,
Loving,
Loving the life,
Looking to the heavens
And the marvel of a night sky
Flicked with star light.

Then insidiously the
Sickness....
The slow relinquish
Of purposeful.
The clear and crystal clarity
Is now diminishing.
The confusion,
The reaching feebly to
Brush aside that web.
But to no avail.

Oh God what is happening?
May it ease and go.

But no....it is like dipping deep
And finding emptiness.

We reach for the person
Now become a child.
We reach for the person racked
With sickness.
We talk of when all was
Beautiful,
When the day reached into a happy
Tomorrow.
The pebble splashing into the sea
Is but a flimsy memory.

Help me pleads with misty eyes
The person becomes child.
Please pray.
Do not leave me,
For without your nearness
I am no more.



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