

The Loss of a Treasure

A death has occurred
And everything is changed
By this event,
We are painfully aware that life
Can never be the same again
That yesterday is over
That relationships once rich
Have ended.
But there is another way
To look upon this truth.
If life went on the same
Without the presence of
The one who has died,
We could only conclude
That the life we here remember
Made no contribution,
Filled no space, meant nothing.
The fact that this individual
Left behind a place
That cannot be filled
Is a high tribute
To this individual
Life can be the same
After a trinket has been lost,
But never after
The loss of a treasure.

Paul Irion