Deidre's Lament

Heather Alexander

Short is the span of the mortal heart
Long is the length of grieving
Deep is the wound only time can heal
Shallow, the words of comforting

Sharp is the pain of the parting of souls
Dull is the mind of it's needing
Cool is the touch of Death's merciless hand
Hot are the tears of the weeping

Dark is the day when the news is first heard
Bright is the sun with it's passing
Brief is the crossing from life into death
Endless, the soul everlasting

Great is the loss of those left now behind
Small are the troubles of ordinary day
Tightly we hold to thy memory
Freely we wish thee upon thy way

Freely we wish thee upon thy way

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