

HEAVEN'S GLORY

No glory found in tragedy,
With eyes denying pain-filled tears;
As waterfalls halt over masses of hurt---
Where a loved life fuses with our fears;

We must not question God's purpose,
Though comfort won't comfort the empty space;
And during this period of bewilderment---
Remember--- they're in a better place.

For God is too wise and too trustworthy,
To give leverage for any one mistake;
The King of Kings would never consent---
A burden our families could not take.

So feel the angel wings of consolation,
Wipe away any outpour of tears of sorrow;
And feel the radiation of a lost smile---
That we'll hold in the distant tomorrow.

Even with the void that fills our hearts,
Unable to wholly vanish or erase;
They now wear God's crown of paradise---
Forever resting in a better place.

Heaven is rejoicing that our angel
Is now without hurt and melancholy;
For they have been deemed eternal life---
And our tragedy, is heaven's glory.

By MARK ANTHONY THOMAS