

Today We Mourned You Differently

Today, we mourned you differently — not in the way we would have liked to or felt you deserved. A fettered celebration, not enough to even begin to pay tribute to the life you've lived.

Today, we mourned you differently. The pageantry was sparse, we had no singer to sing your songs, and the shoulders of the fine men you reared were bare — they would have gladly, though sadly taken your weight with pride, and carried you to where you now sleep.

Today, we mourned you differently — your friends and neighbours lined the street — a noble gesture, but poor substitute for the squeeze of a shoulder, an embrace, and the vice-grip handshakes full of grief, solidarity and questions.

Today we mourned you differently — the bare handful of us, the chosen few, stood around you, while broad-backed men from the old days trembled in the distance, and from a parked car your brother looked on with pursed lips through the condensation.

Today, we mourned you differently. Sad eyes looked up from where big hands were holding little hands that didn't understand — not that the big hands understood much better.

Today, we mourned you differently, but this much is true — you are gone, but not without a trace, as you are in every face you leave behind, in every imprint of your foot on the path you so diligently wore from the rose bushes to the kitchen door.

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<https://thisfruitfulmind.podbean.com>

