Treasured Souls

by Patti Hall

Oh, but we have lost--
such treasured souls,
at immeasurable costs.

Oh, but we do moan and cry--
such treasured souls,
no tangible, useable reasons why.

Oh, but we whose hearts do bleed--
such treasured souls,
we feel no soothing sacred creed.

Oh, but we do startle awake from restless sleep--
such treasured souls,
dreamland holds tight; tries to help us keep.

Oh, but we struggle to remember their voices—
such treasured souls,
memory steals them away, we have no choice.

Oh, but we close our eyes to see their faces—
such treasured souls,
memory leaves only blurry, faded traces.

Oh, but we do measure the cost—
such treasured souls,
counting only the sorrowful trails of our loss,
such treasured souls.

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