

I Did Not Get To Know You

I did not get to know you
Like your friends and family did
Every time I saw you
I felt your pain and hid

Why I never reached out
To listen or learn more
Is what I saw you facing
Was knocking at my door

And all the time you faced bold-faced
Into our Maker's eye
I missed the chance to help you out
I feared we all must die

But now I know this isn't so
I feel what you still give
It's even though we come and go
On either side we live

And so although we don't abide
Together, as we were,
I know we'll meet again someday
For even now,
With every thought,
I'm sure

March 31, 2007 c David Bunoehler