

This one of a series of poems I wrote connected to a webcomic I followed. I am including it for completeness, rather than any assumption that it is worth preserving now that the webcomic has ended.

A Consolation

Time seems an enemy; so much we yearn
To turn the clock back; once more be young and free
To leave the over-known, open to learn
New visions, wisdom, opportunity.

But grief was there, sorrow and pain that we
Have handled and suppressed, or so we thought;
To child-hearts, wounds the greater are, to be
More deeply felt, release more costly bought

Those wounds are deep, from battles early fought
Those wounds have scabbed, but never truly heal
The cost is paid, with borrowed hope that ought
To lighten age, not fear, despairing, seal

Time is a blessing, old age a welcome friend
That final healing offers at our end