



PCU

09-22-2010

The stillness in the room
Waiting for her to speak.
The palpable presence of death—
Hollow eyes,
Stockings pale, wrinkled—
The pressing silence.

It is enough.

The students—
so young—
Gather round the warm death bed,
Some with clouded eyes, some more steeled,
Seeking counsel.

Take thy rest.

Listen, she says,
Listen to the simple words of suffering,
Heart to very heart,
Within and without.
Hear the words like they are your own.

Thy work is ended.

When you have left the silent room,
When time and odd distraction
Dim its clear remembrance,
This will be your task:
Listen;
Listen to the simple words,
Trust their meaning and intent.
Listen to the silence of death.

It is enough.

R. Sparling Fraser, MD