

Tenderly, I Reach for Your Hand

*Ever so tentatively, I reach into your hand,
Spread your fingers, like an angel-child, yours enclose mine;
Souls touching, as our fingers intertwine.*

*Slow down, the angels warn, childlike, his fragility,
I stop, take a deep breath, holding out my hand, only to be ready;
Pain inevitable, yet I wait, full of hope.*

*Distance, you say, takes time to cross,
All in good time, hills and valleys, we learn the course;
You seem in peace, with unknown as your known friend.*

*Only borrowed time, I reply, we may not have enough,
I can wait no longer, hours and days, turns life into death;
Silence, whenever I fear, is my lone companion.*

*Waiting is not a game, for life needs a true friend,
Death, years ago, taught me life;
Sorrow, wherever I travel, is my guide to life.*

*I know life, I know death, but do I know time?
I know your fingers, I know your deeds, but do I know you?
Bridges, ever so lasting, are built with time.*

*Guide me, please, I ask the angels, for I do not want to hurt,
Be patient, they reply, and extend your heart;
Like a child, unknown is my sole gift.*

So I reach, slowly, tenderly, for your hand.