

CWO

*Imagine the gentle breeze
Carries with it our prayer,
Swirling past your windscreen,
Because we cannot be there.*

*Imagine the turbulent wind
Reminding us of life's somber finality.
Turning, tossing about our faces
Because you are where you must be.*

*Imagine the tempestuous storm
Scattering our senses and our mind,
Tossing, whirling across the sand
Leaving restless marks behind.*

*Imagine the breeze, gentle once more
Nudging the sand, grain by grain,
Whirling, erasing each mark,
Finally sweeping away the pain.*

