

## [Back](#)

Subject: Wake Up (Susan)

Date: Jan 23, 2018 10:47 AM

A page of fiction  
A bubble of unreality  
Floats around in my brain

Blowing to the front  
In times of inattention  
Floating to the top  
On the shoreline of sleep

There the last year's tragedies  
Never happened  
My child yet lives  
Mundane peace is reachable

Reality breaks through  
Staining the fiction  
My child is ash and memories  
Her soul in better hands  
Her race is done.

My soul struggles with the truth  
Reaching for the better peace  
The perfect peace  
Our Father provides  
Nothing more real  
Than His promise:  
Resurrection