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Subject: Walking into church (Susan)

Date: Aug 19, 2017 1:13 AM

Walking into church  
Someone asks me  
How I'm doing  
I say "Great, thanks."  
And look up  
To see who asked  
I realize  
As I look into their eyes  
That these two know  
She lost a son  
He lost a daughter  
They each know  
To their sorrow  
That I am not "great"  
Will never be "fine" again  
We are there together  
Members of a select group  
No One wants to join  
Parents  
Who have buried their children  
Wept by their grave  
I acknowledge  
With an aching relief  
That they understand  
A glance  
A clasp of hands  
Is all it takes  
No subterfuge needed  
Nothing expected  
It feels good  
Just to be with them  
Because they know