



INTO YOUR HANDS

Hospice, hospital,
Hospitality.
A gentle easing towards
The end.
Cheerful faces come and go
Doing the mundane
Precious Things.
Pain is erased.
A man I do not know
Combs her hair
With infinite tenderness.
Strong arms lift
And comfort:
God's hands.
My world is shrunk to this:
A bed where my child lies dying.
Blank eyes stare
Seeing God knows what.
I long to shout
That an angel awaits
Just out of sight.
But I am silent.
In the slow movement
That marks our life
I know
That the door through which
She will pass
Is already opening.
The light shines through.

A poem written recently by an Edinburgh mother as she watched beside the bed of her adult daughter, in the last hours of her life.