

Signal

If we believe there is no afterlife
and love is shattered when the body fails,
we do ourselves a wrong: we strip our hearts
of love's warm coat when death is blowing gales,

and wonder why we're cold. If we believe
the soul we knew, and loved, and who loved us,
was never more than flesh and blood and bone,
their lively eye is lost, is ash and dust

and we're alone. So ask yourself just this.
A broken radio gives out no sound,
but does the music it was tuned to, play?
And can you sense that broadcast even now?

Love is unbroken. Mourn your loss today,
allow each moment that you need to grieve,
but listen for that signal in the air,
and know that we can choose what we believe.

Ros Barber