

## **On the Day you were given to us**

*On the day you were given to us, I remember now,  
we made a secret promise, too hard to speak out loud,  
that there would be one day, far off, we would be asked  
to give you back again, with the same surprising  
generosity with which you first were given to us.*

*In the end you decided to leave us, but you know we can never leave you,  
not in our minds, not in the inner recess of our wondering hearts,  
nor in the long twilight horizon where you will always walk with us in our  
memory.*

*Above on the mountain, the Lark rises every morning from the summer grass to  
the sky above your home, and the song it sings will always carry the simple  
mystery of your going.*

*It seemed as if you turned toward somewhere else, away from all our help, so  
that we are left to ask for your help now, not in answers but in asking all the  
difficult and beautiful questions your life bequeathed. We are still not sure  
if we ever let you ask for what you needed, but we hold our hands out now,  
to take yours in ours, to reassure you in the quiet of the morning, or the silence  
of the night and in all the days to come, when in our minds you still need our  
care to help you go on, where we can't go to see you safe beyond the quiet line  
of our understanding.*

*To walk with you now arm in arm with our regrets and our affection  
that one last mile along the way you wanted to go,  
the quiet in which we wave goodbye,  
only a sign of that continued, never ending, and helpless wish,  
from the promised beginning to this too soon end,  
to make each day a testament of our unspoken love.*

*David Whyte*