



PCU

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The stillness in the room  
Waiting for her to speak.  
The palpable presence of death—  
Hollow eyes,  
Stockings pale, wrinkled—  
The pressing silence.

*It is enough.*

The students—  
so young—  
Gather round the warm death bed,  
Some with clouded eyes, some more steeled,  
Seeking counsel.

*Take thy rest.*

Listen, she says,  
Listen to the simple words of suffering,  
Heart to very heart,  
Within and without.  
Hear the words like they are your own.

*Thy work is ended.*

When you have left the silent room,  
When time and odd distraction  
Dim its clear remembrance,  
This will be your task:  
Listen;  
Listen to the simple words,  
Trust their meaning and intent.  
Listen to the silence of death.

*It is enough.*

*R. Sparling Fraser, MD*