

Open Casket

I went to a funeral
My heart ached and my tears could not wait to fall
Lying there for all to see was someone beautiful
And no matter how much I saw it coming,
I suffer no less

If you've ever been to a stranger's funeral,
The mournful melodies and anecdotes mist you in a delicate gloom
You hear the short scrapes of tissues drawn around the room
You pity their loved ones shaking with sobs,
You see their eyes clenched, as if never wanting to open again

But at a loved one's funeral,
The mist becomes a suffocating fog
Bright memories inundate your mind
Songs and stories, prayers and poems,
All just words trying to fill a void
Whether unexpected or foreseen, grief takes no vacation

You might see an open casket,
But the eyes will never open again
"That's it," you whisper, and place a hand on a silent chest
And two teardrops streak your face,
One for each half of a broken heart