

Second Set

It is a uniquely human flaw,
that we struggle to make sense of this news.
As if the answer to why
would somehow ease our pain.
The heavy heart knows what the mind cannot.
In the raw and random order of nature,
the only true answer to why is why not.
We know it could have been any one of us.
Could have been a day before, or decades hence.
It could have been a terrifying dream
from which we awake drenched with relief,
instead of this gut-wrenching confusion and grief,
wondering how so much life could suddenly fall from her brilliant face.
Each one must find their own state of grace.
I pray to every caring heart
in healing harmonic connection.
I pray to each night star that created her
with such improbable perfection.
I pray to Sarah, as the memory of her sweet smile
lifts my heart from this sorrow.
This is what we will do with tomorrow.
Greet each perfect stranger with a direct and heartfelt smile,
acknowledging lifetimes of differences and similarities
in a most beautiful universal style.
Share our unique gifts with all those in need.
Indeed, that is what a gift is for.
Engage daily in raucous spontaneity,
making this day more memorable than those before,
leaving friends to guess what wild surprises lie in store.
With these and countless random gestures,
we honor Sarah and manifest her love.
And just one more odd promise I'm thinking of.
I will stop acting the old man and get my sleepy ass to more shows,
in this community with so much to give.
For as your every grateful and devoted fan knows,
The second set, Sarah,
is where your spirit lives.

Jerry Werle
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