

"I Was Just an Empty Room"

I was just an empty room
Until one day this week:
Chairs around a table and
A plant and simple sink.
Then one day the door was cracked,
And then they all came in:
Young and old and in between
They filled my space within.
They all knew each other I
Could tell from how they talked;
Some of them were anxious I
Could tell from how they walked.
Many hands were reaching 'cross
The table to retrieve
Tissues from small boxes that
Could bring to them relief.
Sobs I heard and tears I saw
We're common at the start,
But in time diminished as
The rainclouds did depart.
I was nosey, listened in,
Intrigued I was to know:
Who was this they talked about
And their affections owned.
Husband and a father and
A brother to some more;
Some were friends and some he coached
Not many years before.
All were thankful for his life
And who he came to be,
And how much he meant to them
All those around could see.
Though I never met this man,
I feel I know him well;
I am glad I could be here
To hear their stories tell.

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