

"Plates"

Now in this parking lot one sees
Vast license plates from A to Z;
Some are from here and others not,
And they have filled the parking lot.
Some plates have travelled many miles
(The sum is great when they're compiled);
They've brought their owners to this place
To see their loved ones face to face.
Some have brought one and others more
And left each one at the front door.
Some visits long and others brief,
But all have come to share their grief.
The door is opened for the throng,
And those who meet embrace so strong;
And tears are shed 'til eyes are full;
The words are few but meaningful.
There comes a time when no one's seen,
And something happens in between
The time at first when plates arrived
Before the next time they will drive.
Eventually the doors are spread,
And families exit by each head;
And then the ones all came to see
Step up into their limousine.
The flags are waiving on each car;
The distance could be short or far;
The line of cars is long that's made
And no one breaks this motorcade.
Into a quiet place they drive,
And soon the last car will arrive.
The people exit holding hands
Or arm in arm across the land.
They gather near a hole prepared
As silence comes and fills the air.
Six men appear now on the scene,
And in their hands a case is seen.
Some words are spoken and are shared
With all who came and showed they cared,
And then at last the case is gone,
And friends disperse across the lawn.
Into their cars they now drive off
(No more with flags they're taken off)
And each plate's left remembering
All those who came their love to bring.

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