

**Helen Daly**  
**Soul-Searching**

Today was dark and your pictures were gone,  
And my memory failed with your image;  
It seems time and space ran to an unspoken place,  
And left me to grieve without visage.  
The tears they just come because that's what they do  
And my heart still feels like it is breaking;  
The pain in my chest is like a noble arrest,  
Until I understand it's of your making.  
But no one believes it; they just can't conceive it,  
The unknown is enveloped with fear;  
If only they knew what this spirit has been though  
To pierce the thin wall of the "Here."  
The present it is – to the past and it gives,  
Some souls recognition of the wrath;  
That we feel on this earth, when death comes to curse  
Our hearts so deeply entwined 'til the last.  
Some will deny it and many can't buy it,  
But when it's quiet, you may hear your name whispered,  
And believe it's a mirage, an auditory barrage;  
An un-validated spirit's existence.  
For we know when it's true and will attest without a clue,  
The essence of those that our hearts have allowed;  
Until comes the day, above all earthly dismay,  
We meet on the other side of the lightened shroud.  
When those bumps in the night, or a side-glance brings fright,  
Or, the technology is newly amiss  
I know it is you, just trying to come through,  
Your soul's rendition of a kiss <3