

Poem for Tom by Elisabeth Ohlbock

Your eyes, Tom, always spoke,

always spoke the person you were.

Your eyes, building bridges to people around you: re-assuring, engaging, expecting, questioning, suffering, searching, trying to understand.

And your glasses- part of your face.

Are you wearing glasses now, Tom?

What do they show you, now that you have entered perfect love- now that you are there where everything is consumed in the All- healing, All- forgiving, All- sustaining, All- knowing?

Now, that no other thought than love is possible to you?

Are you wearing these type of glasses now?

Glasses that show you the other side of the coin?

Glasses that show you life as it is?

A *mystery* of love?

As I sit here thinking of you, still looking from the top rim of your glasses, I cannot but be sure that this is what you now know. That this is what you now see.

In all and everything: a mystery of Love.