

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



WHY SO LATE?

Our only son
We loved so much,
Gone so long -
So out of touch.

It was so good
The life we gave,
But Adventure was
The thing you craved.

You left home
Without a word,
All we knew -
Gone with your sword.

Rumors flew -
Where had you gone?
A life of good,
Or one of wrong?

Your father wept -
So unlike him,
Each week in church
You were our hymn.

The years rolled on,
Your father died.
I was then alone,
Save tears I cried.

Age has left me
Frail and weak,
Yet faith holds firm -
His grace I seek.

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Now here you are
When I'm near death.
To pay respect?
Watch my last breath?

Why so late,
So nearly vain?
To touch my cheek?
To ease my pain?

Had better salved
The wounds of life,
When I was still
Your father's wife.

Had better touched
My heart's own beat,
When I was strong
And on my feet.

Perhaps redemption
Is your path -
To seek forgiveness
From God's wrath?

I don't know why
You've come so late,
As I surrender
To hands of fate.

The words I have
Are brief and true,
You broke our hearts -
Who now loves you?

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