**Dear Loved Ones**

What right have I to shed a grieving tear?
The man is dead, and nothing one can say
Alters the blessed fact or wishes away
The painful truth the Loved Ones now bear.

What distance needs one to see himself clear?

To ponder the depths of forces at play

That could wrench a beloved soul away

And nudge us all to face our deepest fear?

For all one is is more than one can share:

Loving, devoted, true, but flawed like all;
There is a grace in how great giants fall.
The meek like I admire the mighty’s dare
But do no more than offer words or song
As I do now lament my Uncle John.