

## **The Dwelling Place- Lindsey Weis**

Strength in the dwelling place.

May she rejoice;

I am the daughter of the weary.

Let me give you my strength.

Shadowed by clouds,

The dark is inevitable.

Disguised by pretending

There is no need to hide the

Strife, struggle, and abundance of lies.

Maybe love can make your heavy pain light

You live for others,

The embodiment of compassion.

And the grace of the light

I pray that soon

you will have the right

to live;

without battling

this exhausting fight.

Bestrewed.

The day you told us;

Eyes panic-stricken with fright.

You kept composure,

To give us light.

The killer is spreading now

Plastering a smile is easy

And to break down,

Is to lose.

Oh can't you see?

Strength is in the tears,

The tears I hear you cry.

Before you fall asleep,

On every lonely night.

Impuissant you say.

But, you did everything right.

I espied the ether.

To see a fulgent night sky.

I gathered hope.

In the midst of  
a sempiternal brume.

Demolished, defeated;  
the killer will be gone.  
Your wounds will amplify  
the wisdom and beauty,  
expanding within.

Your matchless endurance.  
My warrior of war, who never gave up.  
You are healing everyday.  
You emerge with courage, standing back up.  
Glancing at glass.  
You are no longer the same.  
I hope you stare at the strength,  
That lingers in the pulchritude of your reflection.

Cancer;  
You are a killer.  
You will never see.  
How much you have stolen;  
From me and my devoted family.

