

The Final Wait

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Waiting, in my final hours, anxious and alone,
Clock ticking, unforgiving. What will come with the striking bell?
My heart-beats come faster, wishing time would come slower
Closer and closer I'm coming to the unknown hour

What is this illuminating light, in my ruminating mind --
Is it from the sun that warmed my childhood walks?
Is it of the Son, that humble holy one?
Sun or Son, Lux aeterna, will my shortening candle's flame become you?

Waiting for my final hour, hopeful, and helpless.
The chatter of old friends, the hard and softness of furniture
Will anything be familiar where I'm going?
My heart beats, the clock ticks toward the dawn of eternity's light

Angels, I can see you! Will you lift this heavy body?
Share your feathered wings with me,
Lift me flying to a perpetual place
Of growing life, where strong hearts beat

Heaven! In heaven are there pastures? I see verdant pastures,

They are irrigated with waters from rivers of life, flowing from tears of love.
Lavender and jades, grains and bushes, forests!
And beyond them, flocks of creatures, strange and kind

My heartbeats hasten. I fear. Yet -- I see a table, set with delights,
And people whose hearts have struggled and laughed with mine
My beloved ones gather to sing and feast, faces lit with life.
Is it Heaven I'm seeing, or only Earth?

I wait, I wait for my end to come, an answer to my questions
I cannot resist the pulse of time, the final beat and bell
My heart hopes, heavy and hoping.
I'm ready for the rest.