

TEARDROPS

For those I've loved

Jaine Toth

2026

Teardrops.

Salty.

Sharp.

Pungent.

Stings.

Like the pain in my heart

Wet.

Like the emotions flooding my soul.

Sigh.

Explodes like an atomic blast.

Rise up from the cavernous depths of grief.

Release.

Soldier on.

THE BIRD OF YOUR SOUL HAS FLOWN

For all the believers

From mortal cage,
the bird of your soul has flown,
but I feel neither bereft
nor alone.

Your spirit I sense
hovering near,
watching over me with
loving care.

Our separation is only temporal —
since this world merely is ephemeral.
And though I miss your personal touch,
my prayer is for you to rise to such
a glorious station as God's grace shall will —
continuing the goal you tried to fulfill
while on this earth amongst mankind:
striving to bring spiritual sight to the blind
and spiritual hearing to deaf ears —
e'en there (where'er that may be)
in timeless space — Eternity.
That was how you spent your years.

Now's your time — you did your best,
but I've a notion you shall not rest.
So let us continue to beseech
the Lord to allow our souls to reach
through time and space and separate plane —
spiritual communication be our gain.

YOU'VE SAILED ON

For beloved friends who've sailed on

Your ship came in —
 you've sailed on.
We're land-bound —
 while you are gone
To other shores beyond our ken —
 We'll miss you so, beloved friend

The Concourse awaits on the other side —
 To take your hand and be your guide.
They'll welcome you with love and cheer,
 You'll learn how many hold you dear.

And we'll rejoice that you're sailing free —
 Riding the waves of eternity.

DON'S PROMOTION

For Donald Wallace

Don's been promoted. The Big promotion.
It required the ultimate transfer.
This would have been a hard choice for some
Many dread new places and fear change —
Not Don Wallace. Don was ready.
The chance for promotion had been offered a while back.
His family didn't want him to take it.
Don acceded to their requests.

When he came for a visit,
I noted a tinge of sorrow and a real earnestness
when he said, "No offense to you, friends,
but I'd really rather have been seeing Bahá'u'lláh."
After returning home, the promotion and transfer
were offered once again. This time, Don opted to accept.
He was allowed a temporary stopover
to visit his dear mother enroute to his new position.
The family — loathe to let him go —
understood that the Big Boss
had important plans for him.

Selfless, they sacrificed
their own wants and needs for his,
realizing Don had truly earned this promotion.

Don and the Big Boss will, no doubt,
compensate them —
send love and guidance
to comfort and protect them
on their own personal journeys.

1 Sultán 154 B.E. / 1/21/1998, Revised 3/10/2026

GRACE OUR CHOIR, WON'T YOU?

For John Sneed (who described his voice as "singing between the notes")

A heavenly band of angels called,

"Hey John,

Come make this scene;

We're in need of a new voice,

one that can sing

in between

the notes:

your voice, John,

is the one we need.

So grace our choir,

won't you,

and get up here with

all speed."

5/30/2001

HEAVENLY CHORISTER

For John Sneed

You've joined a choir of angels,
And I miss you, dear John Sneed.
Tho' you've enhanced their joyous sound,
I feel bereft indeed.

With your heavenly voice now,
Please sing to me from on high,
My soul I know will recognize
And sense that you are nigh.

5/30/2001

YOU THE LEAVEN

for Hazel Littman, Kneader of Souls

"The light which these souls radiate is responsible for the progress of the world and the advancement of its peoples. They are like unto leaven which leaveneth the world of being, and constitute the animating force through which the arts and wonders of the world are made manifest." ~ Bahá'u'lláh

Into the eyes of God you gaze
dear Hazel, friend of mine.
His wonders do all mortals amaze
but know you now Reality Divine.

With you the leaven for us on earth
our souls will grow healthily—
Filled with love and joy and mirth—
your bread of life we'll be.

10 Qudrat 156 B.E. /13 November 1999

YOU TALKED TO YOUR GOD

For Meherangiz Munsiff

You talked to your God,
your family, your friends—
On the other side—
Asked their guidance, sought their help,
Yet never broke your stride.

Natural conversation—
You spoke heart-to-heart:
Your wishes, worries and concerns
As needed, you'd impart.

You spoke aloud while you moved
Throughout your busy day.
How enlightening I found it
To see you pray that way.

The Concourse upon which you called
Waits to hear, also, from me.
I learned from you to talk to them,
And do so frequently.

Now you've been conscripted
Into God's Army of Light.
General Munsiff, I implore you,
Keep me in your sight.

Enlist me in your Company.
I'll be eager in pursuit

Of my marching orders—
Your obedient recruit.

12 Qudrat 156 B.E. / 14 November 1999

AN OLD SOUL

For Wesley Taborn

A unique individual, Wes; he *belonged* to everyone — and — to no-one. If you had to spend the rest of your life on a deserted island and were given the choice of only one other person to be with you, who would it be? I'll bet a lot of you would answer, "Wes Taborn." Why? There was a spirit, perhaps I should say, a spirituality, that set him apart.

An old soul, Wes
the wisdom of the ancients poured forth in his words;
all became clear; reassuring
the love of the spirit of Bahá filled his being;
he smiled and the world felt safe, special

4-13-2005

YOU'RE FREE TO SOAR

For Ethel Belle Hayman

You had a heart as big as Texas,
And a smile that never quit.
Now just because you've gone away
Doesn't mean that smile's unlit.

I'll see it in the sunrise
And the stars that shine at night.
The heavens will now be enhanced
By your soul so bright.

Go now, Ethel, you're free to soar,
And I'll try not to cry;
I know that you're surrounded
by angels from on high.

You'll wing your way among them
And send good thoughts my way,
And for you, I'll say a prayer,
I promise, every day.

So though you're gone in body,
In spirit you'll stay near.

And I'll always feel your closeness —
Still — I'll miss you so, I fear.

August 10, 2005

SNAZZY SAN

For Sandra Rocco

Upbeat

Offbeat

Unbeatable

Unflappable

Colorful

Radiant

Joyous

Brave

Uncomplaining

Positive

Humorous

Lovable

Snazzy

June 15, 2002

Now Gone, but Not Remote

For Robert E. Kogan

Dearest Bob,

You're gone. I'm numb.

Where are the words? Where is the poem meant just for you? Why does my well feel so dry — so empty? My mentor is gone; my eloquence went with him. I can't speak. I can't cry. I can't write.

Godspeed, Robert. May your soul flourish in the realm of the Concourse. May they embrace you, cherish you, protect you, till you are one of them yourself. Send us all your inspiration, your support, your love, your prayers, as we pray for you.

We inter your body in the ground

Say our goodbyes, offer a prayer.

But gone you're not, you're still around

In the trees, the sky, the air.

Your presence no longer seen, but felt

In all of whom, or about, you wrote,

Before on this physical earth you dwelt

Now gone, yet not remote.

We'll be forever connected, Bob

June 10, 2000