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Come Take My Hand

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COME TAKE MY HAND

Ruth Lindstedt

Come take my hand
And I will lead you
One more time
Along the hallway
Where memories lie tattered,
strewn out across the floor
Where faces hold no meaning
And words are more like
puzzles to be cracked.

Hold my hand
And I will guide you
Along this familiar track.
Perhaps your eye will brighten
For just a passing moment
With a fragment of cognition
I know will never last.

Hold my hand
And I will take you
Lay you gently on your bed
And for a moment cradle
Your whitened, weary head.
Perhaps it's here you'll feel
God's tender, loving care
Beyond all words and memories
From the past.