

SEARCHING

Poem

Virginia Bryant Hill

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I'm sitting here in the Emergency Room.

Searching for hope, finding gloom.

Publically, Privately, sharing space.

Unfortunate fortune has taken place

Worry is seen on each one's face

Diagnosis and tests determine fate.

Some have been here early; others came late.

Together, separately we wait

To hear the same words that all is well.

Everyone has a different story to tell.

Situations, thoughts, and feelings compel

The agony we face does not compare

To the trauma happening back there

Emotionally, physically, we suffer.

Waiting, worriedly listening for a name.

Searching for someone to ease the pain.

Searching for hope, answers randomly obtained.

Searching for love, wanting peace and rest.

Searching uncertainty and helplessness.

Searching for trust and selflessness.

Searching for reason to just go on.