
‘Everything Unfolds Perfectly: Honouring the Departed with Love’

And they asked him, "Tell us about the Departed,
Those who have left us, their lives dearly regarded."
And he spoke with wisdom, profound and true,
About how everything unfolds, as if on cue.

The Departed are not lost, nor are they gone,
They live on in our hearts, their legacy lives on.
They are the ones who've gone ahead,
Leaving us memories, by which we are led.

They are the ones who've crossed the veil,
Leaving behind stories that we shall retell.
Their presence lingers in the air we breathe,
In the laughter, the tears, the moments we seethe.

Their souls dwell in a realm unknown,
A house of tomorrow, yet to be shown.
We cannot visit, not even in our dreams,
But their essence remains, like rippling streams.

We may grieve and mourn, for we are human,
But their journey continues, as part of life's plan.
They are arrows that have been released,
By the archer's hand, so divinely ceased.

And just as the archer loves the arrow that flies,
He also loves the bow that stabilizes.
For the Departed have played their part,
Guiding us with love, from their soul's own heart.

So let us honor them with love and grace,
Embrace their memories, in a warm embrace.
For everything unfolds perfectly, we shall see,
As we cherish the Departed, with love, eternally.

~Poem written in the style of Khalil Gibran by ChatGPT