

Teena

Even before I knew the sound of your voice,
throaty angel, blend of earth and heaven
in every tone, before I heard your singing
or recognized the radiance in your face
which never registered the level of pain
you were feeling, even before the head scarves
and the prayers where you sat in the center,
eyes closed but sensing our open palms
over you, calling for healing, tears in our eyes,
smile on your face, peace in your generous heart,
even before all this: I knew first the feel
of your strong hands with their healing touch
on my wound-up neck and shoulders. How
I felt the weight of my little world lift and melt
away when you touched me. Even then,
I knew you were channeling God. Please,
Teena, please don't stop, now that you are
on the other side. Sing as you've never sung
before, touch us with your healing touch,
now that you see the face of your God,
now that you are truly home.

Kathy Wade
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