Solace

Solace...even the sound of the word
is soothing, like a whispered 'hush, lie still, all is well.'

As when you were a child. Then you could settle in, and await the night's silence with
a quiet heart,
trusting, knowing you were safe.

Now solace is not so easily at hand.
So often the world within and without seems an angry maelstrom, a place of
whirling sadness, confusion, rage.

Then I look for a quiet center in myself
And those times that it appears
I hold the solace close, treasuring it, knowing now how rare it can be.

~ Anonymous