Do you know what happens after your funeral?

In a few short hours the tears will dry.

Everyone’s gone home after saying goodbye.

A cousin will laugh, A friend will scroll, another will post “May God rest his soul.”

The group chats back to memes and trends.

They told your story but soon it ends.

A week later, your inbox dies

unread emails no more replies.

At your job your chair sits cold.

Your boss moves on, your roll is sold.

Your children rise put on their shoes, no time to grieve, no time to lose.

A sigh, a glance then out the door. Life resumes just like before.

A month has passed, a comedy is on.

They laugh again, …………. that didn’t last long.

A smile, a joke, a moment of cheer.

It’s as if you were never here.

You’ll be forgotten before the flowers decay.

Their tears will dry as life moves away.

In months your name will rarely be said.

Just a framed photo beside their bed.

You’ll be forgotten, left behind.

Just a picture, a memory.

Maybe a thought in mind.

You spent your whole life for people’s applause.

Yet they moved on without a pause.

You feared their words, their love, their view.

Yet see how fast they let go of you.

But how about the one who stayed?

The one who watched the prayers you made.

And He was watching all along.

The one to whom we all belong.

Not once did He turn away.

So live for Him before your finale day.