

## 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