

“Seasons”
by Helen Graves

A gentle sun warms the place,
The breeze is as soft as a love’s embrace.
Small green shoots line my garden space,
And tiny fingers on my face.

School is out! And not a care,
Rockets bursting in the air.
Bikes race by at break-neck speeds,
And children growing up like weeds.

The wind blows leaves upon my sill,
And children grown, are precious still.
The colors fade across the lands,
And youth fades in my aging hands.

The night is dark, the chill winds blow,
And soon I’ll sleep beneath the snow.
But the room is warm, the fireside bright,
And as I lay beside you through the night,
I think of spring.

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In Loving Memory of



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