

# The Grave Revisited

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I lost my husband at the age of 25. He was in a hunting accident and I thought my world had ended. This is a sad, sweet memory.



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**In autumn's sunlight,  
I walked alone,  
across the leaf clad memories.  
I remember how the wind,  
bent the branches,  
of the proud and haughty trees.**

**In my secluded wanderings,  
I came across a flower,  
still holding fast its beauty.  
I paused for a moment,  
then plucked the bloom,  
I felt it was my duty.**

**With blossom in hand,  
I retraced each step,  
back to my true love's door.  
I left it there with a note,  
and yes a prayer,  
each day I love you more.**

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