

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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