

Don't Wear Black

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A way to say good bye but never forget

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The coloured autumnal leaves had left the comfort of the trees.

Fallen, laying all around, their colours decaying into the ground.

The rain soaked wind infiltrates the mourners coats

The old and the young gathered in the cold telling stories not previously told.

Mourners in black, ashen of face, wined through the doors to find a place.

The man preaching the word only need speak quietly to be heard.

He speaks of a life he has never seen, he speaks of a better place, what a dream.

He lifts the congregation to sing to you, how can any of this be true.

The curtains open and your caskets rolls away, this is your special day.

Off to heaven the preacher says you must go, we pray that this is so.

I shut my eyes and there is a picture of you, I open my mind and find words there from you.

Where are you now, what do you know, we shared our lives, where shall I go.

I need your smile, I need your touch, I need your love, I miss you so much.

The undertakers lead me from the hall, the Priest shakes the hand of one and all.

Outside heads are nodded, words are said, people that only meet to say goodbye to the dead.

Then I realise you are not gone, this is a ritual especially for Anon.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, this can not be true for someone as special as you.

You were the colours of the Autumn trees, your love as gentle as the breeze.

Your moods could match the colours of the skies, I will miss your amazing eyes.

You were like a tree tall and strong, then I realise I am wrong.

You are not dead or gone.

Your soul is warm and bright, like the golden sun and the silver stars of night.

Lighting the paths I will have to take, it'll be alright, it's okay, knowing your never far away.

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Don't wear black on my special day or sing words I have never heard.

Just close your eyes, see my picture, love my colours and hear my words.

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