

Never forgotten

We hope we won't forget
but also not **drown** in sorrow

the trees and branches tell us -
her story

not any ones story

her story

its in the wind wispering a low soft
humming and sometimes howling

and for all of the upsetting moments
after the wind howels for her

her life is the moon, shining a
kind lighte, watching for people in
need of her soft, pale, soothing smile