

## REFLECTION

In reflection of my ancient past,  
I view, the day the flags stood at half mast  
For the memory of the life I'd had,  
Forever gone and I was sad.  
The words went flying, one-by-one,  
We spent our hearts, but not in fun;  
We talked and talked and talked 'til dawn,  
But finally, everything was gone.  
Then when I sat and cried and cried  
'Til no more tears were left inside,  
I picked myself up and began anew  
To find another life, fresh and true.  
My new life offers me much more;  
Forget the past? I closed the door.

Marie Lowe  
May 1975