

Passing

A solitary walk

Dark clouds hovering overhead

Taking over the surrendering blue sky

As the deep water extends into the far off horizon

The church is 1834

The date startles my concentration

The generations married and buried

Passing before me now

It takes me over completely

The finality of time

At this stage of my life

The dead haunt me at night when I sleep

Again 1834

Takes me back

To exist is to remember

They will never awake

Sooner that I join them also

Then ever see them again here

It's so calm

A trance of memory

One by one they have left

Only physically

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