

I wonder,  
If they still feel  
Kisses upon their cheek–  
A dead love lingering.  
I wonder,  
If they ever think  
Of the passion;  
The love;  
The pain.  
The remnants of me,  
Still resting upon the lips of many.  
The remnants of me,  
Whispering sweet words  
In yearning ears.  
I wonder if they still hear  
My sweet words,  
Or if the remnants of me,  
Have been buried–  
Along with the feelings  
That preceded  
The pain.