

Memory

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one.
I'd like to leave an afterglow of
smiles when day is done.
I'd like to leave an echo
whispering softly down the ways,
of happy times and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.
I'd like the tears of those who grieve
to dry before the sun,
of happy memories that I leave
behind when day is done.

-Author Unknown

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