

In Memorium —

Ahnah

*No sacred song
or pretty sunset
ever soothed my soul
as much as watching
Ahnah comb her hair.*

*No skin
many decades younger
ever felt so soft and warm
as from the firm
gentle grasp
from Ahnah's hands.*

*No laughter
was such love and truth,
heard abundantly
as Ahnah's mirth.*

*No smile
was ever so generous
from eyes, lips, and wrinkles
and so easy to return
as Ahnah's smile.*

*No life
was ever as beautifully
summed
in such a peaceful visage
as Ahnah's
at death.*

*When in sorrow
I remember her laughter
and smile
in spite of tears.*

*Thank you for your life,
Ahnah,
for none can live as
you did ever again.*

*Thank you for your love
My Ahnah, my grandmother.
I remember you
and love you
always.*

—THOMAS RICHARDS, JR.