

# 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.