

Afterglow

I'd like the memory of me
to be a happy one,
I'd like to leave an afterglow
of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo
hispering softly down the ways,
happy times and laughing times
and bright and sunny days.
Like the tears of those who grieve,
to dry before the sun
of happy memories that I leave
behind when day is done.



“Man does not cease to play
because he grows old.
he grows old
because he ceases to play.”