

Even though you're gone,
I still smile and move on.

The pain hurts so badly, not like
when you used to sit back and laugh.
It feels like I can't complete the task
I've been sent for.

When I pray and mention your name,
Yes, I cry!

Yes, I weep!

I call your name over and over again,
and yet, still, you don't answer.

I wake up and wish you were here
to smile and laugh with me.

But you're gone.

So do I cheer up and be happy
because you will live eternally,
or do I weep and weep
until it interferes with my life?

Either way, I will always remember
those times in the summer when everything was warm and growing.

You told me, "You are special and so beautiful."

Those words I will always cherish.

Yes, you gave me hope and joy.

A Pretty Angel

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Words on WHEELS

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