DREAMING

I dream of little loved ones, Their charms I can't resist; And well into my memory Thoughts of them subsist.

Though they may not remember,
I'm very much alive;
And feel the pain of knowing
Of me they are deprived.

Why mourn the loss of loved ones
On whose presence we depend,
And lose some precious memories
To share until the end?

When those we love do breathe and thrive
And try to make some sense,
Why is this wall constructed
To be so strong a fence?

I am neither dead nor gone,
Nor faded from the earth;
And know my life has brought you
Much to show my worth.

For all who love
I give my heart,
And wait till you can see ...
I never will forsake you,
For I am ever me.
dreaming