

I REMEMBER

By James Collins.

I remember a life well lived.

Carried as an infant in loving arms.

Crawled as a toddler under watchful eyes.

Walked alone, as I stood upright.

Ran as a teen and beyond.

Walked when mature and dignified.

Limped when injured and restrained by life.

Dragged a foot, helped by a cane.

Carried in a casket supported by loving arms.

For life is a death sentence.

I remember a life well lived, yet too soon ended.