



James Diego Robledo

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A Fallen Limb

A limb has fallen from the family tree.

I keep hearing a voice that says,

"Grieve not for me.

Remember the best times,

the laughter, the song.

The good life I lived

while I was strong.

Continue my heritage,

I'm counting on you.

Keep smiling and surely

the sun will shine through.

My mind is at ease,

my soul is at rest.

Remembering all,

how I truly was blessed.

Continue traditions,

no matter how small.

Go on with your life,

don't worry about falls.

I miss you all dearly,

so keep up your chin.

Until the day comes
we're together again."