



Lynda Gail Sinclair

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Greif

If there be grief, let it be grey,
Like a summer storm, brief, grey then gone.
Not grieving for grieving sake,
That lingers past the dawn.
Rather, remember a mornings embrace,
Silken shadows that caress our hights.
Warmth in arms entwined...
Our sorrows are a shallow stream,
That merge to the flowing river.
Ride the river, hale the dawn,
Be proud in your heart, life goes on.
Danny Lassiter