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Seasons Lost

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Seasons Lost

The Seasons came and passed again
Since last I heard your voice;
Many are the ways I'd change
If death but gave a choice.

I'd pick you flowers in the Spring
To show you that I care
And when you needed comforting
You'd always find me there.

The Summer breeze against my cheek
Like memories of your touch
The love we take for granted
Is the one we miss so much

Sunlight on Autumn leaves,
Reflections of your hair;
Youth and beauty paid the price—
God often takes the fair.

Winter winds that chill the heart
And etch your stone with frost,
Whisper of eternal love
Beyond the years we lost.

-C. David Hay
Terre Haute, IN