



The memory of you

by *Vera Kemp* (1923-2012)

Although you have gone dear
Your eyes still I see
Smiling so tenderly down on me.

As each day dawns
Your presence I feel
Willing me gently each chore to fulfil.

On the trees that you planted, the blossom is sweet
Reminding me of a love complete.

Always, you're near me
Whatever I do
Deep in my heart, the memory of you.