**Flowers for Shelly**

*July 16, 1996*

The beauty of these flowers

Strikes a chord within my heart.

Yet even as they share their light

They fade. They wilt. It starts.

The blush of life

So sure

So rare

Begins the ancient march.

From warmth and peace and luminous

To chill and cold and dark.

Not so with you. Your beauty speaks

In words and thoughts and smells.

That touch my core, my empathy,

And casts it’s gentle spell.

Your presence pulses with each

Beat of memory. And tells

A tale of simple honest love

For one who knows you well.

One who beholds the blossoms of

Your garden. Hears the bell.

That sounds whenever spirits meet.

Wherever lovers dwell.