

What Would Remain of Me?

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Once I am laid beneath the mound, what would remain of me?
How my kids would recall me, or the mother I strived to be?
Would I be a fleeting loss; they don't care to sigh?
Or would I be a name that glows in their starry sky?

I wonder, if their souls would sing of the boundless dreams I traced,
soaring with my wounded wings, the endless clouds I chased.
Perhaps, they would name me strong for all the seas I crossed,
Or maybe, they would get me wrong for all the moments we lost.

Once I mix with mud and mites, would they speak of me-
the rhymes I sang on weary nights, and the million tales of glee?
I wonder if they'd ever share, how I hugged them close,
stroking through their glossy hair until they had dozed?

Perhaps, when I'm lost to sight, they would whisper a prayer.
To let my soul see the lights of heaven's golden stairs.
And if the Lord grant those pleas, I may once more be,
Mother of theirs; forever theirs, in the land of eternity.

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