

Softly

by Tiffany A. Turbin

Moonlight on the snow,
see the headstones glow.
O, what a beautiful night,
heavens, earth, all in sight.

Stars twinkle crisp and clear.
Only the wind to gently hear
a prayer recited over a child's grave.
Flowers collected and laid there to save.

Softly, the wind whispers to all close by,
"So young to nevermore cry."
She is some place safe and warm,
in a beautiful and holy form.

Lauren, rest softly
and never do weep
'till we can all join thee
in sweet, blissful sleep.