Remember, and Look

Remember me the way I was:

Unscarred, not anger-bruised and battle-broken.

Remember me when I whispered of joy and love

And gentle softness

When my young shy glance

Told of goodness, and not defeat.

Remember me the way I was.

Look at me the way I am:

Living, not dead-too-young and loved-too-late.

Look at me when I whisper of grief and pain

And carry on

When my still-young gaze

Tells of holding on, and not giving in.

Look at me the way I am.