**Memories**

**Gabriel Brown**

Twining through the shimmering hills

Far above worry or fear

Lie our most precious thrills

And those which shed a tear.

Joy and life,

Sadness and death,

Through days of strife,

And days much blessed,

Forever one they are with us

Buried deep within our souls

Revealed to those we truly trust

And intertwined with every goal.

But oft we forget

In life’s great hurry

The blessed gift

That is memory.

Like faintest mist

They may blow away

Shredded in a trist

Nevermore to stay.

And though with time,

The mist will fade,

Make it thine,

Give it aide.

For we know not

How truly precious

Are these thoughts

Til they have left us.

Cherish with love

All memories, friends,

And soft as a dove,

Their comfort they will lend.