YOU

When you are gone the flowers wilt as I,
No loveliness is left and still I live
As strong in health and never dare to cry;
But somehow life has nothing else to give.
I love your small sweet face, the way you walk,
The way you grace your hair, your tiny smile...
And strange, as it may seem, the way you talk,
For you have mind, as well as female wile.
I do not count the little years spent
And all the laughter that was ours to know,
Or wonder why it was so quickly spent.
One thing I know and know it well, your face
Is flower still and makes my heart still race.