

Baby

April showers bring May flowers,
but you never cared for rain. You preferred to bask in golden light, curled up in the sun's rays. Comfort and warmth were all you craved, and both I gladly gave. You followed me along, unwavering and devoted. A lifetime in your eyes, just a moment in mine. How I wish that moment was a bit longer. Every year, another trip around your favorite star. That star kissed each new white hair, keeping tally of time etched on your face. Still, age never seemed to bother you. Not until the end. Time began to catch up, our days together slowed. April showers bring May flowers, but you never cared for rain.

The day you left was drenched in sun, a goodbye kiss from your favorite star.

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Alex Garza