

Willow

How easy it would be, and how subtle,
like a whisper in the night,
erased by wind and scattered shadows.

Beauty fades,
may be recalled,
but is never forever.

How gracefully life could pass
beneath the willow,
veil of forgetting,
blanket of embracing,
a lullaby to soothe the passage,
and a song to carry on
what brittle bones beneath the soil
once harbored.

— *Freya Holloway*