

Grace

I remember Grace.
She was a cousin, older
But she always took time
To show a small boy that
She cared.

One November she died.
I do not know how or why.
The world turned dark,
And the rains came down.
I feared.

The years passed,
I traveled far and often.
Still, I often thought
About cousin Grace.
And I cried.

Do you have a cousin
Like my cousin Grace?
I hope that you do.
Everyone needs love,
And a bit of pride.

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