

The Ring
By
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Sun brightly shining
Air cool and calm
Sitting in the garden

...Serenaded by a Martin

Weak and pale
Life fading
I held her hand

...Her toe stirring the sand

A life together
Of freedoms making
In love bonded

...Without ceremony committed

On bended knee
In year thirty-three
Of our life together

...I asked for forever

A tear dropped
Onto the back of my hand
As I slid on the ring

She whispered,
... "To ask such a silly thing."