

Let me just say

as I watch the pink setting sun
over the Blue Ridge on the hundredth anniversary
of the birth of my mother, who died this spring

and my husband of so many years
strums his guitar, his gravelly voice mingling
with the wind that reminds me fall is near

I find peace in the chatter of new life
while the fee-dee-bee call of the chickadee
bathes my soul in harmonious song.

Diane Melby

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