

THE LAST LOVE LETTER

After the flowers have been cleared out of the house
And the sympathy cards all acknowledged.
After the kids are getting back to normal,
Is when she will wander about the house
Which has been newly cleaned, spic and span,
Noting all the little things that say "You".
The book you were reading,
With the bookmark still where you placed it.
The drip, drip, drip of the tap you had been promising to fix,
The silly souvenirs of last summer's holiday,
The half finished project on your work bench,
And your favourite CD still in the player.
All these things will bring sorrow and a tear.
All except one.

There, among the all-important pile of papers on the table,
In among the mortgage bond, the receipts, the cheque book,
The hospital accounts and odd and ends of money matters,
Will be your life assurance policies.

Only then will she realise that your life assurance
Is more than just policies with premiums to be paid.
She will realise that it is really your love,
And that it is going to be with her for a long, long time.
Then maybe she will cry a little more,
But these will be different tears.
The kind a woman cries
When someone she loved so dearly
Had not forgotten to remember.....