

IN PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE



Edison Holmes Anderson, Sr.

SO MANY THINGS, I CANNOT TELL THEM ALL

So many things, I cannot tell them all—
Beloved things, from morning thru nightfall:
How, in quiet bliss, he stroked my hair,
Or bestowed a compliment, no matter where.
How he laughed at playful words I had to say—
How he watched our trees; day by day—
How he held the chair, for me to sit—
How he held my hand, when I lay sick.
Strong, yet so careful in his power,
With gentlest hand, he picked the sweetest flower.
He grasped my arm; we crossed busy streets—
Such kindly things, I miss, and I still weep.
The many rides we shared, down open roads—
The quiet, still of evenings, never old.
This Father's Day--without him, we are sad,
But every day, come echoes from the past—
The joys of life, of laughter, never cold—
The flow of love and laughter from his Soul.
So many things, I cannot tell them all!
So many things, I cannot tell them all.

Gloria Anderson