

“Fresh Flower”

by Nelson Randall

An old woman walking with fresh flower in hand,
In the other a walking cane.
A daily stroll through the cemetery to her beloved grave.
Both proud vets of WWII, the era of real Americans.
Fresh flowers she brings every single day.
Rain or shine she does not mind.
The stroll for him keeps her body fit,
The memories for him keeps her mind sharp. The love for him keeps her going, to live.
To keep going for the legacy of the grandchildren.
The children that supply the warmth of human touch.
The innocent love of a child brings a proudness and love that she has never felt before.
“Not Today My Love” as she places fresh flowers on his grave.
“I have to be with the children.”
“I know you don’t mind, my love” is all she says.
Memories flood her mind,
Smiles and tears appear on her face she remembers their love together.
“I’ll be back tomorrow with fresh flowers,” saying a gesture of goodbye.
An old woman takes a stroll in a cemetery,
Memories in one and in the other, a walking cane.

Nelson Jay "Bo" Randall was born in 1962 in Terra Haute, Indiana. His father served in the South Pacific in World War II. His mother was a nurse that also shared her birthday with him. He had three older sisters. His family moved to Houston, TX in the mid-1960s, where they have been ever since.