



The echo of her voice

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I used to sigh at every word,
At every rule she wove in stern,
Her voice a tide that crashed and stirred,
A fire that made my spirit burn.

She warned of paths I dared to tread,
Her wisdom clothed in firm embrace,
But youth, so proud, turned ear instead
To fleeting dreams, to reckless pace.

Her hands once held my restless flight,
Guiding me through wind and storm,
Yet all I saw was loss of right,
Not love that shaped, not love so warm.

And now the house is hushed and still,
No chiding words, no soft refrain,
Yet in the silence echoes fill,
Her wisdom whispers, not in vain.

Oh, if she could but scold once more,
Point out the faults I failed to see,
I'd cherish what I once ignored,
Each nag, each rule, was love's decree.

She did not feast on idle days,
Her hands outstretched, her lamp aglow,
With faithful words and guiding ways,

She watched me bloom, yet did not know—
That love endures past time and tide,
Past mortal bounds and fleeting breath,
For though her voice is set aside,
It sings beyond the veil of death.

And so I wait, with love untold,
A heart still shaped by all she gave,
Till hands once firm, yet soft to hold,
Shall lead me past the waiting grave.

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