

Dew

Dew settles down at night
wetness on the shoes
ghostly print each step
yet it dissipates quickly
under heat of morning sun
Differs man with his short span
Here and gone
Here and gone
Children grow they marry
joys of daily life are shared
how quickly are forgotten
sorrows
unfulfilled dreams
Most friendships are
memories left behind
We never know
the coming morrow
it is said we are
but dew on the grass
but maybe maybe
Old melodies are a path
leading back to home.

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