Afterglow

I’d like the memory of me to be a happy one,

I’d like to leave an afterglow of smiles when

life is done;

I’d like to leave an echo whispering

softly down the ways;

Of happy times and laughing times

and bright and sunny days;

I’d like the tears of those who grieve,

to dry before the sun;

Of happy memories that I leave,

When life is done.