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.