

## *Cath's candle*

As death flew: Passed,  
Last breath blew out,  
from your match.  
Releasing the poor old flesh;  
from your flame.

Smoke drifting high,  
Soft song, to the sky,  
A feathered-light sigh, and  
a catch – ***Released***,  
Live again!

One more Soul, returned now  
One more lesson learnt  
One less pathway open  
And yet – no bridges – burnt.

It is good to have lived, I have felt the lot.  
The rains of Hope, the pains of kissing.  
Listing all the little things – a precious box  
Of treasure, not forgot – nor missing!

By Paul Brady to Kath B: with Love. Friday, 14<sup>th</sup> Jan: 2005 2J3 Leek.