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### Forget-Me-Nots

I smile at forget-me-nots  
along the path we used to walk  
together.

We laughed. Forget? Impossible!  
These flowers are redundant.

Our children skipped along  
this pleasant path beside the lake,  
and skipped stones across the water.

They bring their children  
a week in summer  
to pick blueberries and wildflowers  
and skip stones.

Now I smile, sometimes through tears,  
at forget-me-nots  
as I walk that path  
alone.

Robina 4/2021