

# Small Brown Bike, A Lesson To Remember

You see your kids born  
and they see us die.  
This cycle, it isn't perfect  
Sometimes you see them and die.  
This cycle never stops.  
It is a lesson  
a memory  
How much can you remember?  
The more you remember  
the more it hurts  
We spent half of our lives living with each other  
and the other half is to remember or cope with a loss  
I can't do this myself  
We are forced to see this  
Untie me and let me close my eyes.  
When they're gone  
where do I stand?  
To deal with both life and loss would push me to the edge  
Brothers and sisters  
come together to console each other  
their Father or Mother.  
When it's time  
let's all fall hand in hand peacefully.  
Closeness and each other  
A lesson to remember