

Peter Koppes, Apex Farmer

You must have thought that I made it all up
But you don't understand

It's times like these that I think of her
A breezy essence floats on my memory
Coming and fading like the fleeting smiles
Blissful wonder and serenity

A mirror for my self-preservation
Playground of my rambling search

But now that she is gone
I see the echo of her in the eyes of others
And a deep breath escapes my lips
At the distance between sisters and brothers