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**Marta Weeks**

**Last Breath**

**May 2017**

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Remembering our dead  
Mansions, or humble abodes  
Virtues or deeds

Learned by heart  
Nights of gladness  
Morning sorrows

Stories as grains of sand  
Forming eternal rocks  
Or leaves from a tree  
Shelters of hopes and dreams

Ocean waves drowning breath  
Dreams crumbling as castles  
Small homes becoming shrines  
Images we choose, or not

Our great grands looking back  
Thinking of us as we of ours  
Long for memories to grow

Good grows as hands reach out  
In time to lift, serve or destroy

Things break and lose charm  
Those we feared and loved  
Or guides found with sobs

Moments of shared delight  
Human frailties, loss and pain  
Keep us in want  
Never enough, always too much

The hell of heaving  
Infernos of inherited pride  
Or careful purpose and deeds  
Blessing those left

We follow their climb  
When plotting our course  
In darkness hides the light  
Doors close in mind.

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*Marta is an active writer and contributor to the WLR. You may send your comments to her c/o [wildwoodwritersgroup@gmail.com](mailto:wildwoodwritersgroup@gmail.com)*

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