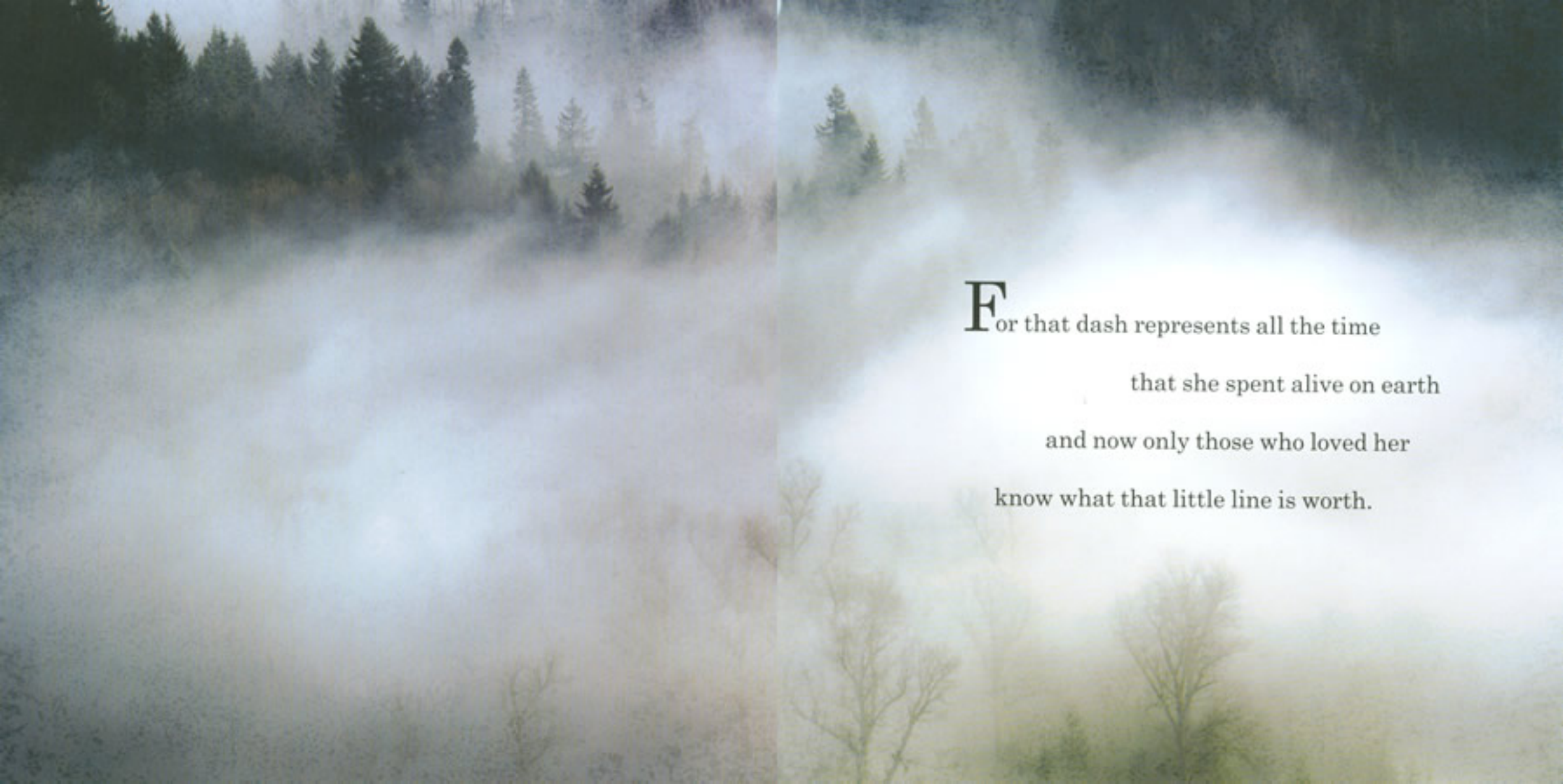


I read of a man who stood to speak

at the funeral of a friend.

He referred to the dates on her tombstone

from the beginning...to the end.

The image is a vertical split composition. The left half shows a dense forest of evergreen trees, partially obscured by a thick layer of white mist or fog. The right half shows a similar scene but with more bare, deciduous trees in the foreground, also shrouded in mist. The overall atmosphere is quiet and ethereal.

For that dash represents all the time
that she spent alive on earth
and now only those who loved her
know what that little line is worth.

He noted that first came the date of her birth
and spoke of the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all...

was the dash between those years.

