

I WONDER

Francine L. Trevens

(Grandmother's Lament)

When I am gone and you remember me
I wonder what you will first recall
Short, plump, wild hair standing tall
Or mere essence of how I used to be.
Will you recite my verse from memory?
Relate some tale that carried you in thrall?
Think me somber, or taking all in all
Recall me eager, loving, fancy free?
I fret that you will probably not choose
The memory I'd hope you'd never lose
From your perspective, I would be other
Than what I wish you would of me uncover.
Oh vanity, pondering how my ghost appears
And what of me will grace your later years!

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