

The arms of Dawn embrace the chair where I once sat.
In the rising of the sun, my soul begins again - a new day,
Though my arms can no longer hold you.
Remember me and say my name, knowing the love we shared.
Crafted by and in His transformation, I am reformed to new life.
High-noon and I shine as a faceted wave against the shoreline.
Remember me and say my name, share of our stories together.
The arc of mortal life terminates not with Night's dark fold,
But continues in love, tradition and the connections we make.
It begins again with each new Blessed day.
Remember me and say my name for I won't be far away.