

Ann's ashes  
are in the place she wished them  
to be

If you go to Truro, head of the Pamet,  
Ballston Beach  
the gentle slope to the beach  
is gone

You'll carefully descend  
the steep wash of sand or perhaps  
new wooden steps by the time  
you get there

Go right

South  
down the beach  
a little ways  
and let your spirit reach out

Ann's ashes  
are there  
in the place she wished them  
to be

It was a wild  
bright windy day  
when she returned  
and at snow pond too  
where we all swam  
and we all laughed . . .  
there too  
she returned a small part of herself  
to our memory  
and our grief

Her grief is gone

Mixed  
with air light and water  
in the place she wished  
to be

May 2010  
Ann's father, Bill Eberle  
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