

April

At what age is death no longer tragic?

Is it the quantity of our years, or the quality of our experiences that determine a life well-lived?

In either case, it seems the end has come too soon.

Like snow in April when spring has only just begun...

Why did she leave the warmth of her home to come here?

It's been such a long, cold winter.

I can't bear to see another flake.

Far too many winters have made me hate the snow...

So here she is to live out her final days.

But rather than April showers and spring flowers, she's greeted with ice and snow.

It hardly seems fitting for such an extraordinary person.

Beautiful souls deserve beautiful endings...

Yet, despite her pain and all her suffering, she's amazed by what she sees out the window.

She's never seen it snow before.

Instead of despising the scene outside as I do, she smiles like always.

All the way until the end—always a smile, never a tear...

At what age is death no longer tragic?

A life spent smiling knows nothing of despair.

As I look out at the frozen April ground, all I can think of is her smiling at the sight.

And I no longer hate the snow...