

THE MISSING PIECE

**Sunlight gleamed through the conservatory windows,
And bounced off the wrought iron table, that lay within.
On it an unfinished game of chess that Leah had played with Lyn.
Over the garden fence neglected grass stood high.
Nettles choking the vegetable patch, and Leah began to cry.
No more casual conversations with her neighbour, her friend.
This was not how their story should end!
But a virus had robbed them of a future to come
And a sense of deep mourning had left poor Leah numb.
She could see in her minds eye the winter before.
When a wreath of Holly had hung on Lyn's door.
Then a spring where Lyn's wreaths were not ones she'd see.
A life cut so short. How could this be?
The house once so full was now up for sale
And the letterbox basket held unopened mail.
Leah saw in her minds eye her friend at the line.
Or polishing windows to make them all shine.
Singing out loud in a voice that was flat.
Doing her press-ups on an exercise mat.
Taking her grandchild to the nearest playground
And waving to Leah as the two came around.
Drinking their tea, as the child was at play.
Two friends discussing what had happened that day.
Leah looked at the table and the unfinished game.
Without her friend there, life would not be the same.
For the Queen had now gone the main missing piece.
Forever remembered, Forever at peace!**

By Christine Stafford