

An Old Lady Remembers by S.G.

**An old lady sits by her new garden fence,
She looks at her flowers and thinks it makes sense
To plant some more tulips, where once was a shed.
It was the den of her husband, now sadly dead.
She sits and she smiles as she remembers the past
How she and old Albert would sit on the grass.
They'd picnic on cakes she'd made to save pence.
The money they saved, bought the new garden fence.**