

Caroline

Shakhan

Her river of life run dry. Why my G-d did she have to die?

She was just a crystal child our poor Caroline. A flower bruised a life line torn.

Friends and family stood around and mourned. She was just twenty one when the war finished cancer had won.

A star in the night sky died there before our eyes.

A seed on the other side sown

There I know she's not alone.

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