



Wilted Grace





*Death does not always mean fear—
it can also be a continuation of poetry.*

*It hides in the spires of Gothic architecture,
in the whisper of wind through withered trees,
in the silence and waiting of a solitary gravestone.*

*Death is not the end;
it can also be an entrance to something poetic.*





































*Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.*

—Robert Frost

Nothing Gold Can Stay

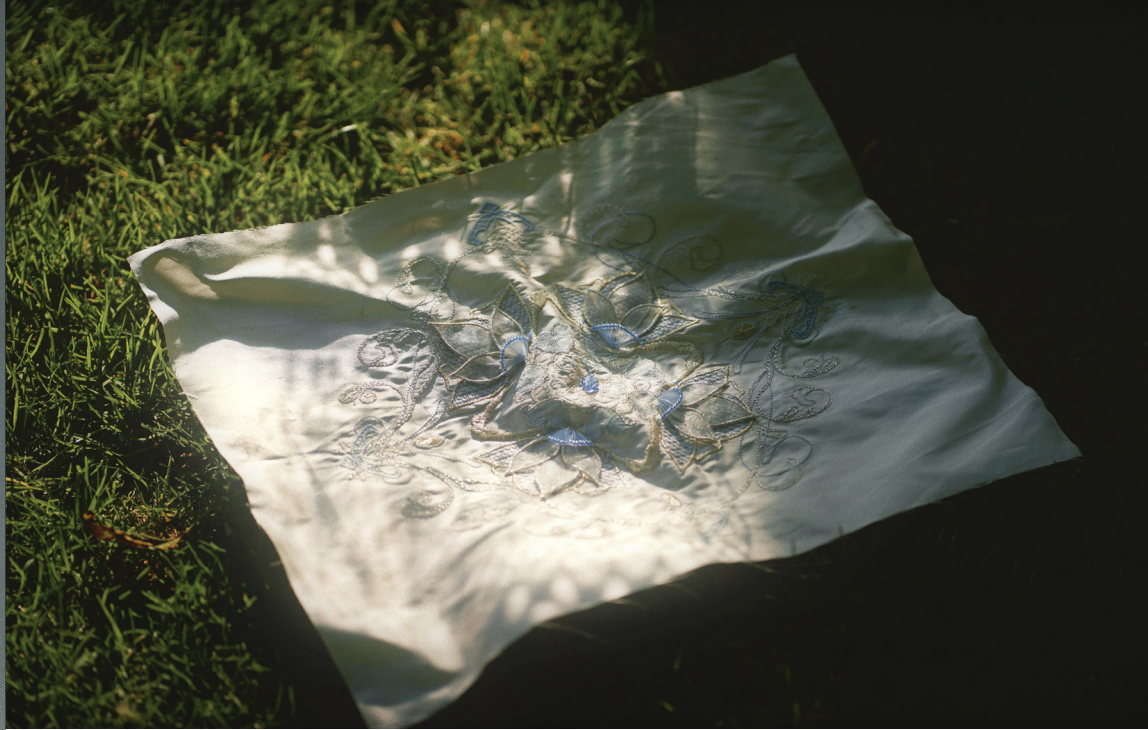




*And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted-nevermore!*

*— Edgar Allan Poe
'The Raven'*





















*That time of year thou mayst in
me behold When yellow leaves, or
none, or few, do hang Upon those
boughs which. Shake against the
cold,*

*Bare ruined choirs, where late the
sweet birds sang.*

*—William Shakespeare
'Sonnet 73'*



*Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land.*

— Christina Rossetti

'Remember'



FORMER V
L. L. BOURNE AND
WHO DIED AT HIS ... M. D.
AGE ... D. Y. ... P.
A
ALL
JANE REYNOLDS
WIFE OF THE AB. VE
WHO DIED AT 14 ... BURN ... APR. 11
AGED 41 YEARS
THE R. ...

SA
TO THE
JULIA FLORE
WHO DEPARTED THIS
AGED 9
AT
THOMAS
WIFE OF THOMAS
WHO DEPARTED THE
AGE
WIFE OF WILLIAM

WILLIAM



In An-















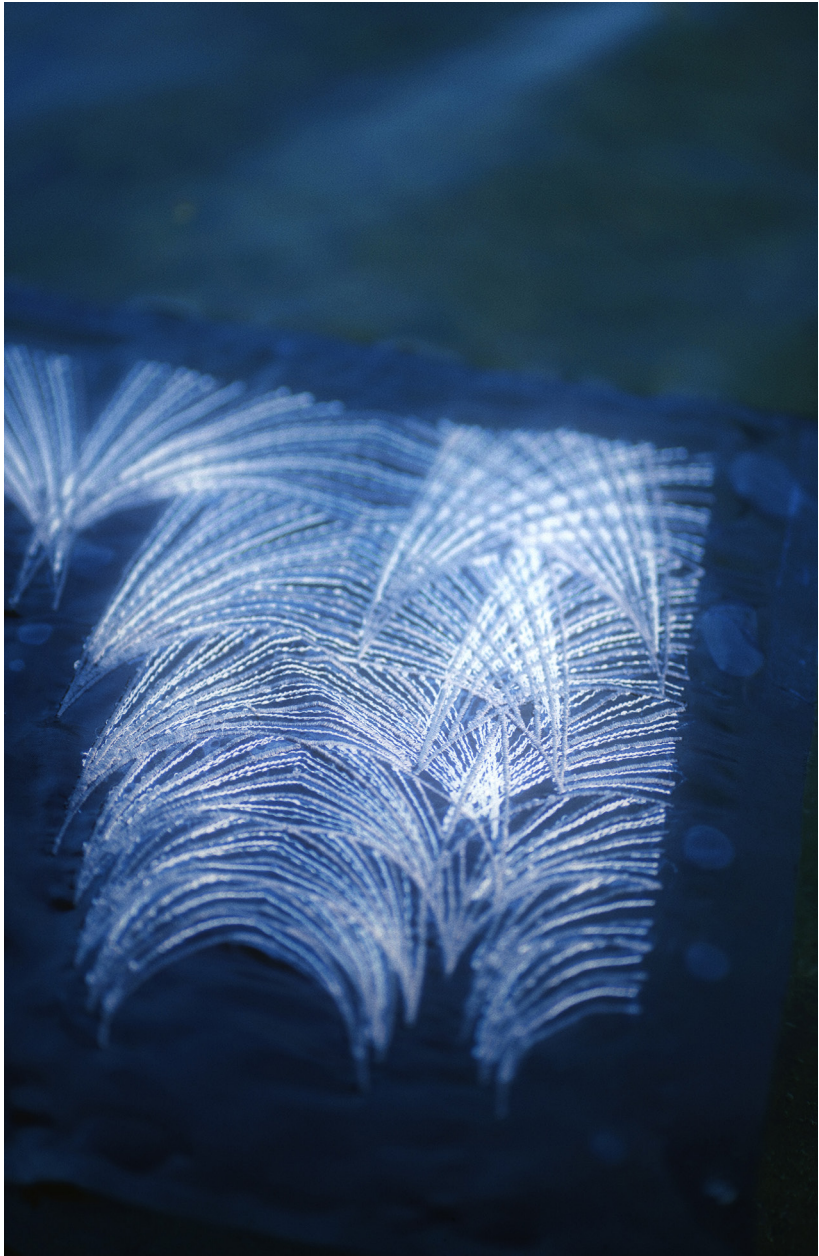


n loving memory of











*A wind blew out of a cloud by night, Chilling my Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came AND bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre In this kingdom by the sea.*

*— Edgar Allan Poe
'Annabel Lee'*









CREDITS

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