



Susan Levy Florman

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After the Rain
After the rain
The gray clouds divide
And the sun dries the tears
The storm left behind.
Your memory comes
Like a soft summer breeze
That drifts through the grass
Between petals and leaves
The earth blooms again;
Flowers lift their bowed heads.
Though our grief is not gone,
We remember instead
That the love in our hearts
Will outlast this pain,
And that sunshine brings healing
After the rain.
--D. Eberbach