

## Life After

by George I. Anderson

Eventually they'll begin to forget.  
People will stop talking about it by the  
following Monday, when bills  
begin to replace the sympathy cards  
in the mail. The visits to the cemetery  
become less and less frequent, until

only the caretaker is left to care  
for the flowers. The kids will grow up  
and leave the nest to make their own  
in another part of the world. Even she  
will move on with a new life  
and a new love, if only to keep out of

those places where only those  
truly devoted live condemned behind  
the stone walls. And the pictures of you,  
grown dusty and faded gray over the years,  
will be taken down and boxed away  
in the attic with the rest of the memories.

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