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How to remember memories

I thought that the memories
That was kept within,
Photographs to look back
At was enough.
To keep the feelings alive.

Though, the realisation
Of your grave, could not
Be visited without a gift,
Without a physical memory of you.

So I buried a rose quartz in the
Earth where you are resting,
The stone of unconditional love.
And let another one bathe
In that earth of you, let it slip
Back into the red velvet bag,
Among with some of the soil,
That is a part of you, now,
I have some of you, in my
Home, at my side.

The memory of you, received from
Your death, is worth keeping alive.

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