

Slavornir Gare

He laughed like the sun breaking through a grey sky,
With a twinkle of mischief forever nearby.
Quick with a joke, and quicker with love,
A heart stitched with loyalty, blessed from above.
On the green fields, he'd dance with the ball at his feet,
Later he'd savor red wine, both simple and sweet.

A husband, a father — the very best kind,
A rare, steady soul, warm-hearted and kind.
His wit was a gift, but his love was his art,
A man who lived fully, with a wide-open heart.

