



David Michael McClymond

May 19, 1958 - June 8, 2019

If tears could build a stairwell
and memories were a lane,
I would walk right up to Heaven
and bring you home again.
No farewell words were spoken,
no time to say good-bye...
You were gone before I knew it,
and only God knows why.
My heart still aches in sadness
and secret tears still flow,
What it means to lose you
no one will ever know.