

Little soul who walked on this Earth for such a brief time,  
tell me where have you gone?

I look for you in all of the usual places, I imagine you being just around  
the corner- but no. The space you filled is vacant, as vacant as this heart  
of mine has ever been.

Little soul, how is it that you stumbled into my life?  
That I found you so far away and had you brought to share this life of mine?  
There was never a time I did not ask God for one more day, one more hour with you.

Kissing your muzzle, your freckled nose so rosy-pink with life.

Speaking low how much I loved you, never too many times.

Little soul that left his footprints on my heart, how can I go on without you?  
Why so short a stay? If I could trade all I have  
for one more day with you, I would. In a heartbeat.

I am so very glad that I was chosen to be your protector,

your friend, your companion for this precious time we were as one.

Your shining eyes I shall always remember. And even though I often thought  
in that moment, "some day he will be gone- prepare yourself for heartbreak,"  
I only wanted to live for that single moment. It was enough.

A simple sacred second shared with you. Telling you how much I love you,  
feeling your warmth, the smell of your sweetness and infinite purity.

There never was a friend like you- ever.

Ah, but little soul you have ventured far, far away where I cannot see you.  
Where I cannot find you. Are you with my Angels in Paradise?

Do you hear me call your name?

I fear death so much less now. Because when that time arrives,  
I will be with you once more.

No more pain, no more places to run off to. No where else to be.  
A spacious sky above us, hills of green to run on,  
the waves of a perfect sea stretching out before us.

And then, my little soul- you and I shall be happy forever.

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Beauregard Jackson Pickett Burnside 10/31/10 - 2/19/23

*There never was, and never could be another like you.*

JOHN AND DIANE,

THANK YOU FOR YOU KIND WORDS.  
THIS IS PART OF MY BEAUREGARD'S MEMORIAL  
I HAVE, NEXT TO HIS PICTURES AND HIS ASHES.  
I DON'T WANT TO UPSET YOU BY READING THIS,  
BUT I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW WONDERFUL  
AND UNIQUE HE REALLY WAS TO ME.  
NOTHING WILL EVER BE THE SAME.  
MUCH OF THE VERY BEST TO YOU,  
LANCE PHILLIPS.