



## **Whispers of Willow**

In the hush of the field, we hear  
your name,  
The echo of laughter, the crack  
of the game,  
Whispers of willow, the ball's  
sweet song,  
We miss you, dear cricketer, now  
that you're gone.  
Through sunlit afternoons, and  
twilight's embrace,  
We'll remember your passion,  
your undying grace,  
With every delivery, each  
resounding hit,  
The love for the game, forever  
brightly lit.  
Though you've left the crease,  
and walked away,  
In our hearts, dear friend, you'll  
forever stay,  
Whispers of willow, in the breeze  
we'll find,  
A gentle reminder, of love left  
behind.



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