

“WE”

Because it means both you and me,
A charming, friendly word is “we.”
“We” know the peace which friendship tends,
“We” hold the faith between good friends.
“We” part, and parting makes us sad;
“We” meet, and then the day is glad;
“We” know each other’s hopes and fears,
“We” share each other’s smiles and tears—
Friend of my own, and comrade true,
The better part of “we” is you.

This poem was published in the Asheville Citizen on Sunday, January 3, 1932 with a footer which read “Selected by Mrs. Faye Tabb.” Faye White Tabb died in a Buncombe County sanatorium of pulmonary tuberculosis on April 23, 1934, just over two years later. She was listed as a patient in the 1930 census, so had been there for several years. She was buried in the Bryson City Cemetery. There was no grave marker for her until in recent years when Friends of the Bryson City Cemetery added a marker for her, placing it next to that of her mother, Caldora (Wiggins) White.