

# Pain That Won't Leave

By : **EmoGothVampGurl**

A poem to a friend who died 6 years ago and I'm dreading that day. My stomach flips whenever I am reminded. I am so scared of what is known as death. It took my friend at 9 and grandmother at 13. When will it stop? And will the flames on my heart be washed out by something? Please read and comment. I hope you understand a real friend of mine died at 9 and I hope you like the poem. He died on July 14, 2005. On a Friday at around 2am in the morning. A house fire from a candle and opened window. One survivors. His grandmother and his dog. His father wasn't in the house. He, his little brother, and mother all died.



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I thought that I would hear the sweet voice  
of a friend so dear.

Now that he's gone my heart has sunk  
and life as I know sucks.

I wish that there was more time so I  
could've helped.

But I had no way of helping that  
sweet innocent soul.

No way I could stop the pain and sorrow  
from spreading.

I miss them so much now that he's gone  
from my life.

We were as close as a two peas in  
a pod, but no.

The flames consumed him and he has been  
gone for 6 years.

I miss him so much and wish death wasn't real.

But if death wasn't

the cause, what was it? Please tell me I'm dreaming  
and these tears are

what is real. That he's here and always will  
be. Oh how I wish my pain

and suffering would decrease and melt away.

Just as if I was in a cold bath

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on a hot day. I wish I could see him here one last time.

That would ease away some

of this emotion, so cruel, yes t'is true. I miss you.

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