

The days that followed.....

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The poem the days that followed jst 2lks abt death nd its illz 4rm da view of a young girl loosing her mum

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Everyday since den,since the un4gettable nite u left me,i can even til now see da pain in ya eyes as u bowed 2 da will of nature..u dint wanna go..u dint wanna leave me here at the young age of 7..but u had 2..didnt you..u had 2 take a step that many were afraid of..i stare and wonder about all even yonder..cos momma i still love you n papa...though he hates me nw..i might neva hv knwn da word hate..but i see it in papa's eyes..everytime he looked @ me..it was dere..clearly spelt out 4 every1 to see...oh momma still even in all dis i cant hate my papa or hate you 4 leaving me so soon..n nw letting me go through life witout a mother...i shed tears everytym i tink of u momma..cos u were my all....i still recount da day papa pushed ya 4rm da stairs and u fell wit all innocence..i still cant understand why he did so..cos it was abstract wickedness..but as u taught me mother..i should neva hate sum1 n even 4 all he did 2 u momma i stil dnt hate my papa...n nw as well he comes home late,drunk,does ntin good..n still i cant hate my papa...n nw mama as i hold in my hands dis glistening metal that i intend 2 take my life wit,i knw u watch but nt 4 lng mama cos m on my way 2 yonder.....

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