

Comforting Dreams

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This isnt exactly a poem just something i needed to say on a sad night about he death of my grandmother...hopefully its good

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Who says death gets easier with time?.. For me it only becomes toleratable.

You have your good days and you have your bad, where the feeling of loss is just as great as it was the day it happened...

When I think of your comforting hugs when I need them most, I think I could just die from all the tears I shed, I can hardly breath.

I had a dream last night, you were there to hug me when I needed it most...

I damn near broke down when I realized it was just a dream that didn't last long enough.

My biggest regret was leaving your house before you got hurt...just so I could go have fun...

I know it wasn't my fault, but I can never let that go.

If angels do exist then I know that you are there.

This isn't much of a poem, just something I guess I needed to get out ..

I feel that I took the most important person in my family, in my life and I took her for granted.

And I regret it everyday, even in my dreams...and for that I am truly sorry.

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