

Grandma's Poem

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My proper goodbye to a woman who meant the world to me and taught me many things.

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Grandma's Poem

Ten more days and it will be your birthday
You would have been 68
Yours was the only death that ever got to me
I did not go to the funeral because
I did not want to acknowledge your end
I remember that night
I thought I saw you at the foot of my bed
Turns out my psychosis was triggered that night
It was there by heredity
You pulled the trigger
And made it come to life
Pain was finally real to me
A new life lesson was taught to me
That night I learned how to write
All these thoughts swarming in my head
New emotions causing sleep to be scare
I finally learned what this poetry thing is all about
Poetry numbed my pain
But no matter how many poems I wrote
The pain was still there
See, that night you died on the way to the hospital
A part of me died to
But your death prepared me for a metaphorical demise
A few years later I fell in love

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But this girl cheated and lied

She never loved me the way I loved her

Another part of me died then too

Even though she is still alive

It feels as if she had died

See, your death taught me

What death feels like

Its been years since you have passed

But tears still well in my eyes

When I think of your face

I guess your death is the only one

I will never get over

Ten more days and it will be your birthday

Grandma, losing you was the hardest thing I have ever had to do

But because of that moment

I now know how to write

So, ten more days and I will visit your tomb

Shed a tear, leave a tulip, and silently recite this poem

Finally give you

A proper goodbye

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