By: sleepingwithsirens

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



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Grandma's Poem 1

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

Grandma's Poem

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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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