

Publicerad 2018-07-22 07:34 av Marcus_Sjölander

September Blues

It was September 8 and like every other day,
You lay resting in a hospital bed in the kitchen.
I was too young to see you go so fast away.
The ice cream I used to bring you were all but fiction.

You are a lost memory, like running in diapers.
But that one moment is violently scratched on my subconscious.
I'm not going to leave to casual writers,
To tell about that time when I saw you unconscious.

Yes, that's what you were to me, a flash of a dream
In which you lay sleeping and would soon wake up
Like an Ice King longing for his strawberry ice cream,
Muttering about his everyday medical checkup.

I went from room to room filled with untold questions.
Why the blue shadow had enveloped this happy family house.
Sniveling and hulking, unseen,
I found my comfort in the doghouse.

So much sadness left behind, but I don't blame you.
The effect you keep having on us is unmistakable.
Because your life to us was far too irreplaceable.

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