

# Anthology of smsmama

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## summary

A stranger

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You came to me as a stranger, my grandmother you were.

You seemed so strong, your laugh plentiful....

Until one day, your strength was gone.

A stranger no more, a friend you had become....

We laughed as I sat beside your bed, too weak you were to join me.

I read to you, as you lay there, your feeble hand in mine.

A child was I.... No way of knowing what soon would transpire.

In horror, watching you choke on something, so easy too chew. Your last meal, not to be had.

For days you lay there, sleeping it seemed... your body too tired from the fight it was fighting...

Had you left me already?

A week or more, you lay in this vegetative state. Never knowing if each breath you'd breathe would be your last.

You awoke one day, as if to say, you weren't through yet.

For a day or two, I had you back. My young mind not knowing it was too good to be true.

A simple hug, you had asked me for. A joke thought I... and did deny!

When I awoke the next morning, your bed was empty. You hadn't awoken on this side of Heaven.

That empty bed, forever engraved in my mind, and the regret of not hugging you goodbye.

You're happy now.... Not a care in the world.

You're running the shores of Heaven, with no thought of your next breathe.

You left me to fend for myself. No hand to hold.

You left me to cry, bitter, broken tears.

You left me, for a place where you feel no sickness!

You watch from a better place. For better care, can you take of those below, from where you are now!