

Goodbye Grandma Gert (05/27/2016)

A sleepless, restless, troubled mind...
Stuck on a track of the worst kind:
Nostalgia, Sadness, End, Rewind.

JFK airport, drinking wine,
Grandma and I are out to dine.
I'm proud to pay, I say, "It's fine."
We hold hands as we wait in line.
We board the plane her hand in mine.

My getaway with Grandma Gert:

I remember it - Now it hurts...

Goodbye Gram.

Dear God, She's all yours.

I held your hand just yesterday.
Today you left, you passed away.
Where you're going, you know the way,
and though I'll meet you there some day,
You are travelling alone today,
and I am sadder than words can say.

We're in the car on Highway One.
Andy and I are very young.
Poppy's singing and having fun.
You can't wait for the drive to be done.
Rocky cliff sides: Pacific Ocean -
A Singular Sight, second to none.
You shield your eyes, as though from sun,
We're too high in the air for fun.

I wish that time were like vacation:
Pause life - escape our occupations,
So we could visit lost relations
In faraway, unknown locations.
But as it stands, we have our stations,
Where we come and go for a duration...
Until we're offered liberation.

Gram, You're free and back with Poppy,
You're holding hands with Katie prob'ly.
At the risk of sounding sappy,
Kate will be your guide this time, not me.

We'll miss you Gram, of course we will!
Your death leaves a void nothing could fill,
But your soul and love are with us still.
God Bless you Gram,
You lovely Lamb.

You'll always be a part of who I am.