

goodbye

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i wrote this about my grandfather when he died they had him on one of those life support machines and we had to turn it off and i was there when he died and i took it almost as hard as my dad's death so i wrote this poem about three month after he di

1. Untitled

Here we are at the hospital for the last time,

I walk through the automatic doors,

Here you are dead to the world,

All but the machine that keeps you alive,

I talk but you, don't

Can you hear me?

The doctor says its time for you to go,

But just smile and tell you everything is fine,

But now it really is time,

But we are all here with you,

So don't worry your not alone,

I cry,

And sobbingly watch you die,

All the memories of before come back,

And with my last goodbyes,

I leave to go home,

We all do,

All but you....