

Kenny's Poem

By ILoveDanR

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This was a poem written by me for my special friend Kenny H before he moved. Sadly, the poem comes true when I did not have a chance to say my last good-bye before he moved...

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Kenny's Poem

As soon as I saw you, I said, "Hi."
But you turned around and said, "Good-bye."
You told me that you were going to move,
I Looked at you and said, "Is that true?"
You look at me and said, "I'm sorry, but this is the
Way it has to be.
There can not be relationship between you or me."
I look in those pale-blue eyes and said, "But Remember the times we used to share?
The laughs, the tears, did you ever seem to care?"
You looked at me very sorrowful and said, "I really
Don't want it this way.
There is still so many things to do.
So many words to say."
I said, " Well there's always tomorrow, then
So I guess I'll see you later Ken."
But I was wrong.....
At school, you were not there.
At math class, I sat in front of an empty chair.
You probably thought that no one cared at where
You've gone,
But this time, *you* were wrong.
The one that cares at where you are,
Is the one that thinks of you when she see's a star.
She's the one that is very kind,
And will help you with those troubled times.
She's the one who you know,
Who's not an enemy or a foe.
But thinks you're really special, you see,
Is the one writting this:
Me.
So I sat alone....
Thinking.....
So you left, without saying goodbye.
At school, I thought I was going to cry.
So that night I looked up at the starry sky.....
And I wondered....
I wondered where you were tonight,
You're smiling face was a wonderful sight.
I wondered where you would be tomorrow,
My mind at the thought of this became full of Sorrow.
What if I never saw you again?

After all, you are a special friend.
If I needed you, would you be there?
If I was hurt, would you care?
If I was crying, would you run to me?
If I needed you, where would you be?
I thought if you did not move, you can do any of This,
So it is you, Kenny, who I'm definitely going to Miss.
And at these thoughts, I started to cry.
Under that star-lit sky.
I did not have a chance to say good-bye.....
So that night I cried myself to sleep in my bed.
Thinking.....
So many things left to do.
So many words left unsaid.....