

What did you say?

Wait what did you say? Oh yes, I remember now.
Where are we going again? Oh, I see now.
What's your name? Oh yea, you are my granddaughter.
Five years ago, she walked this world knowing all,
She talked in conversations confident and standing tall.
Smiled bright and always with a colored pencil in her hand,
She would even come to play with me in the sand.
We could play and play cards for hours,

From the dark dark night at one am to afternoon spring showers.
But now she wanders till she is directed,
She follows him because they are so connected.
Yes, he is my grandpa her best friend since day one,
He takes care of her and his day is never done.
What I try do is be there for my mom,
She is always there for me to keep me cool and calm.
On the outside she handles this as cool as ice,
But on the inside I think she really feels like she is paying the price.
She cries in secret and I know feels sad,
I mean why wouldn't she, she has to watch her mom deteriorate and become mad.
She never grew up the way I did,
She wasn't as close with her family when she was a kid.
Walking through this world day by day,
Now of days she has nothing left to say.
Wait what did you say? I can't remember
Where are we going again? I can't remember.
What's your name? I can't remember.
She will soon be gone, but not quite yet,
But little does she know she is mentally gone already and making us fret.
So here is to the days that you are still alive,
But when you leave us, I know your soul and arts will continue to thrive.