

Grown

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Old Donation School, 8th grade

In the dark the wind blows
Oh I feel so alone
The sadness I feel no one knows
From my family I was blown
Gone from them I shall be
A glimpse of them I wish to see

I remember a time that made me happy
It seems like a distant memory
I know I sound quite sappy
But my happiness reached its extremity
That happiness is now blasted away
I wish I had just another day

I wish I could be with them once more
Be with the ones that I they did boar
Happiness would come back
Things would be better
But happiness I now lack
All I get from them is a letter

Now I can't seem to focus

Because of how much I miss them
They're out of my life, like hocus pocus
All because age did omit them

But I try to move on
I try to forget
My mood I improve on
My memory I reset

The memories I can't erase
They will never leave me
Which is actually a grace
Because they no longer grieve me
They bring me joy like no other
I love the memories of my father and mother.