

Final Goodbye

You were supposed to be here.
You were supposed to be home
With mom, dad, your older sister and I,
Your brother,
The one that is supposed to protect you.

Why did that man have to take you?
Take you away just as my heart left when the news came.
Why did you have to go so soon?
Why couldn't you stay with us longer?
I stare at your photo, emotions seeping through my exterior
Like water through cracks of a ship.
It was your fourth grade photo.

I let it go,
Letting it float across the top of the lake,
Mountains look down upon me.

Your spirit lingers,
And I can sense your presence.
Please move on.
You were supposed to be here,
but you're not.
I am.
I'm fine now.