

Heaven Above

Hail mary, Our father, Hark the herald angel, God, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit.
The mysterious myth of faith hangs in the very palms of your person,
The necklace of a cross hangs upon your collarbone, flaunting its faith on your body.
You hold it dearly, clinging to the presence above all that lies in heaven.

You clasp your hands together and pray. Pray for what is here in front of you,
What is hiding behind the very faith you have above the clouds,
What is lying within your heart.
What is lying within all of us, even the sinners of our world.
You keep moving forward time after time again,
You teach me how to pray,
And you help me get closer to you and to God.
I am now not one for faith, but I still love you endlessly.
Just like you do for me, and everyone in the world.

You love so deeply, it's admirable.
What would you do, if you were here right now?
Would you comfort me like you always do?
Would you be proud of who I am today?
Who we as a family are today?
Your beliefs shaped my perception of faith and strengthened our everlasting bond.
I'll never forget you,
I'll never stop loving you, even after I take my last breath.
You were my Mimi, my grandma.
I'll never forget you.
And I love you.
I hope you are looking down at me from heaven above with a smile adorned on your face,
And I hope you're in a state of everlasting peace.
I love you Mimi, rest well in heaven above.