

Poison

by Musicmaker43

This is supposed to be a three part work written for my grandmother. Sketching out a beginning, a middle and then the end.

The Darkness Settles In

Chapter 1 of 3

This is supposed to be a three part work written for my grandmother. Sketching out a beginning, a middle and then the end.

The sound of the word, it frightened me. I was scared to death. With my loved ones around me, I didn't know what else to do except to cling to them. I knew that, from this moment on, my life would change. I thought I had dodged this bullet. I thought I was safe again. I thought I had gotten rid of this poison. I guess I was wrong.

I never have known God, not really, but I see why people would run to God in a time of desperation, at a time like this one. We all need something to cling to, something to believe in.

This was a death sentence. I knew things would be different now. What will become of me after this? Will I still be beautiful without hair? Will I still be me or will I even care? Will I lose my mind? I've heard people sometimes do. And you, remember the ring I gave you, take it with you everywhere you go. That way wherever you are, you will always have my heart.

A Loved One Disappeares

Chapter 2 of 3

When she is fading.

I told them I couldn't do this anymore. I didn't have it in me. My body is weak. Honestly, my soul is sore. My life has no dignity, simple things that I can't do for myself anymore. This staircase, a single step is overwhelming. When did this happen to me? I could do this last week.

I'm tired of living I think. I don't care about a thing. Not the day or anything you say. You say, "take your medicine, you need to eat" I say "I can't do this" my voice so small and meek.

This is a memory of me that I don't want you to have. I'm not the person I once was, not the one you loved. That person that cared for you so deeply, disappeared and gave up this fight longer ago than you would care to believe. However, believe me, let me be.

Peace

Chapter 3 of 3

The third and final stage of a disease.

I feel my breath slowing down. I'm not scared anymore, I know what's happening right now. After this early morning they won't have to worry anymore. They will be okay and I will be with the Lord. It has been a long night, and we have all been fighting for a long time. And you, sitting by my side, don't be angry, don't ask why. You took good care of me, with your hands tied.

As for the memories I don't want you to have, please remember my laugh when we would joke around. Don't cry, remember my smile, the times I didn't have to talk out loud. Don't be sad, remember my voice when we would talk for hours on end. Don't forget, remember the warmth of my arms wrapped around you, I was safe in your embrace.

Don't grieve for any longer than you really need; I will be free like a dove in the wind. So sing and live from beginning to end take from it as much love as you can. So now, please, let go of my hand. This dove is ready to land in the arms of God. I leave in peace.