

It's not the same anymore

It's not the same since Grandma died.
Dolls are dolls,
Never used never played with.

It's not the same anymore,
Board games lie under the chair,
The urge to play them has vanished.

It's not the same now,
I can't push the stair lift button,
There's no reason to.

Her picture lies on the windowsill,
All cold and frozen.

Her chair is in my bedroom,
Now for my teddies to play.

My Blue peter badge will never be used,
I have no excuse to wait for her anymore.

I now play games on my own,
My mum always says no time to play.

I don't have to push her around,
Around and around anymore.

It's not the same now,
When she died some of me died too.

All that's left are the ashes,
Just waiting to be spread all around.

All that's left are the memories,
Millions of them.

Its just not the same anymore.

By Karla Welch