

It's not the same any more

It's not the same since Ted died
No more milk to be poured
Just for cereal, nothing more

It's not the same anymore
Cat foods from outer space
Never heard of before

It's never the same since Ted got put down
When we all bowed our heads
And started weeping out loud

But just sometimes can hear him
His paws plodding through the autumn forest
But no it's, my grandpa's feet

His bowl has gone now
Probably dusty and rotting
But every thing lying lifeless on the very high shelf

There's not the joy any more
To be coming to grandma and grandpa's
No more trails of bright ginger hairs to trace

It will never be the same any more

By Samuel Jenner