

When My Cousin Died

by Rebecca Yount

The wildflowers smiled at us as we raced through the field,
And thought about nothing more,
Than the ice cream sundaes waiting for us,
Across the winding dirt road.
Riding our bikes through the pouring rain,
Splattering mud all over us,
Only wishing to track footprints,
Over our mothers' pristine kitchen.
The memories are now just a big blur,
And the only thought I do remember clearly,
Is that none of that's here anymore.
That her leukemia had finally taken its toll on her,
And her body could no longer take it.
Her mother's tears overflowed her swollen eyelids.
Making everything seems like a dim cloud,
Casting its condescending shadow over what should be joy.
They buried her with stuffed animals,
So she'd never be lonely.
And I gave my favorite stuffed walrus,
And both of our friendship bracelets,
So she'd always know I was there for her.
And I gave her my tears,
Streaming down my cheeks,
So she would know that I had cared,
And would one day join her,
In a never ending sleep.