

The end of life!

The end of life is an awful thing to see,
For parents, grandparents, and also me.

The sadness dwells beneath my heart,
When I see the coffin in horse and cart.

Her pale white face as white as snow,
How she died we will not know.

Her contorted fingers lie on her chest,
But the doctors knew they did their best.

The memories linger like happy dreams,
And in my head , I no longer hear screams.
My granny was a wonderful woman you see,
To my parents , grandparent and also me.

By Robyn Jackson.