

Remembering

By Mayson Taylor

Harsh sounds fill the room
Jolting me from a deep slumber
As the white beams
seem to have gotten brighter

The awkward chair,
contorting to my body
Making it harder to get up
To see what is going on

Blue scrubs rush through the doors
Causing panic within me
Looking over at the person
Who seems like just a body

I feel something wet
Hit my hands
And soon realize
They were tears

I close my eyes
Blocking out what is around me
Remembering how to pray

Clutching at the cross necklace
Dangling from my neck
Bringing me little comfort

She had been the one to give it to me
Even after losing faith for awhile
I never went without
The emerald green cross

Bringing comfort
In the newfound silence
That was filled with grief.