

My Light in the Darkness  
by Nevena Tulilov

The pressure, binding. My heart, beating  
Out of my chest the world, spinning  
Will he be okay?  
My Grandpa  
With his wrinkles from smiling  
Laugh lines  
And bright blue eyes  
Now duller with a pain he wishes  
To hide.  
As we wait my thoughts, racing  
I hang on to the hope  
That he will recover, quickly  
And will be the same as he ever was.  
My mom sits, praying  
Our family waiting  
We understand, suddenly that Grandpa will be with God soon  
Meeting the Creator, full of justice  
And all will be different.  
As this realization dawns, slowly  
He is gone  
But his light isn't.  
I still see him when I walk his streets, pleurably  
I see him in a sunny day and a generous gesture  
I experience, knowingly, everything he has taught me.  
So while his physical demeanor, disappearing  
And his smell, drifting  
Is not as strong  
His presence, everlasting  
And my heart, lifting  
I know his light is all around  
And he will never be forgotten.  
Promising, forever.