



When You Got Sick



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When you got sick,
I thought it was the flu.
You went to lie down,
With me thinking there was nothing wrong with you.
You ended up in the hospital,
I knew your time was now.
I wanted to help,
But I didn't know how.
I know now if you had chosen to stay,
Your life would have been difficult from day to day.
I respect your decision,
Though I felt it was wrong.
I had no way of knowing,
Each moment was too long.
At 84, you were ready to die,
To see the people to whom you had once said good-bye.
The sorrow I felt was indescribable,
And the love in my heart was undeniable.
Would you have heard me say good-bye,
When all I wanted to do is cry?
Would I have more peace in my heart,
If I had known how soon we were going to part?
Did you know that I loved you?
Did you know how I felt?
I'll always wonder if it really helped.