

Glass Casket, A Gray A.M. You Will Never Get To

And when your golden curls have turned to red,
when your eyes have lost all their light find strength in my life.
Enough white to kindle a massacre of poems.
At least tremble enough that I may flame in your green array,
all these years, the battle of each grievous day.
Perhaps then those beautiful tears will overcome...

I almost wrecked this morning in about the same place my mother called me
the day she found out,
I hydroplaned going about 42 miles per hour.
I wasn't scared or anything it was very strange.
I had a moment in time and space,
all to myself to think.
To die then would mean to be with my sister, but if I had then I would have
missed out on this dream I've had for so long.
It just goes to show what a girl like Erin with an enormous heart and a
talent to make the world smile could have done if she was still alive.
It sounds strange, but Erin couldn't have lived out her dreams on Earth, so
now I must make it a point,
so now it's my job to live them out for her and let the world know what a
wonderful person it will never get to meet.