

Giselle

Meredith Howard

My sister died last Sunday.
I feel a piece of me is gone.
Not really knowing her I feel
I always knew her.
Searching for her, finding her, seeing her
I saw a little of my unknown mother.
Messed up chromosomes, Mixed up minds, strange diseases
my mother passed them all along.
Giselle fared the worst, but did she really?
Happy and content in the home, she said she had two families,
them and me.
I only saw her briefly three times, but
She became part of me.
I loved her and I will miss her.

3/14/2012