

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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My Little Bro

I love you and I wish you were home,
it hurts me to think you're so alone.
Its not the same without you here,
why you did what you did is still unclear.
I remember when we were little and we played in the yard,
then we'd go sit inside and play cards.
You'd look at me and smile,
your smile used to stretch a mile.
When I had a bad day you were the only one who could make me laugh,
its like you were my other half.
It hurts me to see what your going through,
it hurts even more because there's nothing I can do.
I just wish I could make it all ok,
but all I can do is pray.
I pray for you every night before I go to sleep,
and every time I think I hear you creep.
Sometimes its like you're still here,
I look at the door and wait for you to appear.
Then I realize you're not home,
and I go back to feeling so alone.
I love you so much you just don't know,
no matter what you'll always be my little bro

Jemma firth