

My Sister and I

By Margo Coxon

On the last day of April,
A tradition would break out,
Of two close sisters,
My Sister and I.

We laughed we played,
And shared memories,
Of snow, games, and warm days to come,
She being my inspiration, role model, and friend,
And I being Her little sister Forever.

When sad, She would cheer me up,
When mad, She would calm me down,
When in trouble, She would help me,
When lonely, She would be there except,
If she had friends over,
My inspiration, role model, and friend.

But then, a storm came,
The biggest storm in my life,
The type with lighting, thunder, wind, and rain,
Typhoons and tornadoes everywhere,
The type that scared you for life,
My inspiration, role model, and friend.

The storm so strong,
And She so weak,
That the storm took over Her brain,
My inspiration, role model, and friend.

Heroes everywhere fought against the storm,
But they could not defeat it,
She became unstable and needed support,
For She was as weak as a feather,
My inspiration, role model, and friend.

And every night She came to me,
Hugged me and told me of Her love,
She knew She couldn't be a warrior forever,
But I too young,
My inspiration, role model, and friend.

One dark, gloomy night,
In the second month of the year,
The storm became turmoil,
With every natural disaster striking in unison,
She was too weak...
My inspiration, role model, and friend.

Her soul shall rise and live forever,
As light as a feather,
My inspiration, role model, and friend.

As I bent down and laid a floret beside Her,
Remembering the misty eyes of others,
Through the dry eyes of mine,
And knowing guilt as a friend,
My inspiration, role model, and friend.

Now, as I finally break down,
And let the precipitation fall on me,
Emotions of sadness and the deepest sorrow advance,
My inspiration, role model, and friend.

As I stand,
In a place of remembrance,
Through my irrevocably blurred eyes,
I look to the ground,
At the engraving:
“In memory of Sydney Coxon.”
Happiness flows through me,
At the acknowledgment of,
My never being lonesome again.
Sorrowfully know the tradition will never be again.

I Will Never Forget Her,
My Inspiration, Role Model, and Friend.