Grandad

For Granddad, may you rest in peace

Where am I?

Walking down the street

Peaceful

Quiet as the weather

On my way

Home

From the store

The sun is out

Nice

Bright like my sunflowers

In the summer

Cool breeze blowing

Out of nowhere

I feel blood trickle down my nose

Onto my shirt

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

My eyes feel like my heart
Beating like never before
What have I possibly done to deserve this?
What makes someone want to inflict this type of pain?
Who knows, who knows, who knows

Sometimes do things just because

Just because they can
All they think about when they hurt is “because I can”
Sometimes people don’t think about weather
What you can do is what you should do
Stop...
Stop...
Stop...
Think about your younger sisters or brothers
Soon
They’ll grow up like bees searching for pollen they’ll wonder
Which way to spread their wings
Point them in the right direction

This is a story of how my great-grandfather was beaten
Something like this could make you stronger or break you down
In grandad’s case it made him stronger
Stronger as the ocean currents swaying back & forth